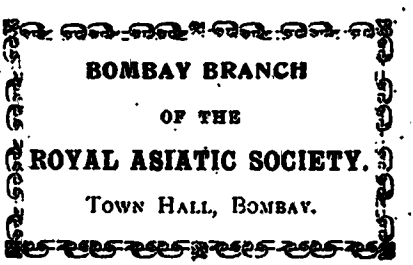

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TRAVELS

IN

GERMANY AND RUSSIA:

INCLUDING A

STEAM VOYAGE BY THE DANUBE AND THE EUXINE FROM VIENNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE,

IN 1838—39.

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BY

ADOLPHUS SLADE, ESQ. R.N.

AUTHOR OF

"RECORDS OF TRAVELS IN THE EAST:" "TURKEY, GREECE, AND MALTA:" ETC. ETC.



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TO

JOHN CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE,

THE ABLE AND ZEALOUS SUPPORTER OF
THE INTERESTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN IN TURKEY
FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,
WITH RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER I.

STEAM-BOAT — HELIGOLAND — STADE DUES—CUXHAVEN — BREMEN-HAFEN—BREMEN—HANSE TOWNS—COMMERCIAL UNION—HANOVER.

As the London custom-house clock was striking six on the morning of August 1st, 1838, the paddle-wheels of the "Britannia," bound for Hamburgh, began to revolve. The water was smooth and the wind fair, with a Scotch mist —anglice drizzling rain. In ten minutes more, the steamer was dashing along the noble stream which offers the surest evidence of England's power and prosperity. We soon afterwards passed one of the steam leviathans, the Sirius, then about to make a first run to St. Petersburgh. The towers of Greenwich and the docks of Woolwich were soon also left behind. A stranger ascending the Thames has no occasion to be told that he is approaching the mighty capital of a great people. The crowded river on which he is gliding, bearing contribu-

tions from every clime, the towns and villages he passes in rapid succession, the gay villas and green meadows in the intervals, then the dense throng of shipping in the "Pool," the stores, the docks, and hotels on either bank, and lastly the Tower with its sad and stirring recollections, the bridges destined to be monuments of the past when London shall be a gone-by wonder, and the busy hum of the distant million, all make him exclaim, this has no parallel: here Rome and Carthage appear to be combined.

At eight o'clock, the passengers, who had embarked the preceding evening, began to emerge, blinking, from their dark dormitory, and sat down to the well furnished breakfast-table presided at by the attentive captain. I recognised an old Malta friend in Captain Walker of the engineers, and hailed his appearance with pleasure as a certain relief to the tedium of the passage, for, in addition to friendship in this case, the officers of the engineers and artillery are in general full of information and of the world's usage. We had much pleasant chat of old lang syne in the bright sunny isles of the Mediterranean. Hamburgh traders and Jews formed the greater part of the passengers' list. There were besides a Spanish hidalgo, named Martinez, with three

dark sons, and a fine youth, the brother of Lord Ward, who was proceeding to Germany with Capt. Walker to look at the *frauen* and learn the unharmonious language, unharmonious even in their pretty mouths. I respect the German language because it is the root of English, but I consider the child more graceful than the mother, sliding more easily over the tongue, and winding a gentler course through the auricular labyrinth. I respect the German language on account of the thought and feeling embodied in it, but I look on Shakspeare (so do most Germans) as superior to all that Germany ever produced, while in modern times the laurels of Walter Scott and of Byron are as bright as those of Goethe and of Schiller. I respect the German language because freedom sounded with it her earliest and most constant triumphs, because Luther rescued with it truth from the mazes of perversion, because monarchs learned with it the sublime lesson that to rule tranquilly they must render their people happy; but I still think the tongue is harsh to the ear, and when sung on the stage it seems to jar the orchestra, at least in the estimation of those accustomed to hear the same music accompanying Italian accents.

We saw Heligoland the second morning. As

we gazed on the queer-looking spot through a grey mist, we did not envy the honourable situation of its governor.* This fisher's rock is the leading mark for the Elbe; as such we planted our banner on it, as on nearly every other island in the world, situated in an advantageous locality. We now only want Candia to make our ocean zone complete with gems. We captured Heligoland in 1809 from the Danes, to whom it had belonged immemorially. The island was valuable to us in the war to harbour smugglers in, and for watching thence the proceedings of the enemy in the river. The possession is rather onerous now on account of the necessity we are under of keeping up a lighthouse for all the world, while none but English vessels pay for the convenience. This is not as it ought to be, as everybody would perceive were we to put out the light—which of course we could not do. While Heligoland belonged to Denmark, the Hamburghers maintained the light, and in return were allowed to levy a duty on every vessel arriving at their ports. As this was a profitable undertaking, the

* Major-General Sir Henry King. The salary is 600*l.* a year. The civil establishment of the island consists of a secretary to the governor with a salary of 137*l.* a-year, and an old woman to watch a buoy.

senate offered at the general peace to continue to light Heligoland on the same conditions. The English Government, however, very properly declined the proposition, on the consideration that it would ill become England to allow a stranger to light up one of her lighthouses, but proposed at the same time that the senate should levy the dues, as heretofore, on all vessels arriving at Hamburgh; and as the Heligoland light is an European rather than an English one, and is of more service to Hamburgh than to any other place, nothing could be fairer. Ten foreign ships enter the Elbe for one English ship. The senate refused to collect the dues on our account, and in consequence the burden falls solely on English vessels, from which it is collected by the English consul at Hamburgh. The evasion was conceived in a narrow mercantile spirit unworthy of a free city like Hamburgh. The amount levied on English vessels pays for the expenses of the light: were it divided amongst the vessels of all nations which navigate the Elbe, as justice demands, it would be unfelt.

The Hamburghers acted inconsistently with themselves in refusing to collect the said light dues for England, because they collect the Stade dues which equally belong to a foreign

state (Hanover) and are of an exceptionable nature. As this duty is beginning to attract notice, a few words about it may not seem out of place. The right of levying a toll on every vessel ascending the Elbe, in proportion to her value, was granted by the emperors of Germany to certain of the Hanse towns for the improvement and protection of the navigation of the Elbe; and Stade, a convenient spot on the left bank, not far from the mouth of the river, was fixed on for the purpose. In the present day, none but fishing boats and other small craft pay the duty at Stade: vessels of burthen proceed on to Hamburgh, and there acquit themselves.

When Sweden conquered Bremen, in the seventeenth century, with the adjoining territory on the left bank of the Elbe, she became also receiver of the Stade dues, which were then considered a goodly item of revenue. Sweden, however, did not long enjoy them. England assisted the Elector of Luneburgh to drive out the Swedes, and from that time the produce of the Stade duty has belonged to the Hanoverian government. All vessels are subject to it, excepting those of Denmark and Hamburgh, as belonging to riverain states. Considering the connexion between England and Hanover, the duty has fallen very hard on the English trade;

and the rigid maintenance of it is a remarkable exemplification of the affection with which the Guelphic race has ever regarded its hereditary dominions. No minister in Engtand would ever interfere with Hanover. The Stade dues have caused much irritation and remonstrance since 1820; yet the ministers of George the Fourth and William the Fourth would not, or could not, induce those monarchs to yield or modify them.

Since the separation of Hanover from England the subject has been taken up with earnestness by the English government, and already some modifications have been obtained. At the same time his Hanoverian Majesty may think it rather hard that he should be required to abandon a duty * which forms an important item in the revenue of a small state, when the wealthy monarchs of Great Britain and Hanover combined enjoyed it unquestioned for more than a century. He may deem himself entitled to expect a compensation, for if duration gives a right, no duty rests on a clearer foundation; it is, perhaps, the most ancient one in Europe. A convenient compensation, suiting all parties, might be found in the cession of Heligoland to Hanover. In

* The Stade dues collected by the Hanoverian government amount to near 30,000*l.* a year, of which sum English vessels contribute about 13,000*l.*

that case, the Hanoverian government might abandon the Stade duty which is obnoxious and of unequal pressure, and in part compensation thereof exact a light-due on *all vessels* which enter the Elbe, at which no one could reasonably murmur. As England has no sovereign rights in the Elbe, the possession of Heligoland will never enable her to make any vessels besides her own pay for the light; whereas Hanover, being in possession of such rights, would have the power to enforce a just rate on ships of all nations. The Heligolanders would profit greatly by the change of masters: they are peculiarly aggrieved by the Stade dues, from which they were exempted, as subjects of Denmark, till their island became annexed to England. It rarely happens that any people suffers by coming under the English rule, but these poor islanders certainly have done so. They depend principally on fishing for their livelihood. They carry the produce of their nets to Hamburgh, where, owing to the Stade duty, to which they are liable as non-riverains, they have not a fair chance in the market with the Blankenese fishermen who are exempted from the duty as subjects of Denmark. In addition to this immediate and direct disadvantage which the Heligolander suffers, the detention at Stade to have his cargo entered

and rated may cause him to lose a fair wind and tide, seeing at the same time his Danish rivals take advantage of both.

An old English gun-brig lies off Stade, and composes the Hanoverian navy.

I did not proceed so far up the river, but stopped at Cuxhaven. Having an idea of returning to England by the same route, I thought that one visit to Hamburgh would suffice. At the moment of landing I found myself embarrassed with a saddle which I had brought for the purpose of riding through European Turkey to Constantinople. I had intended to forward it from Hamburgh to Vienna by *wagen*, but feared now the loss of it, if I trusted to the captain's eyes to see it booked. I did not like to increase my *impedimenta*—(expressive word!)—by taking it with me; for although a saddle takes up very little room on a horse, it is a most impracticable article in a carriage. From this dilemma one of our fellow-passengers, a merchant of Hamburgh, relieved me, by offering to see it forwarded securely. He kept his word. I found my saddle with his correspondent at Vienna; but the charges of the worthy trader rather surprised me. The expenses at Hamburgh (how incurred I could not guess, for the duty on goods for consumption is only half per cent., and

none is charged on goods for transit) amounted to more than eleven florins, while the cost of carriage to Vienna was less than three florins. Mr. H. Karsten, a merchant of Bremen, changed his intention of returning home by Hamburgh, and offered me his company, which proved very acceptable.

Cuxhaven appeared Turkish in my eyes. The square was little better than a swamp; the streets were unpaved, and the houses chiefly built of wood. But the place had that in which every Turkish town is deficient, not even excepting Pera, viz. a good inn; where, while our carriage was preparing, we discussed an excellent breakfast for the moderate charge of one shilling a-head. We found also a notable bathing establishment, and a ball-room, for the benefit and amusement of the Hamburghers. Many of the citizens, however, as the water at Cuxhaven is rather brackish, prefer sea-bathing at Nordeneye, a small island belonging to Hanover at the mouth of the Weser, where the air is considered particularly invigorating. A steamer runs, in the season, between Hamburgh and Nordeneye. The Crown Prince of Hanover has frequented Nordeneye each season since his father's accession, and the spot has consequently risen in estimation, though the exe-

crable road leading to it from Hanover keeps away many of the Hanoverians who otherwise might go there.

On leaving Cuxhaven we entered immediately on the Hanoverian territory, and traversed a sandy heath in the direction of Bremen-hafen. We were in danger of an upset several times in the so-called road, and were obliged to walk on foot occasionally, in order to lighten our vehicle in the deep sand sodden by rain. Such a country appeared to us scarcely worth acceptance even on absentee terms. At the same time it would be unfair to judge of Hanover by the aspect of the country between Cuxhaven and Bremen. In other parts the soil is fertile, and very productive. Corn is grown in abundance, and there is excellent grazing land. Hanoverian wool is naturally one of the best descriptions after merino wool; and if due attention were bestowed on the sheep, they would, I dare say, prove equal to the Saxon breed. Tobacco and beet-root are cultivated in some parts of the kingdom, but not to any extent. There are also mines in the Hartz mountains.*

* The mines of the Hartz mountains produce annually from 4 lbs. to 5 lbs. of gold; 2000 lbs. of silver; 80,000 quintals of iron; 3000 quintals of copper; 50 quintals of tin, besides lead and coal. The iron and coal are of good

From all I have heard on the subject, I should say that the natural productions of Hanover are capable of considerable increase, while no country is better situated for manufactures. Placed at the outlets of the Elbe and the Weser (with the latter of which rivers the capital communicates by minor streams) it has all facilities for receiving the raw material and for re-exportation. Labour is cheap in Hanover, and living moderate. The country being very flat is admirably adapted for railroads.* But the Hanoverians have as yet evinced no disposition to join the progress of the age, which has given quite another character to Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria: they are pleased with their *status quo* which partakes of feudalism, and remain satisfied with the moderate returns arising from

quality, but not in sufficient quantity for the consumption of the country. The gold and silver extracted from the Hartz mountains are divided between the governments of Hanover and Brunswick.

* An English company a few years ago offered to make a rail road *at its own expense* from Hanover to Harburgh, a distance of 100 miles. The Hanoverian ministers rejected the proposition so truly advantageous to their country. Repenting however of their decision after a while, they endeavoured to re-open communications with the company, but were then told that the money destined for the rail road had been applied to other purposes.

agriculture and grazing. I will not say that they do not trade. They do so, and the Hanoverian flag is to be met with in many parts of the world. Their seamen are enterprising and hardy : I remember being at Odessa in winter when ships were in great demand to carry corn to England and the freight in consequence doubled, yet, though upwards of 100 sail of merchantmen of various nations were at Contantinople, only English and Hanoverian vessels ventured into the dreaded Euxine; at which our English self-love was highly flattered. In general the Hanoverians are essentially an agricultural people, and it will require a strong impetus to make them enter fairly on the career of manufactures and commerce. A junction with the Prussian Commercial Union would probably have induced this change, but the connexion between Hanover and the British crown has prevented any idea of this from being entertained, seeing how hostile the "Union" is to British interests. In imitation of it, Hanover effected a counter or emulous Union with Brunswick, Oldenburgh, Cassel, Hamburgh, Bremen, etc., which states are become as one country to the merchant and traveller. What a superb application of political science! Could it be applied to the various states

of Italy, so separate in their interests, so disjointed by rivalries, so detached one from the other by dialects, laws, custom-houses, and coin, where all should be as one family, animated by one desire, stimulated by one object—Italian glory,—that beautiful region would soon take her place among the great nations of the earth, and commerce, order, and comparative freedom flourish in graceful union with the arts and sciences, from the Alps to the ruins of Girgenti. We have only to imagine England, Scotland, and Ireland with different rates of duties respectively, separated from each other by barriers and custom-house officers, not to mention the concomitant evils of smuggling and jealously, and the limitation of enterprise, to see the importance of these commercial unions, the plan of which emanated from that modest-looking house on the *Linden Strasse, Berlin*, distinguished by two sentries at the door, and by flowers in the windows. Could the good Frederick William of Prussia have included Hanover in his celebrated and profound political commercial system,* his control, direct or indirect, over

* The object of this master-piece of legislation was to convert the rivalry of small states into an union of interests —to make all tend to one grand result, viz.—German improvement. It gives to the smallest state of the Union the

the admission of foreign manufactures into all parts of Germany, excepting Austria, would have been complete. Whatever course Hanover might have adopted, or may adopt, must have been, or will be, binding on Brunswick, Bremen, Oldenburgh, etc., whether desired by them or not, owing to their localities. Family ties and arrangements, added to juxta-position, make Brunswick side with Hanover. Bremen and Oldenburgh might prefer the Prussian commercial union to any other, but the interposition of Hanover between those states and Prussia is a barrier. Hamburgh, I imagine, would object

advantages of a large empire, by placing it in the condition of a province of a great kingdom in all that regards commerce and free intercourse with the other parts of the system. It gives them collectively the power of forming equitable commercial arrangements with any large state, for, comprising twenty-six millions of inhabitants, it can offer reciprocity. The impetus given thereby to German manufactures is beginning to lessen the demand for ours in the German markets, and may in time enable the Germans to compete with us elsewhere. The benefit which accrues to the members of the Prussian union is great and certain of increase; for it conciliates the interests of all parties, from the prince to the peasant. The union is effecting what Napoleon's Decrees vainly aimed at. It is also the initiative of the day-dream of every German, viz. to form Germany into one nation: similarity of coin is about to follow.

to a more intimate union with Prussia, because she has a shrewd idea of the fraternizing wishes of the Prussians in her behalf; but were Hanover to join the Prussian "Union" she would be drawn in also. Frankfort endeavoured to keep aloof from that union, but isolated as she was, her opposition proved unavailing, or rather her interests were beginning to suffer materially by holding aloof. Political ascendency will follow the commercial supremacy of Prussia wherever established; and perhaps this consideration has influenced the decision of the Hanoverian government hitherto. We trust that it will continue to do so. Owing to it, a considerable portion of Northern Germany (including an extent of coast and two navigable rivers) is out of the pale of the Prussian Commercial Union, and offers a market where English manufactures fairly compete with the produce of the German loom, besides giving facilities for contraband traffic across the frontiers of Hanover and Brunswick.

Our bad road (a curiosity in western Europe) continued without intermission as far as Bremenhafen. We halted there for a couple of hours to dine, and admire the new evidence of the prosperity of Bremen. The existence of Bremenhafen (the port of Bremen) dates about nine

years: though so recent, the town is solidly built and flourishing: my companion and self can bear witness to the goodness of the hotel, as well as to the excellence of the culinary and vinous department. The port of Bremen used to be in the Duchy of Oldenburgh, on the opposite side of the Weser; but owing to disputes between the authorities of Bremen and Oldenburgh, and other inconveniences, the Bremenese negotiated with the government of Hanover for the purchase of a piece of ground, twenty-five miles from Bremen, favourably situated on the same side of the river. The Hanoverian government gave its consent on condition that Hanover should build and garrison a fort, commanding the site, in token of Suzerainty. The land thus ceded is about three miles in circuit. The new town at the period of our visit presented a respectable appearance, and the fort was nearly finished. The Weser is deep at Bremen-hafen: the largest vessels come up to the town. We remarked some fine ships alongside the quay. The Bremenese build their own vessels, and carrry on an extensive trade. They export English and German manufactures to South America and to the Havanna, and import sugar, coffee, cotton, and tobacco. They import sugar from Rio de Janeiro, coffee from Bahia, cotton from Pernambuco,

tobacco from Cuba and the United States, and some dollars from Mexico. Brazilian sugars and coffees are beginning to exclude English West-Indian produce from the German market; as slave labour is likely to continue in the Brazils, the productions of that country must under-sell those of the English West Indies,* and will naturally form in a few years the principal foreign supply of Germany.

Unfortunately, the continued existence of Brazil in a prosperous commercial state is dependent on forced labour. Without slaves, Brazil would rapidly decline in wealth and importance; the holders of her bonds would not receive a dividend much longer. The Brazilian government is aware of this lamentable fact, and therefore "looks through its fingers"—as the Germans say—at a large annual importation of human flesh. Horrid traffic!—more horrid, that the wants of civilization should have caused it!—still more horrid, that it has flourished in the Christian era more than in an any other period of the world!

* Porto-rico offers an example of the difference of production in favour of the slave-importing colonies. Before the emancipation of our negroes Porto-rico imported sugar for home consumption: now it exports largely.

My companion had resided three years in Rio de Janeiro, and described it as a very thriving city, with 280,000 inhabitants, and provided with hotels and cafés that would not discredit Paris. The emperor was, he said, a heavy-browed lad, with the vacant look which has characterized so many of the Braganza family. The emigration of the Braganza family proved a truly fortunate circumstance for Brazil, which thereby emerged at once into a kingdom organized and respectable, without having to go through the preparatory process of anarchy and constitutional experiments. Could the royal family of Spain have equally avoided Napoleon by a removal to America, much misery might have been spared; for on that event the provinces would necessarily have exchanged their condition of Spanish colonies for that of national existence under their own monarch, who, on returning to Europe, would have left one of his race to rule over the new kingdom. Don Carlos would have thought twice on the subject before leaving so fair an empire to undertake a war of succession in Spain. With cities like Mexico on the lake, and Lima in the valley, and Quito amidst the eagles' nests of the Andes, he need not have regretted Madrid. English capital would have worked his inexhaustible

mines, and made him one of the richest of monarchs, and Panama might again have become the entrepôt for two oceans. But this is a dream. How sad is the contrast! The Peruvians and Chilians, instead of living in brotherhood, are constantly at war with each other; the Mexicans surrender their strongest fortress to a French squadron, as weak, comparatively, as the expedition of Cortez against poor Montezuma; and Don Carlos has lighted the flame of civil war on the Biscayan hills. Chateaubriand, in his "Guerre d'Espagne" (the monument of his vanity), tells us that he wished to convert the revolted Spanish colonies into principalities under Bourbon princes; but Canning anticipated him by calling them into republican existence. If the plan of the author of Attila had been practicable (which seems doubtful, because civil war already raged over nearly the whole extent of South America), it would assuredly have suited the real interests of the provinces. A colony emancipating itself from the rule of the parent country, should yet preserve the spirit if not the forms of its political institutions: the change should be in accordance with the habits and education of the people in order to ensure its welfare. A people naturally dislikes the government which it abandons; at the same

time that form of government, freed of its obnoxious qualities, and modified to suit the exigences of the times, is the one best adapted to it. From a despotism such as Spain exercised over her colonies, to a constitutional monarchy, would have been a salutary change,—a change in reality, and not in form; preserving the essential benefits of monarchy without its evils; appeasing angry recollections, and exciting no vain ambition. The change would have been felt everywhere, while scarcely apparent to the careless observer. The social stream would have flowed on in its accustomed channel, cleared of the rocks and sands of oppression and corruption which had obstructed its beneficial course. If republicanism had afterwards supervened, the transition would have been gradual, and perhaps harmless. But that would not have been called for: a limited monarchy, could it have succeeded without an interval to the Spanish rule, would have satisfied all the desires of the South Americans, and have ensured their prosperity in a progressive ratio. The United States of America offer a striking example in favour of the above hypothesis. The revolution they underwent, in achieving independence, was only in form: the manners, pursuits, and domestic policy of the

people remained the same as when they were colonists of England. Accustomed to self-governments, to municipal laws, to the absence of passports and police, to the liberty of the press and freedom of commerce, the North Americans scarcely underwent a sensible change in replacing colonial government by a republic. No new modes of thought were called into action, no fettered energies were roused to unwonted exertion, on severing their union with Old England. They cast off a gentle constraint, a slight control, but their newly-acquired freedom was no more, essentially, than that which they had always enjoyed. They replaced the English monarchical rule by the form of government the nearest approaching to it,—for the English constitution is a republic after the models of antiquity and of the middle ages, with the simple super-addition of a limited dictator or a perpetual president, to prevent the vaultings of ambition: they found themselves, therefore, ready educated and trained for their new existence, and their country necessarily prospered. They could not have borne the democracy of later days at first: the change from a certain degree of supervision and military protection, and from the aristocratic influence of the mother country, to the will of the trading speculating multitude, would have

been too violent. Fortunately for them, a pure republic intervened, guided by the wise, the respected, and the tried of the land, and made the transition gradual and supportable, the movement being aided all the while by an extent of country which gave occupation to the enterprising and the lawless. Universal suffrage exercised in its wildest sense, joint-stock banks by hundreds, over-trading and lynch-law, would have been too much for the America of 1780—would have proved too violent a change, if adopted at once, from English law, order, and solidity. Such is the nature of the storm, allowing for the difference of the countries, which the Spanish American colonies have had to contend with, owing to their misfortune of having entered on an entirely new existence without previous training.

Our road from Bremen-hafen was tolerably good, and as Mr. Karsten was son-in-law to the post-master of Bremen we drove along rapidly. The Hanoverian post is modelled after the Prussian system, which provides civility and regularity on the part of the employés, with ample conveniences for travellers. The drivers wear a uniform with the royal cipher worked in gold on one arm, and carry a bugle to announce their arrival at a station. The

posting is reasonable: about one dollar (three shillings) per German mile (five English miles) for a pair of horses. At ten in the evening we rattled over the well paved, ill lighted, and silent streets of the free city of Bremen. My companion went to his home, after seeing me comfortably lodged in the Stadt Frankfort on the Platz. In the morning, I saw from my windows the troops of the republic drawn out for the amusement of an illustrious individual in the hotel, whose title escapes my recollection. They consisted of 200 well dressed men with a good band. In addition to a regular force the citizens are enrolled as a national guard. Bremen was formerly fortified, but since the peace the ramparts have been converted into tasteful walks by an arm of the river, which here winds very prettily. The absence of fortifications is the city's best defence: less temptation is offered for an army to remain. There would only be the inducement to levy contributions, and few towns I should imagine could afford a better one. Some of the citizens I heard are worth 100,000*l.* and the whole place has an air of Burgher comfort, amply supplied with materials for eating, drinking, and smoking. Good cigars are to be had at Bremen.

Of the eighty Hanse towns which leagued

together to protect commerce against piracy and feudal overbearing, four remain—Hamburgh, Bremen, Frankfort, and Lubech. The two first are tolerably independent. Frankfort is so no longer; its liberty is become like the toys which it manufactures. Foreign troops have garrisoned the place,* and it is always the seat of the high diplomatic police which observes the political barometer of Germany. Lubech is decayed. The government of Bremen is conducted in the spirit of that of Hamburgh—exclusiveness. The people, *i. e.* the class which lives by manual labour, has no share in it. The householders of each ward name delegates, who choose a certain number of senators from whom the burghermasters are taken, four in number. The burghermasters rule by turns, three months each. The office is for life. The oligarchical forms of the Hanse towns excite no

* An *échaufourreé* of some students and others at Frankfort in 1833 to release some prisoners recently arrested for free speaking and writing, and in which the prisons were forced, caused an occupation of the city by 3000 Austrian and Prussian troops from the garrison of Mayence. About thirty individuals were sentenced to imprisonment at Mayence; some for ten years, others for fifteen years, and one poor devil for life. The disturbance in question was supposed at the time to have had a connexion with liberal movements in various parts of Germany.

loud complaints because the merchants have the tact to associate lawyers with them in the senate, and, as must be admitted, the labouring class is materially well off both in wages and relief.

Bremen has ugly churches, plain dwelling-houses, substantial hospitals, and a bad museum, all deficient in architectural design. Most of the mercantile communities in modern days are similarly furnished. In Italy alone have traders as a rule been noble in spirit, and has commerce been elevated by the arts. Trade in that delicious clime was chiefly valued as a means to gratify refined pursuits, and followed apparently for the purpose of encouraging painting, sculpture, and literature. The Italian merchant of the middle ages was a superior being, such as is rarely seen now-a-days, save occasionally in England. Frankfort, too, has a worthy imitator in the liberal-minded Bethmann, whose museum, open gratis to all, gentle and ungentle, contains the Ariadne by Dannecker, a statue so lovely and true to nature, as to excite in the mind of the beholder the mingled feelings of surprise and admiration. When the cicerone after awhile admits light on it from above, through a crimson curtain, the marble appears to glow incarnate. One then understands the oft-told

cicerone's tale at Naples of the bewitched youth who became enamoured of the Venus Calipigi, and clasped the self-admiring beauty. The only fault which I shoutd be disposed to impute to so fair an object, is that the countenance is more that of an Apollo. The look of energy and the curled lip do not become Ariadne, who is never unconnected in our thoughts with the abandoned and disconsolate mourner on the shore of Naxos.

CHAPTER II.

HANOVER—HOTEL—TRAVELLERS—TURKISH PASHA—OPERA—SOCIETY—HANOVERIAN ARMY—THE KING—CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION OF HANOVER—REVENUE OF HANOVER.

In ten hours we travelled from Bremen to Hanover on a good road, over a perfectly flat country. As we approached the capital, the scenery improved: we thought the environs beautiful from their contrast with the city, which is not enticing. Whatever it might have appeared to us, however, we had no reason to complain personally, for the British hotel in the square is one of the best in Europe, and its master, Mr. Wessel, one of the most obliging and best informed of landlords. He had followed various trades by sea and by land since he left his native place, Bremen,—had been captain of a merchantman and harbour-master at St. Thomas's—and could talk well of things and men. He was given to chemico-medical research: he had found, or supposed he had found, specifics for glanders,

hydrophobia, and plague. I took his recipe for the latter disorder to Constantinople, but had not the fortune to find a subject in my last visit to the eastern capital on whom to try the experiment. I met at the table d'hôte the former superior of mine host at St. Thomas's, General Scholten, governor of the Danish West India islands. The General had just been to see Queen Victoria's coronation, and appeared to have been as much struck with the high charges at his hotel as at the ceremonial. Every thing was on a grand scale in London, he thought. General Scholten is well and honourably known as the instrument of emancipating the negroes in the Danish islands; but, as he observed to me, his own success could not be taken as an estimate of the facility of the measure generally, because, in addition to the small number of slaves in the Danish isles, the government, being despotic, had been enabled to keep the planters from abusing their power in the first place, and to make them concur afterwards in enlightened means for working out emancipation: to which must be added the advantage which the General possessed of an experience of twenty years as governor of the colony, united with a humane and honourable mind. He looked as fresh, and spoke as liberally as though he had resided all

that time amidst the genial fogs of London. There were also at the well supplied and respectably attended table d'hôte an English lady of rank and her husband (a commoner) travelling on the continent. Some remarks, bordering on scandal, which were afterwards elicited by the difference of name between the gentleman and lady, made me think that English ladies similarly united would do well to drop their title when abroad, and take their husband's name. Foreigners in general are not aware of our aristocratic usage, and thus a lady's character may have to pay for her vanity. I was glad to have an opportunity of explaining the circumstance away, and the Germans are good-natured enough to be easily persuaded of that which is right, although it was difficult to make them understand why a lady should prefer her departed husband's name to that of her living half.

Some Turkish costumes in the hotel attracted my attention. I accosted the wearers and found they were attendants of a Constantinople acquaintance, Achmed Fethi Pasha, who was passing through Hanover on his way to London. I announced myself, and passed a pleasant evening with the Ottoman. He was installed in the best rooms: he was folded upon a sofa, and had his pipes and coffee as much *en regle*

as though he had been on his own divan. I was not sorry to inhale his 'salonica' through the refined medium of cherry-stick and amber. His Excellency had recently been appointed resident ambassador at Paris: he was going to his post by a circuitous route, having travelled through Italy and part of Germany, and intended making a short stay in *buyuk* London (great London). The observations of orientals in Christendom are generally amusing from the *naïve* ignorance which they often display: Achmed Pasha was however tolerably conversant with ordinary topics, at the same time he expressed astonishment at having found so many *crals* (kings) in Europe, and appeared to think that most of them were hardly worth noticing. A Constantinopolitan seldom hears of any other countries than Russia, Austria, France, and England; occasionally the Porte enters into a treaty of commerce with minor states, but as the terms are arranged by one of the great powers he thinks that the others are tributaries. As his own sublime padisha rules over so vast an empire, he has hardly any idea of a small one. Hence his wonder is great as he traverses Italy and Germany, where a day's journey may take him through a couple of kingdoms: he sets them

down as little better than pashalicks under one or other of the great monarchs. Achmed informed me that since my departure from the east he had been governor of Magnesia, Aidin, etc., an extensive and important district in Asia Minor. "A large and onerous charge," I observed. "Yes," he said; "but you know," he added with a smile, "we do not allow these things to trouble us much." I learned from him that Khismet (fate) had been busy with many of my Turkish friends: some had been executed, others exiled, a few had risen again from obscurity to high power, and like a true Osmanlee he talked as if the chance of the latter counterbalanced the risk of the former. Such is ever the troubled tide of life in eastern waters, and it is not surprising that men only think of enjoying the present and care little for the future. As Mehemet Ali's threat to declare independence was on the *tapis*, the pasha asked me if our government would oppose him by force. I told him I supposed that hostile proceedings on our part, in such a case, would depend on the course which France might pursue. "France," replied the pasha, "will do Turkey no good: has she not taken Algiers from us, is she not aiming at Tunis, and will she not be induced to march thence into Tripoli, and perhaps endeavour to

obtain Egypt?" I said that one mode to prevent that would be for the Porte to give Tripoli to the English, who would then prove a barrier to the French in Africa. The Pasha thought this a good idea.

In the course of our conversation, Achmed indulged in a good wholesome Anti-Russian feeling, by exulting in the losses sustained by the Russians on the coast of Circassia as just reported in the papers with much exaggeration. He, nevertheless, did not entertain great hopes for the Circassians; lamenting in the same breath that the war between them and the Russians interfered with the Beauty-market of Stamboul: he said that the price of a pretty Circassian girl, fifteen years old, had risen to seventy purses (350 *l.*), in consequence of the strict blockade of the coast. With the deep sense of the beauties of nature, common to orientals, Achmed expressed his intention to go to Cologne, in order to descend the Rhine, of which he had heard much; adding interrogatively, "Is it equal to the Bosphorus?" "No," I said, "there is nothing like that in the world:" and my words found an echo in his bosom. He left Hanover next morning, and could not help quoting his country's proverb in allusion to our meeting,—"Only mountains never meet." Being somewhat of a traveller, I

feel the force of the adage daily. I rarely enter a town or embark in a steamer without encountering some quondam associate, and the meeting, though but transitory, is never unattended with pleasure. I had also the luck to meet at the "British hotel" one of my fellow-passengers in the "Britannia," Mr. Fenwick, the Consul for Hanover at Copenhagen. We were both strangers to Hanover, comparatively speaking, and were therefore of use to each other in the task of lionizing. The town, containing between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants, is one of the oldest in Germany. Specimens of all kinds of architecture from the eleventh century to the present day are to be seen, excepting in the churches, which appear never to have changed their pristine deformity. Many of the gabled pointed roofs of the houses are very curious, while the antique appearance of the numerous sashes is contrasted by modern green blinds. Every window in Hanover has a green blind. I could not learn if this custom has arisen from a disposition to weak eyes. I certainly saw no evidence of any such among the inhabitants. Could the specimens of ancient architecture be spared, a conflagration would be of immense service to the interior of the town. The sight of the narrow crooked streets, not always inodorous,

and of crazy wooden houses, must have rejoiced Achmed Pasha's heart, by recalling a Turkish town to him. Some modern streets, on the contrary, are remarkably elegant, with handsome commodious houses, particularly the George and Frederick streets: new ones are to be laid out, and various other improvements are projected. We found that the presence of a court and diplomatic corps was effecting a great deal for the ornamentation of Hanover, and that an improved taste and spirit were likely to descend to the municipality. The theatre is elegant inside, and being well patronized by the court and nobility, can boast of as good a company as any in Germany. The performances are chiefly German operas. As the dinner hour at Hanover is between two and four o'clock, from the court downwards, the society has plenty of time for the enjoyment of the opera: it forms the chief amusement of the evening, as very few of the Hanoverian families open their houses. I would not say that they are disinclined to society, but they certainly promote it less than in other cities of Germany; while at the same time few people are more calculated for it. Foreigners acknowledge this in the house of the accomplished Madame Scholte, which is always open for their reception.

Their manners certainly are scrupulously defe-

rential, and considerable etiquette is observed in the important articles of visits and introductions. Englishmen being unused to such strict observances are liable to give offence unintentionally, and to think the natives odd, though when that slight barrier of ice is passed all is found to be warmth and kindness behind. It was related to me, in order to shew the ideas of Hanoverian society on this subject, that on the amiable Queen expressing her desire one day after dinner that an English gentleman who had dined at the palace on a short notice should be presented to her, the Chamberlain wished to excuse himself, because he himself had not been introduced to the stranger. He apparently did not know the maxim common to Arabia and England, which inculcates that they who eat together are no longer strangers. These and other remnants of middle aged Germany will disappear under the influence of a court of English origin.

In many essential points, however, Hanover is already very English. Most of the upper class speak our language fluently, and are well acquainted with England, as is to be expected, considering their long connexion with it. There is an English club, where all papers are taken in without regard to politics. The absence of passports and police annoyances is very pleasing

and reminiscent to an Englishman, the more so because unexpected in Germany. I traversed the country at various times, and was never asked for my passport anywhere. The sanctity of letters too in Hanover is peculiarly English. The shameful custom of making free with the correspondence of the public was not unknown in Hanover more than in other parts of Germany: King Ernest, on his accession, denounced the practice in the most unqualified manner. The army is essentially English in tone and feeling, and from its noble services under the Duke almost considers itself as still forming part of the British army. I have nowhere seen such a profusion of peninsula clasps and Waterloo medals; and the wearers pride themselves on them infinitely more than on all their ribbons and crosses. Many of the veterans of the "legion" speak English so purely, and have so English an address, as to make a stranger doubt to what country they belong. I had the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of several officers who had served with my father's brigade in Spain. I also met with the distinguished officer who was the means of extricating Lord Wellington from an imminent risk at the siege of Burgos. His Lordship, while coursing one forenoon, was led by puss along the foot of the

glacis. Some shots were fired at him, which he disregarded. He had nearly advanced far enough to be cut off by a sortie, which the enemy was preparing at a postern gate, when the commander of the Hanoverian outpost in that direction, who had been watching the sport, perceived the trap, and advanced with his party to give warning of the danger, and to cover his chief. From being the pursuer, Wellington became the pursued. A squadron of French cavalry darted out at the moment after the English general, who galloped off for his camp, covered by the Hanoverians. A wooden bridge intervened between the town and the English lines. By the time Lord Wellington had reached it, the French were close at the heels of his escort. The latter galloped over, hotly pursued, then reined up sharply on either side of the road, and as the French came on, received them with back-handed cuts. The effect was overpowering: each man in that position was equal to ten. The French were so astounded at this unexpected manœuvre that they could neither check their horses on the bridge, nor parry the blows, which, like those of Cæsar's soldiers at Pharsalia, were levelled at the faces of the enemy. The narrow pass was covered with their bodies; the remainder retreated, and the

Hanoverians gaily trotted on without the loss of a man. "That's a real hussar trick," said Wellington, as he observed the clever feat of arms, done in the twinkling of a sabre.

The Hanoverian troops have distinguished themselves in many parts of the world, and are reckoned the best in Germany. They co-operated with the Venetians in the Morea in the time of the Elector, afterwards George I. of England. They sustained a brilliant reputation in the German wars of the eighteenth century. They gallantly served an unhappy cause in America. They could not defend their country from the French invasion in the commencement of the present century, but determined not to serve the invader: faithful to their sovereign, on being marched over the Elbe and disbanded in 1803, they repaired to England, and were there formed into the King's German legion, whose services have been ably recorded by Major Beamish. They amply avenged the subjection of their country by following the French, never losing their *trail*, from Lisbon to the crowning field of Waterloo, where, as is well known, they highly distinguished themselves. An elegant Corinthian pillar, surmounted by a statue of Victory, in the Waterloo Platz at Hanover, commemorates their exertions on that glorious day, and records the

numbers who fell. Such recollections, in connexion with England, naturally caused the veterans of the Hanoverian army to feel a *serrement de cœur* at leaving off the English uniform: two regiments only retained the untarnished red* at the period of my visit to Hanover, and it did one's eyes good to look at them. Two reasons prompted the king to change the uniform, and the Hanoverian officers assured me that both were satisfactory. One is that the Hanoverian troops (Hanover furnishing a contingent of 10,000 men for the confederation of the Rhine) are liable to be called in to act immediately with the Prussians: the other is, the superior economy of the Prussian uniform. The latter is of consideration in a small state where officers in general depend on their pay. English appointments require English means. The veterans of the Hanoverian army are well off, since they enjoy English half-pay in addition to their own full-pay, but the others have only the latter, which is not more than sufficient for their mess and dress. The expenses of the mess of an Hanoverian regiment is restricted (as in the Prussian army) to ten dollars—thirty shillings—a-head per month.

* Red was the national colour of Hanover before its connexion with England. *Quere*, Was the English army dressed in red before the accession of the House of Guelph?

The Hanoverian army is formed on the Landwehr system: it is about 18,000 strong, and is composed of fine able-bodied young men. The king is the commander-in-chief. His Majesty has four Hanoverian aids-de-camp, and two English extra aids-de-camp. His attention to the comforts and condition of the men has added to the efficiency of the army, and his disregard, as far as is practicable, of the prejudices of caste will not fail to endear him also to the officers. As far as I could perceive, the army appeared devoted to their sovereign, although to judge by appearances his Majesty had little or no occasion for its devotion. His person was quite unguarded: two sentries stood at the gate of the palace for form's sake, but every person entered uninterrogated. He was to be seen walking or riding every day attended by the aid-de-camp on duty and followed by one servant. His Majesty had adopted the German regal custom of being perfectly accessible at all hours: no person was denied to him in his cabinet, where he transacted business daily from seven in the morning till two or three in the afternoon, and I have more than once seen a humbly dressed individual stop him in the street, and be listened to for a quarter of an hour with affability. Englishmen are more struck with

this manner of acting the king than foreigners are, on account of the idol-like seclusion of their own sovereign. I believe that only in England as a rule is the sovereign accompanied by a military escort. The Emperor of Russia posts alone in a kibitka, and the good old Emperor Francis of Austria used to walk about Vienna with his wife under his arm. Only in England is a person out of the privileged circle pounced on, by a police officer, if he presume to offer a petition to Majesty without going through prescribed forms of etiquette: only there does he incur the risk of being charged with insanity if he dares to approach near enough in the open air to address his gracious sovereign. King Ernest wisely adopted the custom of his German colleagues, that of sitting, as it were, at the gate of his palace, as the kings of sacred history did, and he soon found the advantage of it. His personal demeanour, impartiality, and devoted attention to public business, were fast effacing any unfavourable impression which the Hanoverians might have imbibed from a portion of the English press. I will not say that they had allowed themselves to be thus influenced, for the Hanoverians are deeply attached to the Guelphic race; but it would not be surprising

if they had given some ear to the torrent of abuse and unfounded accusation poured on the Duke of Cumberland for upwards of twenty years; and unfortunately, the first exercise of his Majesty's authority —the annulment of the fundamental act of 1833—was calculated, at the moment, to give weight to the assertions of party respecting his political creed. I believe that no person more regretted than the king the necessity of recurring to the constitution of 1819, and no one could have more earnestly endeavoured to avert it by pointing out to his royal predecessor the consequences of the new constitution. William IV. was doubtlessly mistaken in the precise nature of the constitutional act which he signed as king of Hanover. We may readily presume that the important changes in England within the two preceding years had prevented him from giving mature attention to his hereditary states. It has been inferred by some, from certain antecedents, that certain parties in England favoured the "fundamental act of 1833," as a means to embarrass the Duke of Cumberland on his accession, and render his name more unpopular in England; on the presumption that he, or any other prince in his position, would be constrained to reject it. If that be true, they were not deceived.

The subversion of any kind of constitution, by any one soever, could not fail to excite the deepest animadversion in England—to stimulate political enmity, and even to weaken friendship, owing to the venerable and time-hallowed associations connected in Englishmen's minds with the word constitution, which in our country is the expression of the growth of a people from comparative barbarism to the highest stage of civilization,—is the comprehensive term for all that which renders man an independent, erect, and reasoning being,—giving to his moral and intellectual qualities their fullest expansion. The distance from this to the constitutions of the nineteenth century is wide indeed. An Englishman would quaintly demean himself at the idea of *his* constitution being written on a piece of parchment in such a year. *His* constitution cannot be indited. There may be acts to settle the succession; there may be privileges conferred on certain classes; but the English constitution is undefinable. The people feel, see, hear it in all and every thing around them—in the past and preent—while unable to explain its nature. It is to them as the air: they cannot describe its properties, or reduce it to its original elements; they only feel it in their existence,—an essence

co-existent with them,—the bequest of their ancestors, and the heritage of their children. When, therefore, they hear of a monarch rejecting a constitution, they think of laws, usages, and rights—the cemented edifice of centuries—overturned by one fell stroke; they fancy a free people suddenly reduced to serfage. By such and similar reasoning, natural to Englishmen, was King Ernest's first public act thought of in England by many persons, and condemned by some without further inquiry. He had touched a "constitution!" That person, however, must be inadequately acquainted with Germany,—where civil and religious liberty has flourished longer than in most countries, where the rights of man and the law of property are perfectly understood, and where literature has acquired for itself a position and a respect which it nowhere else enjoys,—who imagines that any violation of real constitutional rights would be tolerated for a moment; and still less must he know the devoted, soul-inspired character of the Germans, if he supposes that the monarch who should attempt to subvert any time-hallowed institution, or meddle with any privilege dear to the people, would be allowed to reign. The public voice of Germany, to which the haughtiest emperors have bowed, and which

conquered Napoleon, would bear him resistless from the throne.

Up to the general peace Hanover had no constitution, though she had constitutional rights in common with all Germany. The country had been considered as a patrimonial domain appertaining to the English monarchs, who governed it, or rather left it to be governed, according to custom: the mildness of their rule may be deduced from the fact that the revenues of the family property were generally devoted to state purposes.* That Hanover has not improved in a greater ratio may be accounted for by the inertness of a privileged body of nobility unless stimulated by a popular assembly; and the government of the country under the Georges remained in the hands of the nobility. The paraphernalia of the electoral court was kept up: chamberlains, equerries, stewards, etc., enjoyed their pay and appointments exactly as though their sovereign lived amongst them. These things were abuses, and required to be remedied. They would probably have been so by the will of the sovereign, but

* This revenue was chiefly applied to the maintenance of the troops, by which means the Elector could enter largely into the wars of Germany without raising extra taxes. The seven years' war encumbered the property with a debt.

George I. promised to maintain all the officers of the court when he ascended the English throne, and his successors respected the promise. This was carrying too far the sanctity of a promise, all sacred as that of a king ought to be. Hanover had always had provincial assemblies or parliaments, but a central representation was required in order to correct antiquated usages (become abuses) and to excite the energies of the people. The re-arrangement of the states of Western Germany in 1814-15 provided for this: written constitutions were promised to most of the states, and were given to some of them. That for Hanover, concocted, I believe, in great measure, by Count Munster, took effect in 1819. It consisted of two chambers. The first chamber was at once elective and hereditary: the gentlemen of the provinces elected so many peers, each of whom was required to have a net income in real property of 600 dollars (100*l.*), while all nobles in possession of a *majorat* of 1200*l.* a-year took their seats by right of birth; the number in the first chamber amounted to forty-four. The second chamber was composed of deputies from the towns and provinces with the addition of eleven deputies to represent the order of peasants;—seventy-two members in

all. The qualification for a deputy was fixed at an annual income of three hundred dollars (50*l.*); and nearly the same amount was necessary to entitle a man to the elective franchise, excepting in the election of a peasant, where every man who owned a hearth was entitled to vote. The second chamber could not proceed to business unless thirty-seven members were present. This last regulation surprises one: more than the half is required in Hanover, while in England the sixteenth part of the whole number constitutes a house. The natural term of a parliament was fixed at six sessions; there might be two or more sessions in one year. While the parliament sat each, deputy was to receive three dollars (nine shillings) a-day from the treasury. Ministers might but be elected as members of either chamber, could sit ex-officio: the king was to communicate with the chamber through his commissary. The chambers were not empowered to originate laws: they discussed the royal propositions with the right to reject them. This constitution was thankfully received by the Hanoverians, and was to the full as liberal as any of the constitutions given to other states of Germany It met all the grievances chiefly complained of: gave the people power to check

court abuses and control the budget, conferred on them the right of discussion, and enabled them to resist the introduction of bad laws. The constitution however fell short of the results which the people had expected: they did not merely wish to raise themselves in political importance, but desired also to depress the privileged classes: their ambition was not confined to obtain power to benefit their country, they aspired also to lower the importance of the nobility. Hanover and Austria alone in Germany had escaped having the landmarks of society washed away by the torrent of the French revolution. In Hanover the prefix *Von* had retained its pristine force, and kept up the line of demarcation between the upper and middle classes. The latter sought to remove this, but the constitution of 1819 afforded them not the means. The chief obstacle lay in the power of the crown arising from its wealth, which, being administered by noble curators, gave the first Chamber a supposed undue influence. It was assumed that the elections among the orders of gentlemen and of peasants might be always influenced by it, and thus the representatives of the borough constituency be kept in a minority. The revolution of July 1830 gave the party in question an

opportunity of making a demonstration: some partial disturbances took place, which were promptly appeased, and then the question of remodelling the constitution was seriously agitated. It was remodelled in effect, and ushered into existence as the constitutional act of 1833. The ancient mode of adapting the elective franchise to the various classes of society, restricting it in some and extending it in others, was departed from in favour of an approximation to the French system of *arrondissements*, making the right depend directly on means. This disfranchised the scot and lot peasant voters. But the principal variation—and a very remarkable one too—lay in the alienation for state purposes of the family property of the crown, substituting a civil list instead, and the surrender of the right of removing magistrates and other civil officers without trial. This important change was cunningly devised, and it was calculated to ensure the supremacy of the middle class, since the crown—the chief support of the nobility—would have been thenceforward dependent on the commons. It does not require many words to impress on the mind of an Englishman the anomalous nature of this proposition. No man in England would undertake the office of minister of the crown without the

power—to be exercised of course with extreme caution—of removing any officer at will, especially in the civil departments. The power is even exercised over military and naval officers. In this respect, his native country offered an argument to King Ernest; it enabled him to ask how he could be expected to govern a country, new to constitutional forms, on terms which would be declined in England? and he might well say that he owed it to his subjects as well as to himself not to entrust particular classes with an exemption from the control of authority which would not be tolerated in constitutional England. The clause respecting the alienation of the royal domain was of higher import, since it involved a question of the rights of property which are as sacred in the sovereign as in the person of an individual. The royal domain of Hanover is not the property of the state, as persons in England have supposed it to be, reasoning by analogy: it is and has always been the family estate of the Guelphs, and as such could not be taken from them any more than the property of any Hanoverian gentleman. The Guelphs did not hold it as sovereigns of Hanover, but as Hanoverians: it was never held contingent on fulfilling a certain office, or derived in any way from the people. The

Guelphs were originally simple proprietors, then counts of the empire, and rose to electoral power by the force of property: their property made the state of Hanover. Were Hanover to be absorbed by Prussia, or otherwise cease to exist as a separate country, the Guelphs would still be one of the most important families in Germany by virtue of landed property.

In England, on the contrary, the crown property belongs to the state, and is vested in the wearer of the crown, that crown having been given by the English people, and no personal claim whatever can be made on it by the sovereign: the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts enjoyed it before it passed to the Guelphs; yet such is the respect in England for even the semblance of the rights of property, that on a new sovereign ceding certain crown property in exchange for a civil list, a special reservation is made in favour of the successor. England in this case also offered an argument for King Ernest's guidance. He stood firmly on his individual rights, and denied the power of the estates of the kingdom to appropriate the property of the Guelph family, without the consent of the Agnats. The parliament of a constitutional country is considered omnipotent; but the common sense of every man tells him that

Its omnipotence has bounds: if these bounds are passed,—power becomes despotism, which it is every man's right to resist. The English parliament cannot deprive a man of his property or his birthright; it cannot subvert the inherent rights of the people; were it to do so, resistance on the part of the oppressed would be legal, and though unsuccessful, they would still have justice on their side. That which the English parliament could not dream of doing, even to the humblest individual in the realm, the Hanoverian parliament thought lightly of. It appropriated the property of the Guelphs, the most ancient in the country, to the use of the state; as well might it have confiscated the estate of Count Wangenheim, or of Baron Steinberg. That property amounted to 180,000*l.* a-year in land and houses; in return for it, the King was to receive a civil list of 60,000 *l.* a-year: to give up, in short, a freehold property for a pension of one-third of the rental. I grant that when a civil list was first invented, "Candide" was a fiction; but now that kings are oftentimes shuttlecocks, at the mercy of popular breath, and travel about (de facto) incognito, as little thought of as Richard Cromwell used to be, it is practising delusion too much to ask of a sovereign what no one of his subjects would consent

to, viz. to alienate a certainty for an uncertainty; exchange lands fenced in by usage and hereditary rights, for a pension dependent on a changing assembly. If an individual were to commit such an act, his family would institute a suit *de lunatico inquirendo*. This arrangement, moreover, was totally without precedent. The sovereigns of Darmstadt, of Baden, of Saxony, etc., in giving constitutions, allowed civil lists to be granted them by their commons, *but in addition to their private property*. The King of the French and the King of Holland receive civil lists, *retaining their immense family possessions at the same time*. King Ernest declined to burden the country with a civil list: he only wanted his own. His own personal rights were not the only ones jeopardied by the constitution of 1833: his son and his brothers were concerned, and a monarch is as responsible as the meanest citizen for the good or ill fortune of his family: he is equally bound to secure the welfare of his children, as to protect the laws of his country.

Thus, on ascending the throne, King Ernest found himself fettered by an act, passed shortly before his accession, which destroyed his individual rights, and materially fettered the exercise of constitutional authority. It would have been useless to discuss the question in parlia-

ment, because the Commons of Hanover would not have given up so good a bargain; it would have been still more useless to protest, because there was no one to decide the question. His only resource was to cut the gordian knot. He declared the constitution of 1833 unformal and inexecutable, and recurred to the constitution of 1819. No persons besides those directly interested, blamed the principle on which the King acted; no voice could approve of the doctrine which legalized the alienation of secular property, since what had been done to one might be repeated on others by the same authority; but his abrupt mode of proceeding was criticised by a few, who averred that by summoning the Chambers under the "act" of 1833, and treating with them, all his wishes would have been acceded to; in other words, the constitution would have been purged *à l'amiable*, of the objectionable clauses. This in the opinion of many would have been highly impolitic, as well as have betrayed timidity. By convening the Chambers under the "act" of 1833, the King would have thereby acknowledged the new constitution; had the Commons then refused to rescind the obnoxious clauses, His Majesty would have stood in a ridiculous and humiliating position. He would have lost caste and charac-

ter. He must either have consented to remain a pensioner, and powerless; or, by then throwing the constitution overboard, have shewn to the world that he had summoned his Chambers merely with the hope of cajoling them. He adopted the straightforward course, which was the only prudent one, for there is no reason for supposing that the second Chamber would have consented to the required modification of the constitution of 1833. The Commons were gainers by it in too great a degree. By giving 60,000*l.* a-year for 180,000*l.* a-year, they reduced the budget by one-sixth, as well as rendered the sovereign dependent on them, and the abasement of the nobility would have followed. History has never furnished an example of a popular assembly yielding one iota of power. There is no reason, at the same time, for supposing that King Ernest would have suffered materially in his own royal rights and personal self-love by the ascendency which the act of 1833 would have given to his Commons: adulation and congratulation would have attended him in Hanover, and his conduct would have been a theme of praise both in Germany and in England, though there would not have been wanting some in the latter country to accuse him of inconsistency. Had he consulted

his own personal tranquillity, he would have adhered to the constitution of 1833, certain that the increased power thereby acquired by the third estate would not have had time to develope itself during his life. But then he would have compromised his successor. Revolution, or at all events a state of things which would have warranted an armed intervention on the part of Prussia, would have been the result, sooner or later, of the unequal balance of power arising from the constitution of 1833.

The King's resolution was not generally acquiesced in certainly: seven professors of the university of Gottingen remonstrated and refused to swear allegiance to him. Their language was intemperate, and they sent their protest to be reprinted at Paris, which latter proceeding was censured even by their friends. As they persisted in refusing to swear allegiance, the government was obliged to remove them from their chairs.

Their cause was warmly espoused in Germany at first; but as soon as people began to consider the question, the interest about them subsided. It was self-evident that their refusal to swear allegiance was incompatible with their retention of office, and that the government had no alter-

native but to dismiss them.* This was the extent of the active opposition raised against the King's non-acceptance of the constitution of 1833. A passive resistance followed, by several of the borough constituencies declining to elect members under the constitution of 1819. This has proved exceedingly embarrassing, but has not checked the march of government, or caused any popular excitement: each year a sufficient number of members has been returned to form a chamber, and to vote the budget.† The consenting members have not neglected their duty: the taxes have been reduced since King Ernest's

* None of the above-mentioned professors were Hanoverians by birth, and therefore their opposition was scarcely to be expected in so marked a way. Two of them, Mr. Dahlmann and Mr. Elwart, were highly distinguished in various branches of science and literature. Mr. Dahlmann's reputation is European. The removal of these two gentlemen was a great loss to the university, and it was feared that a diminution of students would take place in consequence. This, however, did not prove to be the case. There were more students at the university of Göttingen in the year between May 1838 and May 1839, than there had been in several preceding years.

† The revenue of Hanover is 6,000,000 of dollars, about 900,000*l*. The expenditure, including the interest of the public debt, is about 5,700,000 dollars a year. The debt of Hanover was chiefly occasioned by the occupation of the country by the French in the present century.

accession, and the general prosperity of the country has increased. The King has made overtures to his chambers to conciliate the constitutions of "19" and "33"—to adopt a medium between them—and it is to be hoped for the sake of the country that they will be accepted.

CHAPTER III.

COMPANIONS — HALSBERSTADT—ACCIDENT — EDUCATION — —HALLE— LEIPSIC — DRESDEN — AMERICANS — CULM— —TÖPLITZ — PRAGUE—HISTORIC NOTICE—POST-TRAVELLING.

First Lieutenant Von Haeseler, of the third regiment of Prussian hussars, proposed to post with me from Hanover to Halsberstadt. Mr. Von Haeseler had been aid-de-camp to the King of Hanover when Duke of Cumberland in his capacity of General in the Prussian army, and still wore the coveted feather and sash significative of staff honours. He had come to Hanover to pay his *devoirs*, and after partaking of the hospitality of the court for a fortnight, was about to return to his regiment at Berlin. He received six hundred dollars a-year from the King's privy purse, which amounted to his Prussian pay. His twenty-five years' cross shewed that advancement in the Prussian cavalry was as slow as in other countries. After thirty years' service a

Prussian officer may retire on a slender appointment; till then he must serve. Twenty-five years' service—one year's active service counts as two years—entitle an officer to wear a cross with the number 25 on it. This distinction seems to be rather a disadvantage than otherwise: it is as if a lady were to wear a medal indicating the number of seasons since she came out. A Frankfort merchant asked leave to accompany us, there being no regular conveyance to Halsberstadt. We agreed, and left Hanover at five A.M., August 27th. The morning was cold, and made us glad to sit down to a good breakfast at Hundlesheim. Thence we soon arrived at the frontier of Prussia, where we were detained some time by the inspection of the custom-house. Our companion, being in company with officers, tried to pass off as no merchant, but, unluckily, one of his boxes fell as the porter was taking it down, and the lid opening unbidden disclosed an assortment of samples. This occasioned a laugh at his expense, as his motive for concealing his calling was attributed by the *douaniers* (soldiers) to the laudable vanity of appearing to belong to the military service, which carries great weight in Prussia. On passing the farther frontier, into Austria, the distinction ceases, military rank

being no more thought of there than in England; civil rank has the precedence. They relate an anecdote, in allusion to this, of the Emperor Nicholas at Töplitz:—His Majesty observed a young countess at a ball refuse the hand of an officer, with an air as though she considered the request presumptuous, and much scandalized at such a slight being offered, reproved her by taking his daughter up to the rejected soldier, requesting him to dance with the Princess instead. *Se non è vero è ben trovato;* this is in accordance with the respect attached to the military caste in Russia,—the only caste, it may be said, which exists in that empire, since Tartar princes of royal lineage, and Boyars with armies of serfs, are nothing without epaulettes. At eight in the evening we reached Halsberstadt, and alighted at the Prince Eugene, an inn which I can recommend for good beds—rare articles in Germany. A German bed is contrived for discomfort; the sides hit the occupant's elbows, and the foot-board checks his feet; the coverlet is too short and too narrow; the whole appears to be managed to prevent a man from acquiring the pernicious habit of over-sleeping. Halsberstadt is a good-sized town, with 15000 inhabitants, exclusive of two battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cuirassiers, generally quartered

in it. The churches are irregularly built, and decidedly ugly, disfigured with towers, surmounted by twin spires. The environs are pretty, with gardens and promenades as all over Germany, where the recreation of the middle and lower classes is invariably provided for.

My companions having departed for Berlin in the *eilwagen*, I left Halsberstadt in the evening, hoping to sleep through the night; but an awkward rencontre with a *wagen*, produced by the carelessness of the smoking postillions, awoke me unceremoniously, and deposited my vehicle in a ditch. My forced exit caused me a severe injury in the shoulder, which plagued me for months, notwithstanding skilful homœopathic treatment afterwards at Vienna. We progressed slowly till eight o'clock, when we stopped at a small town to breakfast and get the carriage set to rights. I also required assistance personally, but my indifferent German failed in obtaining it. Germans never understand a foreigner talking German, unless he hits the exact pronunciation, unlike Frenchmen, who readily make out bad French. There were several persons in the eating room of the hostelry; seeing their civil intentions, I addressed them in various languages picked up in my wandering life, but all to no purpose. As a last resource I rubbed up a few

words of Latin which had been lying rusting in a corner of my brain since my metamorphosis from a school-boy to a middy, proud of his dirk and his authority over men, and threw them at a lank-haired, blackish-coated individual who was ensconced in a corner, waiting for an *eil-wagen*. The words roused him: he ransacked his brain in return, and pulled out about as much as I knew. We were soon, it is true, "au bout de notre Latin," but it served my purpose nevertheless. I do not know what was paid for teaching me Latin, but I know that this is the only advantage I ever derived from my schooling. Gentlemen's sons in England are often inconsistently educated, through an adherence to antiquated routine. They have to make their way through the present active busy world, and are only instructed in the lore of 1800 years ago. Their own tongue and their neighbours' tongues, the arts and the sciences, are unthought of; their education is comprised in Latin and Greek, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, are forgotten in a few years.

I suppose it was in allusion to this custom that Lord Bacon used to say that every man who distinguishes himself receives two distinct educations: one which he gets at school, the other which he gives himself. What a foun-

dation for happiness and prosperity might be laid in the weary plodding years of dogearing Latin Dictionaries which boys go through in fashionable schools. *They* feel, on entering the scene of life, that much precious time has been lost on attainments which are rarely if ever of service to them. I believe the system is a little better ordered now; men begin to see that a soldier may learn his trade without having read Cæsar's Commentaries, an agriculturist thrive without having scanned the Georgics and Bucolics, and a sailor navigate a ship without having studied the Punic naval wars in Latin. In my time we were all ground on the same stone, and the recollection raises a smile. I dare say many of my readers can record motives for a similar feeling respecting their early instruction. Mine was received at a celebrated establishment not many miles from Brighton, kept by Dr. ——: kind hearted gentleman! he was a gentleman every inch of him, and no one who had imbibed first ideas under him could ever be otherwise, though I say it who should not. He was a sportsman of the old stamp, loving good cheer and tormented with gout, and a classical scholar of the first water: he would indulge—to our juvenile astonishment—over the pages of Virgil and Horace as keenly as we did afterwards over

those of Shakspeare and Byron. He fed and physicked his pupils well, bathed them periodically in the sea, and flogged them occasionally; made them indite a letter once or twice a half-year to their mothers, and sent them home in the holidays with rosy cheeks and a good account of their Latinity. What parent could desire more? The school was a preparatory one: so when my stars decided that "the sea, the sea, the rolling sea" was to be more than a song for me, he was desired to prepare me for the navy. I have often thought since how truly puzzled the good Doctor must have been, seeing the way he set about it. I already knew something of Latin, scarcely knowing that Rome still existed anywhere, and could repeat the Greek alphabet ignorant of the existence of a country called Greece. These acquirements would not he guessed forward me much at sea. He wrote to his bookseller, and down came two elegantly bound volumes, called the "Polite Preceptor," containing a summary of all things in a few pages devoted to each: there were some to history, some to geography, some to botany, some to architecture, some to chemistry, some to philosophy, some to morality, and about six pages to geometry. These six pages were given to me to pore over and extract what I could out of

them; in consequence the book ever afterwards opened at geometry. That was all the idea entertained of a practical nautical education in a celebrated classical school. Many youths enter the army without even that inkling of any one branch of science relating to their profession. Luckily, before too late, it was discovered that a knowledge of the four first rules of arithmetic, and some acquaintance with English construction, were necessary for passing into the Naval College: I was therefore removed to a tutor's for a few months to obtain that plebeian knowledge. What a commentary on education!—that misunderstood word—which, if it means any thing, means the qualifying an individual for his part in life,—making his studies and habits bear on his future prospects. The Prussians begin to see that their brilliant educational system may be worked out too far, in other words may be misdirected. I was much struck at the poor-house at Mayence, in August 1837, with the acquirements of the children. Two of the boys in particular displayed knowledge which a peer's son might have been proud of: they wrote French and English correctly, drew tolerably well, and were acquainted with the principles of music. The master, perceiving me interested with them, observed that such

boys caused much anxiety to the parish authorities, because they would never take to a trade kindly. I could not avoid saying that I should be surprised if they did. Such is termed education: to fit a boy, by the tone imparted to his mind, for a life of ease and literature, then set him to make shoes, or drive a plough, or, worse perchance, wait on a wealthy dunce. This kind of education for these boys, compared with its applicability to their prospects in life, is in the ratio of the purely classical education given to gentle born children ungifted with property. One cannot affirm that either one or the other is calculated to obstruct an individual's career, but neither assuredly would forward it, save in rare instances, and that is the real end of education. Quotations are now considered somewhat pedantic in Parliament, so even that trifling advantage derivable from a classical education is lost. Gentlemen of the old school advance in support of the Latin mental discipline, that no one can write English well without having gone through it. Numerous examples contradict this. Shakspeare was no Latinist, neither was Falconer. In our days, Colonel Napier is considered an elegant English classic: he could not have had a "finished education." Lord Collingwood's despatches are models of good

English: he went to sea at twelve years old. Captain Basil Hall is a pleasing writer, and Captain Marryat is one of the most polished of novelists: both went to sea when thirteen years of age. Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Landon, and a host besides of female worthies, write English well without Latin aid, and to crown all, I may cite William Cobbett, the most correct and forcible of English writers, and author of the best English Grammar. Others pretend that a knowledge of Latin facilitates the acquisition of continental tongues. If it has that tendency, the experience of England does not shew it at all events. If there is a people slow at speaking European languages, it is the English: if on the contrary one people excels another in the acquisition of them, it is the Russian, of whose education Latin forms no part, generally speaking. The time that an English boy gives to Latin, the Russian boy devotes to French. It requires no conjurer to decide which is the most useful acquirement of the two: the one is sure to be forgotten in nineteen cases out of twenty, the other is valuable to the owner till the end of his days. One can hardly call to mind when Latin has served our purpose, but the necessity of French is evident in every pursuit of life, civil or military, while the advantage and pleasure

attending on the knowledge of it repays one hundred fold the trouble of acquiring it. For one person who regrets his ignorance of Latin, fifty deplore their inability to speak and write French fluently. French is in the 19th century what Latin was in the 17th century, and ought rather therefore in my humble opinion to be the process for training a boy's mind to habits of application and analysis: it is, as Latin used to be, the received medium of intercourse between strangers of different countries, the principal channel of translation, the accepted sign of a gentlemanly education, and the language of diplomacy. Milton was made secretary to the Protector for the purpose of corresponding in Latin with foreign courts; but Latin would now be useless for that object. French has taken its place. The many practical reasons which caused Latin to be necessary to a gentleman, no longer apply; and consequently the boy does not get value received for the time which he bestows on it. The learned no longer require Latin to make their views and opinions known to the civilized world; and were they to write now in a dead language, they would not be read. Ancient authors, too, are admirably translated, and even were they not so, the taste of the reading public has changed: men in general now prefer the

knowledge of what is doing and saying in the present day, rather than of what was done or said two thousand years ago; they take greater interest in reading the speeches of the Parliamentary leaders in France and England, than in studying the orations of the Greeks and Romans.

After two hours' delay in repairing our damages, we travel on, and soon meet in the road several trains of horse and foot artillery, in capital order, going to Magdeburgh for the review in the second week of September. At five o'clock we stop to dine at Halle,—Halle famous for its university, with able professors in all branches of science and literature. Groups of devil-may-care young fellows were in the streets—beer, baccy, and brothel legible in their air and demeanour. They will all, I thought, sober down by and by into sedate citizens,—denounce the life which they now enjoy, and be in their turn quizzed by 'young Germany' for habits such as they now ridicule.

That evening we reach the celebrated book-mart of Europe, and admire its antique appearance in the pale light. Leipsic is a prominent landmark in German history, being connected with every remarkable incident of it. The numerous conferences held within its walls on

various subjects, religious and political, have given it celebrity, which however is unthought of beside the two important battles fought in its vicinity, by two of the greatest generals on record: the battle of religious freedom gained by Gustavus Adolphus,* and the battle for German national independence — as it might be called — lost by Napoleon on the same spot nearly two hundred years later.

Being eager to reach Vienna, I left Leipsic next day, and continued my journey to Dresden. A short distance from the town we passed under the railroad in progress between Leipsic and Dresden. A few miles at either end were already terminated, and the country being flat the whole was likely to be soon finished. The high roads in Prussia and Saxony are good, and the posting, though not so much accelerated as it ought to be, is well organized. The Saxon

* The battle near Leipsic, between the Swedes and Saxons, under Gustavus Adolphus, and the imperial army under Marshal Tilly, was fought Dec. 7, 1631. Gustavus thereby secured the cause of Protestantism in Germany. The Scotch battalion, in the Swedish service, greatly distinguished itself in the battle. Tilly was wounded. The two armies consisted of about 40,000 men each. The Imperialists lost half their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The loss of the Swedes was comparatively trifling.

roads, winding and varied, refresh the eye after the never-ending avenues in Prussia, which connect the extreme points by straight lines. The Germans love trees by the road-side; we, on the contrary, forbid them to be planted within a certain distance because they intercept the sun. The German mode appears to be preferable. Sun is a rare article in England; the roads are not dependent on it for dryness. The chief drier is wind: the foliage promotes currents of air, while the roots imbibe the moisture from the road. I could not avoid remarking the resemblance between the Saxons and the English, especially among the women, and was pleased at the idea of tracing our origin, by features, so many centuries back. They were bold fellows, the Saxons, to descend the Elbe on rafts, and cross over to England in boats such as we would hardly trust ourselves in now-a-days.

Dresden has all to delight and detain the stranger: historic edifices, complete museums, a civil people, a charming situation, with German-Switzerland not far distant; but it and its contents have been described so often and so minutely, that I need not trouble the reader with my remarks and impressions; assuring him however he will do well to remain within its walls

some weeks, as I certainly shall do at my next visit to the Florence of Germany.

Having lionized as much as possible in a day, I left Dresden for Prague. I was not alone. The Rev. Dr. Bachmann, director of the Lutheran churches in the United States, and a young gentleman named Holtpole, his protegé, travelled with me, and were exceeding pleasant company. The Doctor is well known as a proficient in natural history, on which he has published various works. He had just visited England and Scotland: he intended to take a look at Switzerland and France, and return home to Charleston in October. As it was the last day of August, I thought this a good specimen of the locomotive capabilities of our Western brethren. They think nothing of distance: time is every thing. A party quits America in the spring to visit Europe: some remain in England; others stop in Italy; a few traverse Germany in addition; and all re-unite at a given rendezvous and re-cross the ocean in the autumn. Doctor Bachmann and his young friend were of German descent: he talked German fluently, while his English was the purest I ever heard in the mouth of an American, totally free from provincialisms, and from the constant use of the word "sir," which generally betrays an American. My name was

familiar to my fellow-traveller: he informed me that there were two eminent men in the United States of the name of Slade; one a member of Congress, and a stanch opponent of slavery; the other celebrated among his countrymen for scientific pursuits. Talking of slavery, Dr. Bachmann would not admit the harshness of it in the United States to the extent usually reported. He would not admit that in the event of a white man killing a negro, any favour would be shewn him; he would probably be hanged; although, as the Doctor observed, a man must give himself a great deal of trouble in America to get hanged. But, I remarked, as the jury consists of whites, would they not be slow of receiving evidence of their co-colourist's guilt? The old story in our navy of a captain and a cook about to be tried for the same offence, is to the point. The captain bade his companion cheer up, for they would certainly be acquitted. "*You* will be acquitted," replied the other, "because you will be tried by a jury of captains, and so should I, if the jury were composed of cooks." Thus, I apprehend, the case stands between the white and the black in America: there may not be a wilful intention to screen the guilty, but there is a natural leaning to the side of the white. The only argument

for slavery in America is, that it has existed in every celebrated republic, in some form or other, since history was written. The excuse for it is, that the proprietors in the southern states would be ruined without forced labour. The white man is unable to cultivate rice and cotton, he cannot resist the heat and exhalations; the negro, on the contrary, goes to sleep with his face shining in the sun, and awakes all the better for his nap. Dr. Bachmann expressed himself gratified with the attentions shewn to him in England as a scientific man. All England, he observed, was classic ground to an American, in spite of Cooper's ill-natured remarks occasioned by his *amour propre* having been somehow mortified. The Yankees are very sensitive on that point, and unnecessarily so, for they have gained a position, independent of their glorious birthright as England's children, which should enable them to stand a little raillery. At the same time, they have reason to be angry with the mode of speaking of them adopted by some English travellers: it is hardly fair to set down the conversation of tables d'hôte and in stage-coaches as a standard of the people's intelligence. Similar works to many published in America might be written about England by traveller's jotting down what the coachman of the

"Tally-ho" or mine host of the "Wheat-sheaf" might choose to tell him, adding thereto family anecdotes picked up in social intercourse, and slang phrases of the select. My companion expressed himself impartially about some of the works published on America, that they contained as much truth as error; but he said, alluding to Miss Martineau's, that it was an outrage on common sense to suppose that a work compiled by a lady, whose aural infirmity debarred her from incidental opportunities of correcting errors or of removing fixed impressions, could be received as evidence of any class of persons or sets of opinions in America. For my part, I cannot understand how Englishmen can depreciate Americans. They ought to be proud of them and exalt them. I regard them as my countrymen. When I hear a man talk my own language, cite my country's history as his own, know that he lives under similar laws, and has the same usages, even to the mode of drinking tea and being exclusive, I cannot consider him as a foreigner. No act or deed can destroy certain ties. Those between us and the Americans are indissoluble: they lie in blood, language, religion, laws, prejudices, and trifles. They must be proud of their ancestry, and we ought to rejoice that the spirit and enterprise of Englishmen reign on the other side of the Atlantic.

A few hours after leaving Dresden we changed horses at a post-house in the battle-field of Culm (fought Aug. 13, 1813). The battle was between the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians on one side, and the French and Saxons on the other. It completely turned the tide of Napoleon's fortune. The fatal battles of Dresden and Leipsic soon followed. Three funeral columns mark the field of Culm, in memory of the carnage of that day, severally erected by Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Three veterans, one belonging to each nation, are the guardians of the columns, and live in pretty cottages adjoining the monuments, which stand about half-a-mile apart, marking the respective positions of the Allies. The column erected by Russia is by far the most elegant of the three. The field of battle is a wide heath. The wind blew cuttingly over it across deep ravines, as we walked round the mementos of the decline of the mighty conqueror, who little thought that the Saxons who fought here so nobly in his cause would cruelly betray him a few weeks afterwards at Leipsic. Defection is serviceable at times, kings reward the traitor; but we bring ourselves with difficulty to the contemplation of officers—men of honour—forsaking their leader in the hour of need, and turning their guns against their

comrades in the very battle which they began together as allies. No blushing-ribbon or glittering cross can hide that stain!

A few hours more brought us to a scene of another character — to Töplitz. We stopped there to sup, and it being within an hour of September, we ordered partridges. Two Englishmen were at table, just arrived from Vienna; we exchanged news, drank to each other, and parted.

A magnificent spectacle greeted our eyes as the sun rose: we were descending an eminence into the broad vale where Prague sits embosomed amidst gardens and trees, and embraced by the Moldau. Woods, gay villas on the hills, and minaret-crowned towers, give Prague the air of an oriental city. Here the traveller in Austria begins to acknowledge the influence of Turkish manners and tastes, consequent on the long wars between Turkey and Germany. It becomes more evident the farther one advances eastwards, till, in Transylvania and Croatia, distinction nearly ceases. We stopped our carriage for ten minutes, to enjoy the rich and varied prospect. Even those accustomed to the glowing imagery of the East, and the rich perfection of Italy, admire the distant view of the capital of Bohemia, and pronounce it one of the finest in

Europe. The interior corresponds with the impression raised from without; broad, well-paved streets, rows of palaces of lofty elevation, handsome churches, and an animated population, characterize the city, which rejoices, moreover, in pretty women. I saw nowhere else in Germany so many attractive faces. In all ways Prague ranks as one of the finest cities in Europe. Buttressed dwellings and barred windows alone remain to shew that it was not always in its present peaceful and prosperous state. Religion brought unnumbered evils on its head. We hardly believe, amidst its gorgeous altars and devoted Catholic population, the struggles and sacrifices made by Prague in the cause of Protestantism. Here, in the market-place, after the fiery martyrdom of John Huss, all the works which could be found of his master, John Wycliffe (of Yorkshire), were burned by the Emperor's order. That bonfire glared fierce and wide; it was the signal of the bloodiest revenge ever wreaked by fanaticism. The Wycliffites and Hussites devastated Bohemia for nearly a century with barbarous and unrelenting warfare. The peace of Prague in 1512 restored peace, and the Bohemians gained in some measure the right of free-thinking, fifty years afterwards, by a charter from the Emperor,

which granted them, in express terms, religious freedom. Such freedom, however, although it had been respected by Rudolf and Maximilian, ill accorded with the policy of the crafty Ferdinand. He attacked the reformed religion in various parts of the empire, persecuted it everywhere, and, as a decisive act, sent an order to Prague in 1618, to raze the Protestant churches in that city to the ground. This was the commencement of the memorable thirty-years' war—the war of Catholicism against Protestantism. The nobles of Prague determined to resist. When summoned before the Emperor's Commissioners in the castle of Prague, they haughtily declared their intention to disobey the impious edict, and finished an angry discussion by throwing two of the said Commissioners—the Counts Slavata and Martinez—full-robed, out of the window. The window was forty feet high; but a dunghill under it received their Excellencies nearly unhurt. As they were supposed to have had their necks broken by the fall, they remained unnoticed, and escaped out of the city next day. Abject apologies followed them to Vienna, with protestations of fidelity to the Emperor from the Praguites, who were now alarmed for the result of the outrage committed on the representatives

of their sovereign. Their submission was rejected. They then prepared to resist; banished the Jesuits from Bohemia, and sequestrated the property of the Catholic bishop; then raised an army, and formed a league with the neighbouring Protestant states. These acts were followed up by a formal renunciation of their allegiance to the Emperor, and by a tender of the Bohemian crown to Frederick, Elector of the Palatinate, August 1618.

Thus far all went well: the Praguites had shewn promptitude and decision; had drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, which is the only guarantee of success in civil war. But treachery and disunion marred the noble cause. The Emperor Ferdinand contrived to break the Protestant league formed for the succour of Prague, and the commanders of the patriot army further aided him by disputes about precedency—the same pitiable puerility which destroyed unity of action in the late Polish war. Ferdinand was therefore enabled to turn his arms uninterruptedly against the Bohemians. When he appeared before Prague, November 1620, the patriot army, drawn up for its defence under the Prince of Anhalt, was already half disorganized by disunion. One charge decided the battle: the Bohemians fled in disorder

within an hour. The city surrendered at discretion next day. Ferdinand made a barbarous use of his victory. Nearly thirty of the principal Bohemian nobility were put to death at Prague a few months afterwards; the estates of several hundred nobles were confiscated; and three years later, in 1624, the measure of the misfortunes of Bohemia was filled by an imperial edict which enjoined all Protestants to embrace the Roman Catholic faith within two years, or to quit the empire. The edict was mercilessly enforced. The civil and military power of the empire was employed in searching out Protestants. It is said that between 20,000 and 30,000 families were compelled to leave Bohemia because they would not hear mass, which is now performed in every corner of the country. Ferdinand's success is the only instance on record of power having succeeded in extirpating a religion out of a country, and in maintaining its exclusion for above two centuries afterwards. Sultan Amurath converted or banished the Christians of Albania by the same means; but the religion has returned, and its votaries now equal the Moslems in number.

Two celebrated individuals have found a retreat at Prague, denied to so many of her own citizens. Tycho Brahe, on being driven

from his country by the jealousy of courtiers, chose Prague for his residence, and died there in 1601.* The gallant Szrynecki, commander of the devoted Polish army in the last struggle for liberty, was residing at Prague at the time of which I write, on his parole.

We had an opportunity on the day of our arrival of seeing a review of part of the garrison (12,000 strong). The men were uncommonly fine looking and performed their evolutions admirably: but the appearance of Austrian troops, all well dressed and soldierly as they are, is always disfigured by the odious canes of the corporals, and the liberal application of blows to the shoulders of non-compliants with the martinet system. The natural effect of machine-like adherence to orders is visible in every department of the state. We had a remarkable instance of this at the post-office. As my companions were going to Munich, I went with them to take a place in the mail to Vienna. All the places were engaged, but in such a case another carriage may be put on for three extra passengers. I offered to take another.

* Tycho Brahe was born at Knudstrup in Scaane in 1546. His parents were noble. A bronze bust was erected to his memory in the royal observatory at Copenhagen by Christian VII.

"Are you alone?" asked the employé. "Yes," was the answer. "Then we cannot accommodate you, for we are directed to furnish an extra *wagen* only when three passengers desire to go." No reasoning could make this sapient administrator comprehend that, provided three places were paid for, it did not signify whether one or three persons travelled, that in fact the post would be the gainer. "No," he replied, "that could not be; if three persons wanted places well and good." We could not hammer our view of the case into his intellect, and were literally obliged to apply to his superior, in order to obtain the favour of paying for three places for the use of one person. Excepting the inconveniences occasionally attendant on this dread of departing from the very letter of the law, posting is well arranged in Austria. The post will furnish private carriages if required for any distance at a moderate charge. Travellers may pay the amount of their post-horses before starting for any given distance; as for example between Prague and Vienna, which is of singular convenience in travelling at night, in a country where great embarrassment is experienced in paying on account of the inexpertness of the Austrians in reckoning their multiform coin, as well as from the difference between

münz and schein gulden (good and bad florins), and which perplexes the natives nearly as much as foreigners. Strangers are liable to be imposed on by this confusion of money. Charges at inns are usually made in "bad florins," but the innkeeper does not always object to receive "good florins" in payment, or twice and a half as much.*

I parted from my American friends with unfeigned regret, and left Prague at four P.M. A wearisome journey over an uninteresting country was before me. A lady had come to the post shortly before our departure, and hearing that a stranger had engaged a whole carriage, asked to be accommodated with a seat to a town about a hundred miles on, to which, of course, assent was given. She was neither young nor pretty, so I might take credit to myself for disinterestedness.

At the place where we halted for supper, the

* At the national bankruptcy in Austria during the war, the money was depreciated by an order in council. Two florins were declared to be worth five florins, and so on. On the resumption of real payments, reckonings still continued to be made in the depreciated money. The bad notes are not yet taken out of circulation. A stranger in Austria has a right to presume that his bills are in *schein gulden*, "bad florins," unless *münz gulden* be stated.

girl of the inn, one of the prettiest lasses I saw in Germany, asked me for a cigar. I gave her one, supposing that she wanted it for her brother or lover. To my surprise, she put the weed into her own pretty mouth, and smoked it with apparent *gout*. Since my departure from Lima, I had not seen a woman smoke a cigar: a cigar became the link of association between a village inn in Bohemia and the golden capital of Peru. I had seen Turkish ladies smoke, it is true, but pipes are different affairs from cigars: amber, silken tassels, and jewels, set off the Odalisk's own graceful figure. Tobacco in a cherry or jessamine stick loses its noxious properties, although Byron says, after extolling the hookah and the chibook—

> "Thy true lovers more admire by far
> Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar."

In Turkey tobacco appears as a fragrant herb, and evaporates in a pearly-hued odorous vapour. Neither the hands nor lips of a Turkish lady are soiled by the contact.

The next day we proceeded along at the rate of six miles an hour over an open country. A young Prussian in the first *wagen* came into mine, and made the journey agreeable by his conversation. The Prussians are certainly su-

perior to the Austrians in companionable qualities: they are better educated, with more modern ideas about men and things. The aspect of Prussia is also superior to that of Austria. Some say that this is owing to the influence of Protestantism in the former. I cannot say whether it is so or not; at the same time the traveller does not require the cross and the saint's image placed ever and anon on the road's side in Austria to indicate that he is traversing a Catholic country. We can understand how religion may be the cause of the backward state of one country compared with the other, because the professors of Catholicism inculcate contentment with the state in which a man's lot is cast, and nothing is more fatal to progress. I do not, however, think that travellers are quite right in citing the mendicity which is apparent in Catholic countries as evidence of poverty: it may exist to an equal extent in a Protestant country, but the rule there is to keep it out of sight. Catholic governments allow free trade in beggary, and apparently with some reason: the dog may whine in the rich man's face for a bone, and why should the pauper be debarred the exercise of his tongue to obtain a loaf?

At daylight of the second morning the cocked hats of our postillions, put on with an air of

pretension, wider and more formal roads, and numbers of market-carts, betoken our approach to the capital. Our pace quickens, and at six in the morning we reach the custom-house of Vienna. Ten steps from there brought us to the London hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

VIENNA — AUSTRIANS AND TURKS — PUBLIC BUILDINGS — SCHOENBRUNN — PRINCE OF DENMARK — THEATRE — PLAGUE — MUSEUMS — THE LATE AND THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA — PRINCE METTERNICH.

I had Vienna to myself. The court, the diplomatists, and the nobility were gone to the Emperor's coronation at Milan: the principal citizens were still at Baden, twenty miles distant. Fortunately for me, some Greek families of my acquaintance were in town, and their agreeable society enlivened the month I was detained at Vienna. All nations congregate at Vienna: the Greeks especially like the place, having always carried on an extensive trade between it and the Turkish provinces of Europe. Mr. Sinna, a Greek banker of Vienna, is one of the richest men in Europe. He commenced realizing a fortune by conveying English manufactures from Salonica, through Turkey, into Austria, in the face of Napoleon's interdict. This circuitous traffic gained him immense returns. Since the

peace he has been of great service to Prince Metternich in a financial sense, and has been rewarded by the successive titles of Baron and Count. * I met another remarkable Greek in Mr. Sotero, and in consideration of the appositeness of some of his opinions, I will cite a few. He was then eighty-eight years old, with a surprising memory. He was a native of Philippopolis, and had traded with India, as most of the merchants of that city did in his day. † Philippopolis was then a far more important city than now; the last fifty years have reduced it in a greater ratio than most other towns of the Ottoman empire. Mr. Sotero had resided fifteen years at Calcutta. He observed to me

* Count Sinna has lately undertaken to build a stone bridge over the Danube at Pest, with the right of toll for ninety years.

† In 1801, Hadji Abdoula (a Turk), and Makou (a Greek) merchants of Philippopolis, performed a remarkable trading voyage. They proceeded to India by the Red Sea, and having purchased a cargo of Yemen coffee and Indian goods, sailed for Bassora. From Bassora they travelled, in 42 days, to Enzili on the Caspian, having passed by Schiras, where they purchased tobacco, and Ispahan. They embarked at Enzili for Astrakan, whence they ascended the Wolga to Dubofska. Thence their goods were transported by land to Catchalni, there embarked on the Don for Taganrok, and conveyed from thence by the Euxine to Constantinople. Fear of the Wahabites caused this circuitous route to be taken.

that Russia would one day march with Persia against India: and as we soon afterwards heard that Count Simonivitch, the Russian ambassador in Persia, was encouraging the Schah at the siege of Herat, the prediction was very remarkable. He said that his experience of India led him to believe that the prospect of a foreign force approaching our frontier would excite serious disaffection towards us, and even cause revolts against our power. The combination among the native princes, and a conspiracy at Karnoul, brought to light after Sir John Keane's brilliant campaign in Affghanistan, have completely verified the old Greek's words. He considered Turkey as virtually lost. So does every body acquainted with the subject, excepting my noble friend Lord Ponsonby, and my talented friend Mr. Urquhart, unless a change should have recently come over the spirit of their dreams.

Vienna is a remarkably fine city: the houses of the nobility, some of them occupying nearly half the length of a street, with fine elevations and carved windows, give it an air of grandeur which no other city possesses. The shops are gay, the streets bustling, and the equipages tolerably good. The custom of the tradespeople to exhibit the picture of their patron over their shops produces a lively effect. I saw over

a milliner's shop with the device, *à la reine Victoria*, a full-length picture of our gracious sovereign, painted in a style to give the Germans a good opinion of her personal charms. The tailor to the Emperor had the best likeness over his shop, full size, that I have seen of his Imperial Majesty. Many other illustrious individuals adorn the shops of Vienna.

We found the dust in September intolerable everywhere, in the city and outside. In spite of it, beer-drinkers and smokers covered the glacis every evening; their occupation forming a singular contrast to the strains of delicious music heard on every side. Further on, the Prater spreads far and wide, free from all these inconveniences, and there are to be found some of the real charms of Vienna. The union of garden, park, and forest land, the succession of "openings" and prairies, along the river, are unique and delightful.

The Viennese are Materialists, or more properly speaking, Sensualists. Eating, drinking, smoking, dancing, and music form their enjoyments: withal they are an excellent-hearted, placid-tempered people, and are perhaps the happiest in the world: they have passed the semi-barbarism of Asia, and have stopped short of the over refinement of Europe. I doubt, how-

ever, if anybody accustomed to the excitement and intelligence of England and France would like their society for a continuance. The quality of incomprehensiveness is prominent: everybody must have remarked how a shopkeeper puzzles over the *zwantzigers* and *kreutzers* before satisfying himself that he is not giving his customer too much or too little in exchange, and with what difficulty he understands a stranger unless he accent every word precisely. The middle and lower classes seemed to me to possess the general ignorance of the Turks, without their local knowledge and individual quickness of apprehension, which may be accounted for by the different forms of government under which they live. The Ottoman Porte leaves its subjects the right of self-government; never interferes with their pursuits or concerns, only reserves to itself the power to lop off the top branches of the social tree from time to time: no police regulations, or passports, or regiments of officials, check the habit of thinking for oneself, or of providing for casualties. The Austrian government, on the contrary, is paternal; it cares for the material wants of the people as though they were schoolboys, furnishes them with promenades, music and museums, keeps them in a tranquil course of existence, and discourages discussion on any subject, whether

of domestic or of general import, till at length few men judge for themselves. With nothing to excite, with no object to stimulate exertion, the mind reposes on the contemplation of actual life, and as the parents are, so necessarily do the children grow up—good-natured, thrifty, and musical,—easily ruled, if their appetites are not interfered with, and readily pleased, from the mere force of habit, added to an attention, on the part of their rulers, to indulge their tastes. The Austrians want also in many respects the refined tastes of their turbaned neighbours. There is the same love of gardens, views, and country houses, of sedentary enjoyments and tobacco, but how differently expressed! The light elegant kiosks of the Turks, their graceful boats, and their cemeteries which make death lovely, are nowhere to be seen in Germany. German beer and tobacco—occupation of some, pastime of many, and solace of all—are coarse and vulgar beside sherbet and "Salonica." We see every where, in bad copies, evidence of the long intercourse, now as friends, now as foes, between the Austrians and the Turks. The church of St. Charles, for example, is built after that of St. Sophia at Constantinople, but is a caricature. It certainly reminds one of a mosque, but the imitation is mean: two minarets are joined, or

rather stuck on to the edifice, yet appear not to belong to it. They are singularly unornamental, without being of any utility. A similar defect, absence of taste, applies to many of the public buildings in Vienna. The cathedral (St. Stephen's) is noble in size, and the height of the spire adds elegance to the building; but the whole is disfigured by cumbrous Gothic accessories laid on with a feudal disregard of propriety. The crest of Austria, the double-headed eagle, is tesselated on the roof. Talking of churches, St. Mary's church in the suburb is interesting on account of being erected on the spot where the Grand Vizir's tent was pitched at the siege of Vienna, by the Turks, in 1683; when, but for the gallantry of Sobieski and his Poles, who relieved the city by routing the besiegers, Austria with its capital would probably have become an Ottoman dependency.

The Belvidere palace, however, is a fine building, with a collection of valuable pictures. Two heads of a man and woman, by Albert Durer, are wonderful performances: they are kept in wooden cases, and require an application to a guardian to be seen. Three heads in one frame by Titian are absolutely alive, expressing thought and uttering language. The garden of the palace, though cited as some-

thing, is French and formal, unlike that of the palace of Schoenbrunn, which, to my taste, is the handsomest in Europe. The trees are remarkably fine at Schoenbrunn, and there is a hill in the back-ground, crowned with a pavilion, which produces an effect at once picturesque and classic. Schoenbrunn excites a comparison with Versailles, but the comparison is in its favour. Schoenbrunn is natural; Versailles is purely artificial. Nature is merely pruned at Schoenbrunn; she never appears at Versailles. As a set-off against waterworks, Schoenbrunn has a menagerie, the best I ever saw, both as regards the comfort of the inmates and the convenience afforded to visiters. It is open to the public, washed and unwashed, gratis. We noticed some superb bears, a magnificent Bengal tiger, and a gaudy collection of birds in a circular-wired aviary of colossal dimensions. The white polar bear, of gigantic proportions, has got a comfortable bath adjoining his cage.

We had a curious sight at the menagerie, one day, of the Crown Prince of Denmark and some of his relatives. They had dined at the palace, and afterwards drove to see the animals. Etiquette exacted the exclusion of the public from the various enclosures, which branch out in radii from a common centre occupied by the

aviary, while the royal party traversed them. Their Royal Highnesses were thus placed ludicrously in juxta-position with us: as we gazed on them and the animals together through the bars, they literally performed the part of *lions*. They appeared good-looking and amiable. In the evening the *Prince of Denmark* occasioned a more interesting association by assisting at the representation of *Hamlet* at the Burg theatre, performed by his desire. The acting was excellent. I was told by competent judges that the German translation of our great poet's masterpiece is perfect, retaining the force and spirit of the original, while the language is rendered word for word, even to Ophelia's plaintive and wayward song. The company at this theatre is reckoned first-rate in Germany; Shakspeare's plays are often acted there. The Karinthian-gate Opera is likewise of a high order, with a superior corps-de-ballet and tasteful scenery. I met a singular character there one evening in the person of a Frenchman, *decoré* and loquacious, who sat beside me. As he conversed knowingly about Constantinople, whence he had just arrived, I took the liberty of inquiring his name. "*Je suis un miserable medécin de peste,*" he replied, "*dont peut-être vous avez entendu parler.*" I was enlightened at once. I perceive, I rejoined, that

I have the honour of speaking to Dr. Bulard, whose essays on plague have attracted attention lately. Dr. Bulard, as my readers may or may not know, was a stanch anti-contagionist, maintaining the curability of plague without difficulty, and to prove his doctrine had shut himself in the plague hospital in Leander's tower in the Bosphorus, in the summer of 1838. He said he had performed miracles, had lain in the same beds with plague subjects, had cured many, and remained uninoculated himself. I heard various accounts of his trials and treatment afterwards at Pera; some for and some against him, so I cannot pretend to say what degree of credit his assertions are entitled to: it appeared however that professional jealousy had operated to his prejudice, and induced the Porte to dismiss him when the season of plague was over, instead of retaining him on a liberal salary, as he seemed to think his eminent services demanded, and as enlightened policy would have dictated, for the obscurity which envelopes this frightful disorder arises from the reluctance of medical men to incur risk by personal attendance. Dr. Bulard had given proofs of being willing to face the danger, which is the first step towards obtaining correct notions of any disorder.

Enthusiastic in his opinions, Dr. Bulard was

then on a mission, so he informed me, to the governments of Europe, to propose the appointment of a given number of medical men, two of each nation, with instructions to establish themselves in a suitable spot, at Constantinople, Smyrna, or Alexandria, there open a plague hospital, and test the merits of his treatment, or of any other, if it should not be approved of. He was sanguine of success, and expected to return to the East in a year with his congress of doctors, but having heard no more of him, I presume that he has not met with encouragement. The plan is admirable, and the only one adapted to the exigency. Without having doctors especially devoted to the examination of plague, we shall remain in the dark about the nature of the disorder. Civilized Europe would thereby confer a real benefit on Turkey, of a greater amount than diplomacy has ever obtained for her. Depopulation is the great evil of the East, and plague is still as ever one of its most active agents. The Turks gave us inoculation, which suggested vaccination: we owe them something in return; if we find out a mode of treating plague, we shall be quits. Baron Ottenfels, the under secretary of state for foreign affairs at Vienna, received Dr. Bulard very well, and was inclined to second his views; and having

been the Austrian Internuncio at Constantinople, he was in a position to appreciate them.

The Museum of Natural History at Vienna is well worth seeing. The collection of birds is very fine and complete,—that of mice is extensive and curious,—that of shells is beautiful,—that of insects is indifferent. An astonishing number and variety of fish are preserved there, and are calculated, I thought, to raise incredulity in an inland city like Vienna, few of whose inhabitants have seen the sea or any fish beyond the carp of the Danube, which I may pronounce of a good quality, equal to the carp of the Rhine, well known, of course, to the tourists in Rhine-bathed Germany. Two stuffed horses are in the Museum, and are pointed out to visiters as English horses. They are libels on our race: their models are to be seen in the hackney coach-horses of London. Some carelessness has been shewn in the preparations; somewhat of an unpleasant smell pervades the lower apartments, which in winter, aided by stove-heat, must be very disagreeable.

The Artillery Musem is also deserving of notice. It is extensively furnished with ancient and modern arms, arranged with taste and symmetry. The particularly interesting objects are, 1. the chain used by the Ottomans to close the

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passage of the Danube when they besieged Vienna in 1683; 2. the cap of Godfrey de Bouillon; 3. the leather shirt of Gustavus Adolphus; 4. the armour of Rudolf, founder of the Hapsburgh dynasty; 5. the sword of Scanderbeg. I was glad to see the last-named relic, because when I was at Alessio, in Upper Albania, in 1836, where Scanderbeg lies buried, I promised some Albanian Beys that if I should ever visit Vienna, I would not fail to look for their hero's sword. I did not then know it was at Vienna, and almost doubted the correctness of their report; although a warlike people were certainly likely to venerate the trusty weapon of their beloved chief, which, of Turkish make, and a present from Sultan Solyman, had often opened the Ottoman ranks in defence of liberty. These slight memorials of departed greatness are far more interesting than all the curiously disposed piles of arms and armour, arranged with such care, and tended so carefully: each contains a volume, recalling a history to the mind of the spectator. Few objects in all vast collections claim a thought or retain a place in the memory. In the Artillery Museum at Paris, the dagger of Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV., is the only thing of peculiar interest.* In the Tower

* Some one asked Ravaillac, with anxiety, if the blade

of London, notwithstanding the matchless display of equestrian armour and the crown jewels, the axe which severed poor Lady Lane Grey's head, and the supposed spot where the young Princes were smothered, are the objects which excite real interest. In this kind of wealth the Museum at Vienna is the richest in Europe. We saw also an infernal machine, such as the one Fieschi used: it is above a century old, and consequently deprives Fieschi of the merit of invention. His employers had probably seen it. Near it, under a glass cover, the orders of Marshal Schwartzenberg are preserved; more, I suppose, to shew how many were possessed by one individual, than for any other purpose; and under another glass cover, on a velvet cushion, is the small iron cross—the soldier's cross—worn by the late Emperor Francis, in preference to any other. We thought these memorials misplaced among the nobler ones mentioned above. The numerous orders of the Marshal indicated little more than political civility on the part of various sovereigns; and the small iron cross could not be shewn as evidence of the departed Emperor's modesty, because a diamond star and

was poisoned. "Ah," replied the fanatic, "I forgot that; how stupid I was." The oversight little signified: he had struck home.

a copper medal produce the same effect on the breast of an Emperor. Napoleon's plain green coat, amidst the brilliant embroidered uniforms of his generals, shewed more pride of heart than simplicity of taste. He wanted distinction, and a plain coat distinguished him best.

The Emperor Francis, however, was a plain spoken person, with retiring manners. He was a man of the people without any pretension of being so, and the same may be said of all the members of the Hapsburgh family. The kind and affectionate way adopted by all classes at Vienna in speaking of the imperial family shews the love entertained for them: the remarks which drop from the Viennese about the little princes and princesses when they pass by on the *prater* are exactly such as each person would utter about a favourite child. The late Emperor Francis was especially beloved, and regarded as though he really were the father of his people. Many interesting traits are related of the goodness of his heart, and none more so than one in relation to the late Archduchess Henrietta. This Princess, wife of the Archduke Charles, was by all accounts a charming person: her husband thought so also, notwithstanding her love of expense, so much at variance with the economical notions of the Hapsburgh family.

The Emperor Francis loved her with all a father's love. At her death the clergy objected to place her body in the imperial vaults because she had died a Protestant. "Away with you," cried the heartstricken Emperor, "she lived with us in life, and shall be with us in death." This sentiment shewed him worthy of a better crown than the "iron crown." The following anecdote is of a lighter character, but equally shews the opinion entertained of the man. After his death, the model of a statue of him was placed for a few weeks, in order to judge of the effect, in the middle of the road leading from the palace to the adjoining gate of the city. It obliged carriages to make a slight circuit. In allusion to this, a writing was affixed to the statue making the departed Emperor say: "My friends, why have you placed me here, obstructing the road? You know I never, in life, stood in the way of my subjects."

On the above-mentioned gate are the words *Justitia regnorum fundamentum est*, which made the joking French say: "*Les Autrichiens ont mis la justice à la porte.*"

Notwithstanding the point of this calembourg, it wants truth: nowhere perhaps is justice more attainable than in Austria, or so ready an attention given to the poorest and least

befriended. Oppression may be practised in the distant provinces, and the law be made to act unduly between rich and poor, but the remedy is sure: the oppressed, whoever he may be, knows that the imperial court is open to him, and that his Emperor will listen to him in person, even at the expense of his ministers. The Emperor Francis devoted several hours every Wednesday to receiving the petitions and hearing the complaints of the humble, and more than one story is told of a poor provincial, after vainly seeking for reparation, having travelled hundreds of miles to Vienna and stated his case in person to the Emperor. This is the anti-revolutionary recipe of the Austrian monarch: none can wish to injure *him*, although many dislike his government. He appears rather to belong to his subjects, than they to him. It sometimes happened that in the popular levees of the late Emperor, the suitor, urging a complaint perhaps against a minister or a judge, was in the wrong: whereupon the Emperor would kindly take him to task, point out his error; would say that he could not interfere in this affair, that the law was superior to him, then give the complainant some money to defray the expense of his journey or to see the sights of the capital. For this purpose the Emperor

had a bag of money by him at his levée. The affectionate demeanour of the Austrian monarch, the paternal sway of his government, caring for high and low, contrasts painfully with the cruel treatment of political offenders. One can hardly believe that such opposite regulations can issue from the same cabinet. The only explanation lies in the presumption that anomalies must exist in states as idiosyncracies in individuals; that such is a law of the Almighty, to check a near approach toward perfection in any one direction. Thus, the American citizen, while worshipping *his* liberty and denouncing monarchy in its mildest form as horrid, fosters and profits by slavery: the generous English emancipate their negroes and dogs, spread protection round their asses, yet toil thousands of children in factories into disease and deformity: and the benevolent Emperors of Austria, who commune with the needy and disdain not to follow a pauper to the grave,* chain up high-souled gentlemen, as though murderers, for having dared to give

* It is related of the Emperor Francis that meeting the solitary bier of a poor woman one day at Vienna, he asked why her friends were not following it. "She has no friends" was the answer. "Then we will be her friends," said the Emperor, and taking off his hat he followed the body, accompanied by one of his ministers.

utterance to thoughts which, deemed godlike in some countries, are proscribed in Austria.

The actual Emperor is as amiable as his father; while the amnesty granted during his coronation at Milan, in favour of the Italian liberals in exile, gives room to hope for a milder interpretation, in future, of political offences. Of course, his ministers deserve the credit of the act. An amusing anecdote is related of him while heir apparent, which might seem to indicate that he is not so deficient as is reported, did we not know that occasional sparks of wit are no proof of understanding. At a soirée, where "question and answer" was the game, the question was put, "Which is the strongest part of a man?" One gave his opinion for the leg, another opined for the arm, and so on. When it came to the King of Hungary's turn to reply, the courtiers were rather uneasy, knowing his oddness: but he relieved them by saying that he considered the nose to be the strongest part of a man. After the laugh had subsided at this unexpected selection, he was asked to explain. "I think so," he replied, "because Prince Metternich, as you know, has led my father by the nose for twenty years, and yet the nose is as good as ever." Fears were entertained that this Prince would never marry: he appeared to have an aver-

sion from the sex, much to the annoyance, no doubt, of the many fair aspirants for imperial honours. The accomplished Duchess of Modena at length came on a visit to Vienna, and changed the tenor of his thoughts, or gave a direction to them. Delighted with the manners and conversation of the fair visiter, he gallantly said to her one day, that he would marry directly if he could find a woman like her. He might have intended merely to pay a compliment, but he was taken up seriously. The Duchess told him that she had a twin sister who resembled her in person and description, and that, in consequence, he might write himself down a Benedict from that hour. The Prince agreed to have his words interpreted literally. Directions were at once sent to the Austrian envoy at the court of Turin to negotiate the preliminaries, which soon advanced to fulfilment: and thus, by mere chance, Austria obtained her present Empress, who enjoys happiness by placing her chief delight in doing good. Her Majesty is also remarkable for the religious tenor of her mind.

Owing to the absence of the court and the celebrities of Vienna at Milan, I had not the advantage of seeing Prince Metternich. I saw the gallery leading over the street from his house to the palace, and thought that something.

Will the Prince, I have asked myself, stand forth in history as a statesman, or merely occupy a prominent niche in the gallery of diplomatists? I apprehend that the latter will be his place, in which case posterity will scarcely notice him.

The object of diplomacy is to temporize, careless of the consequences of delay; to avoid grappling with a difficulty which may be left for another day; to act, in short, as though "*après moi le deluge*" were the only sensible motto. Hence the reason why diplomacy rarely unravels a question, but, on the contrary, generally entangles it still more. The genius of statesmanship is the reverse: overlooking personal inconveniences, it anticipates danger, and disarms an impending change by meeting it half way; it adopts the Arab proverb—"provide a remedy for an evil before it arrives." Diplomacy appears self-interested; statesmanship is disinterested: the former acts as though every thing were subservient to personal weal; the latter forgets self entirely in the pursuit of a national object. Of course I speak of diplomacy and of statesmanship as an art, and as an attribute. I in no way apply the definition of their properties to individuals. Moreover I do not think, however lamentable may be the result, that even those diplomatists are

morally blameable who lose sight of their country's interests in the contemplation of some breach of etiquette, or fancied slight,—who discuss about forms, where action is required. Civilization forces or draws men at times into situations for which they are scarcely fitted. Many soldiers prefer the scent of Cologne water to the smell of gunpowder; many sailors are sea-sick; some clergymen are licentious, and judges are sometimes fitter to be judged than to judge others:—and why should not diplomatists be misplaced?

Prince Metternich is eminently a diplomatist, as well as a very eminent one, but is he not placed in an era and position where the statesman is required? Has he not retarded where he should have progressed? Has he not fettered energies where he should have developed them? Has he not mistaken the spirit of the age for a spectre monster, and allowed it to weigh him down like a nightmare, instead of making himself its incarnation? Look at facts. He has uniformly exerted and is exerting his great talents and influence solely to maintain the status quo everywhere, especially in Austria, wilfully turning a blind eye to the indices of the storm gathering round him, and a deaf ear to the claims of right and reason.

And truly it must be said, he has managed most adroitly to keep the elements entrusted to his care within the limits prescribed by him. But, how much more might he have effected by a contrary proceeding! In how imposing an attitude might he have placed Austria—foremost in power and influence, as in rank.

As, however, Prince Metternich found her so will he leave her, unconnected and disjointed, with dilapidated finances and undeveloped resources, with no bulwark to restrain ambition on one side, and no channel prepared for the safe introduction of liberalism on the other. He might have rendered her heterogeneous parts homogeneous, have raised a barrier against Russia, and have welcomed liberalism without fear. A statesman in his place would have done all this. A statesman never resists a movement which must take place nevertheless; — never defers too long a concession which must be granted eventually;—never loses the merit of timely giving that which cannot be withheld: his genius prompts him to meet the change—to invite it even—and facilitate its co-existence with the actual order of things. Prince Metternich always dreaded Russian encroachment: but had not the moral courage to adopt the surest mode of checking it, by favouring the indepen-

dence of the Duchy of Warsaw; and he equally neglected to oppose another barrier against it by aiding the Ottoman Porte. Both, perhaps, were in his power, the latter indisputably so. He had only to say "I will," shewing at the same time a readiness to act. But he has preferred his ease, and thereby leaves a legacy of disasters to his country. He thought by concessions to conciliate Russia, who is not to be conciliated, and who repays his condescension by intriguing among the Greek subjects of Austria, and by establishing Greek principalities under Russian protection along the course of the Danube. Metternich, of course, foresaw all this; but he calculated between two evils—Russia and liberalism — and chose the least in abetting the former. Here, in my humble opinion, lies the grand error of his life; this appears to be the most unstatesmanlike view of a great question ever taken. Russia was to be checked, and the barrier might have been rendered firm: whereas liberalism will advance into Austria in spite of all opposition; it will advance surely, though ever so slowly, and Metternich's successors will have the two dreaded evils instead of one; while the latter, which if allowed to force its way may be injurious to some portions of society, would now be beneficial to all. It is strange that the

person most in dread of a constitution, viz. Prince Metternich, should rule a country which is precisely fitted to receive one. Austria, like England, has a landed hereditary aristocracy of great wealth and influence; and has, therefore, one of the principal elements of a constitution already in existence—an element which cannot be created, and in default of which a constitution, in the English sense of the word, must be illusory, more or less. Wherever such an aristocracy exists, a popular representation may be admitted without any apprehension as to the stability of the real institutions of the state; but where it does not exist, no calculations can be relied on. France proves the truth of this already, and Prussia will do so later. France pretends to have three estates, but she has in reality only two,—the crown and the people: there is no real medium: the balance of power depends on the influence and talent of the sovereign, which a fit of illness or a pistol ball may annihilate in a moment, when every thing is at stake again, and it depends on chance or the will of the people whether the reign of terror, or military rule, or a limited monarchy is to follow. Could Louis XVI. have foreseen the result of the yearnings of his people, and have given them a representation,

while the old noblesse of the land retained their legitimate influence and power, he would have secured to his country a real and lasting constitution, as well as have spared it the horror of revolution. That however was scarcely to be expected, and we cannot blame the King for not anticipating the spirit of the age, any more than we can feel surprised that Charles I. held firm to his prerogatives. Each of those monarchs stood first in a new and hazardous career, which it is only permitted to transcendent genius to traverse securely. No examples were before the eyes of Louis XVI., that of England being too far back to serve as one: no surrounding nations were clamorous for rights. He was excusable for not preventing a revolution by timely concession. He knew neither the danger of procrastination, nor the nature of the danger. But the ruler of Austria has no such excuse: he knows that Western Germany has obtained constitutions, and that an under current from them is silently filtering into Austria: he knows the meaning of revolution, that it is a torrent which sweeps away the good as well as the bad indiscriminately, and he cannot be ignorant that it is resorted to by a people in order to obtain a representation withheld from them. The aristocracy of Austria is the pledge that a constitu-

tion cannot be other than advantageous to every class in the empire. That aristocracy is still green and vigorous, but it may perish like that of France, or wither like that of Prussia, or become demoralized like that of Russia; and then popular rights, if conceded or conquered, cannot be restrained within wholesome limits.

Every year's delay in granting a constitution to Austria increases the risk and diminishes the advantages to be derived from one, which to be perfect must be obtained without violence, and ought to be granted before being even demanded. Austria requires also a constitution in order to put her people on a level with their brother Germans by exciting their energies, and to give her rulers the stimulus occasioned by the pressure of a popular assembly. Austria is suffering under the torpor of inaction which paralyses her industry and finances: nothing can remove that but the people having a legitimate channel of influencing the government and directing the energies of the country. The progress of the rest of Germany has been, and is, materially aided by representative rights, and it would be much more apparent in Austria because *there* there is the natural check, in an aristocracy, against the exuberance of a constitution—*there* there is the safeguard for incapacity or inexpe-

rience on the throne against the encroachments of popular ascendency. Viewing the extent and natural resources of the Austrian empire, the certainty that its productions in corn, wool, tobacco, hemp, and minerals might be quadrupled in a few years, one can scarcely figure to oneself the important results to all Europe were the energies of the people called into action by a constitution. The Italians, Greeks, Poles, Hungarians, and Germans would then have one common interest to unite them, instead of being merely held together by a military system, aided by the force of habit, and the personal weight of the amiable family on the throne. Russia would then cease to be formidable to Austria, and would in her turn be disturbed by the night-mare of liberalism. Austria little dreams what a weapon she may use against Russia, and she may be assured that unless she make a timely use of it, its edge instead of serving her will be turned against herself. Prince Metternich's diplomacy will not make Hungary a component part of the empire, or produce a love for Austria in the Veneto-Lombardo provinces: a constitution will do both. Count Kolowrath's and Mr. Aichoff's financial ability will not raise a revenue equal to the expenses of the empire: a representative assembly will effect

that result, as well as reduce the expenditure, by rendering unnecessary a host of policemen and an army of custom-house agents.*

* Bavaria proposed to Austria to make a commercial union with her and Wurtemburg. The union would have proved singularly advantageous to Austria in many ways. The proposal remained unheeded in the Austrian chancery for two years. · Bavaria and Wurtemburg then joined the Prussian commercial union. This neglect of real interests could not have occurred under a representative government.

CHAPTER V.

STEAMERS — SAND-BANKS — PRESBURG — KOMORN—GRAN—VISSEGRADE—PEST — MOHACS — BATTLE —PETERWARDEIN —NEUSATZ — CARLOWITZ— BATTLE OF SALEMKENEN—THE KIUPRIGLIS.

Colonel Knox of the Guards, whom I met at Vienna, was kind enough to propose to be my travelling companion down the Danube to Constantinople. This offer ensured me the prospect of a pleasant voyage. Accordingly, Oct. 3rd, we joined company, and having taken leave of our friends, drove through the beautiful *Prater* to the *Lust-haus*, where, made fast to the shore, the *Nador* steamer awaited her passengers. A crowd was already assembled. We arrived just in time: the little bell was tinkling, and three guns, the signal of departure, were fired directly afterwards. At two in the afternoon we cast off the warps, swung into the stream, and ran swiftly down the river for about an hour, when our pro-

gress was stopped by a sand-bank. This accident, though unexpected by the foreigners on board, was by no means an unusual one in this part of the river; at the same time, our captain seemed, by his conduct, to be as much confused as though it had never occurred to him before. He invited the passengers to lend him their bodies *en masse*, first at the bow, then at the stern, then on either side, to jump and run together, in the hope of shaking the vessel free. We strove willingly, but without purpose: we were in a most unhandsome *fix*, as some Americans said. After exercising their bodies in this way for an hour, the passengers were landed on the beach to exercise their patience, and the cargo was transhipped into barges. We remained there gazing on our disaster for an hour: some Easterns among the party commented on the circumstance as being an ill omen for the voyage, which also recalled to my recollection a similar annoyance in a boat on the Rhone. No one, however, turned back to wait for a more favourable conjunction of the stars. At five o'clock the *Nador* gave signs of life, to our great satisfaction,—for we were hungry and getting cold,—and floated in another half hour. We re-embarked in canoes, which gave us the additional chance of a ducking. The boatmen of the Rhine and the Danube seem never to

have improved in the art of construction. The sun set soon afterwards, the moon appearing at the same time, equally round and broad, on the tops of the trees in the eastern horizon, as if to wish Phœbus good night. As she ascended in the heavens, her broad tremulous ray stretched along the water, which, ever and anon, where points of land broke the ripples, or a canoe crossed the brilliant track, danced and glittered like the atoms of a kaleidoscope, while the dark foliage on the right bank became fringed with silver, and drooped in bright contrast over the dark rolling stream. We might have fancied ourselves occasionally on an Italian lake but for the blasts of wind which came fresh and cutting to us over the valleys. We might have imagined ourselves threading the mazes of the Rhine, but for the absence of hills and castles. We continued to glide on swiftly, under a brilliant starry sky, and at ten in the evening reached Presburg, the ancient city where the Emperors of Austria are crowned as kings of Hungary.

The delay of four or five hours in the arrival of the steamer, caused a corresponding difficulty about obtaining accommodation. The passengers rushed to the various hotels; and Colonel Knox and myself, being the last, were nearly reduced to sleep anywhere, *i. e.* on the floor.

Mine host, however, agreed to put up beds, or rather to make "shake-downs" for us in a large hall, in one corner of which a man, similarly accommodated, lay fast asleep. Silence is no quality of an Hungarian hotel. Our friend was, consequently, disturbed, but he exhibited true German resignation under the infliction of untimely intrusion on his slumbers. Having been fairly awakened by the opening of doors, and by the unavoidable walking and talking of the intruders, he was left to compose himself again, and we repaired to the saloon, where about sixty persons were preparing for dreams by supping heartily. After supper we descended to our sleeping-hall, and necessarily re-awoke our bedded friend. Nothing was ready for us, and it required expostulation to get attended to. Still not a murmur escaped his lips. At length the servants came to arrange beds on chairs, but as only one mattress could be found in the house, and it not being convenient to divide it, recourse was had to our already twice-disturbed companion, who lay on two mattresses. The maids stormed his bed, with the announcement that he must give up one of them; and before he had time to remonstrate, or even fairly to open his eyes, a mattress was pulled away from under him. The next minute saw him on his

legs. He had seized a sheet for decency, for he wore no shirt: the folds fell around him in the form of a toga, and there he stood, a classic figure of despair, looking at the authors of his calamity. Ill-used man! the sharpest invective of antiquity would not have been misplaced in his mouth. We scarcely dared meet his eyes for shame; nevertheless, could hardly refrain from laughter at the astounded air and statue-like appearance of the poor Hun, still less help feeling remorse at the Vandalism of his treatment. Philosophy or drowsiness gained the ascendency over his anger;—he slipped back to his remaining mattress, and before we had taken possession of ours, a snore gave evidence that we were forgotten, if not forgiven. That snore revenged him, by keeping me awake nearly all night. Fancy (we thought) an Englishman with regular habits thus treated! Fancy (I said to myself) the despair of ———: he would have gone crazy.

At six the next morning, we embark again, and again, an hour afterwards, ran hard and fast on another bank. This was a much more serious disaster than the one of the day before: we had a full day's run, 140 miles, before us to Pest, where we had expected to sleep, and the steamer was crowded with passengers. The

part of the river where we struck was narrow and the stream ran six miles an hour. The vessel was soon dry; the force of the water heaped the shingle under her bottom, and supported her as though in a dock. We landed every thing, then laid out hawsers to capstans erected on the banks on account of the frequency of these accidents. We lightened the vessel, however, and hove away at the capstans in vain: we might as well have tried to move a church. There was no apparent way of extricating the vessel. The water soon left her entirely, and found its way down in lateral channels. The manner in which banks of sand and shingle form in the Danube, disappearing in a few hours, to be again re-formed, is such as I never saw elsewhere: it is partly to be explained by the bed of the river being far too wide for the volume of water, which thereby has room to flow capaciously. Judicious cuts and dykes, to confine the stream in narrow channels, or divert it into one of many, formed in parts by various islets, would remedy the evil in some measure at a trifling cost; and when the importance of the navigation shall be truly felt, it will be deemed worth while, in some places, where the flatness of the shores favours inundations, and consequently levels the banks, to make artificial

embankments, so as to reduce the width of the river permanently. At present the inconvenience, especially in autumn, is very serious, and I would recommend all persons proceeding to the lower Danube to proceed by land to Pest, and there embark. They would have a pleasant journey, with time to see Presburg and Pest, without losing any thing by the change of route, for the beauties of the Danube are several hundred miles lower down. Our situation on a bank in the middle of the Danube with a desert looking country around us, was singularly unpleasant: we were cast on our own resources, deprived of all means of getting away, even had we wished to do so. Not a road was near us, nor did the Huns invite confidence by their appearance. Nevertheless, I believe the said Huns are a good people, and are certainly picturesque objects as they appear on the low banks of the Danube, with their broad-brimmed hats and loose trousers. We displayed admirable resignation throughout the long tedious day. I doubt whether the Germans deserved great credit, for they had tobacco, beer, and plenty to eat; but we, the impatient English, and the *impazientissimi* Americans, were sublime. At four in the afternoon, the sight of the *Arpad* steamer ascending the river, gave us hopes, soon, however, to

vanish: she came up to the left bank of another channel separated from us by a sand islet, and there made fast. It was clear that she could proceed no farther that day. In my ignorance of the river, I began to suppose that the *Nador* had made her bed for the winter, and that we should be transferred to the *Arpad*. All at once, however, when things looked at the worst, the bank shifted from under her bottom, as though by enchantment, and at seven in the evening she was again afloat. We hastily re-embarked our cargo, and fearing to remain in the treacherous spot, hauled over to the other bank, and made fast alongside the *Arpad* to wait for daylight. Passing the night proved a more serious affair than awaiting it had been, for the steamers above Pest have no sleeping accommodations in consequence of the expectations of reaching a town before dark. The *Nador* was full of passengers of all nations and stations, with several ladies of condition. It was a regular squeeze even for sitting room, lying down being out of the question. However, good humour and a mutual desire to accommodate prevailed, and if we did not sleep much, we got through the night pleasantly, and became the more intimate with each other.

The rain of the night had swollen the river:

at six in the morning we continued our voyage without fear of any further interruption. We stop for a few minutes at Komorn, the virgin fortress of the Austrian monarchy, situated at the confluence of the Vagus with the Danube. We next pass Gran, the archiepiscopal residence of the Primate of Hungary, the richest ecclesiastic in Europe. On a point of land is seen an example of his munificence and taste, in a cathedral building at his cost, and designed to be second only to St. Peter's. It was commenced in 1820. Near Gran a great battle was fought, in 1602, between the Ottomans, and the Imperialists commanded by Count Mansfelt: the latter gained the victory, and the town surrendered to them next day. The fall of Vissegrade followed. Towards evening we passed Vissegrade on the right bank. As we looked back on the town while the sun was setting, from a bend of the river which placed the steamer, as it were, on a lake, our eyes were greeted with a scene of beauty: rocks and ruins, trees and houses, gardens and churches, position and colouring combined to produce an enchanting picture. At ten o'clock, lights on either bow, and a dark line in the water, indicate the cities of Bude and Pest, connected by a long bridge of boats. We shoot through an opening next to Bude,

the ancient capital of Hungary, and winding round against the stream, bring up alongside the broad and elegant quay on the left bank, adorned with fine buildings, including a theatre and a casino, which alone indicate the commercial prosperity of Pest.

Bude, or Ofen, renowned for its university, bears also a high historical interest. The celebrated Matthew Corvinus reigned in it, and formed its splendid library, at that time the finest in Europe, a remnant of which still exists in the Imperial library at Vienna. Nearly 34,000 volumes were destroyed at the sack of the city by Solyman in 1523. Six years later Sultan Solyman again took Bude on his march to besiege Vienna * with 200,000 men; but not till 1541 was a Turkish garrison established in its walls. Bude was finally wrested from the Turks, August 1686, by the Duke of Lorraine, after an obstinate siege. Pest, as the transfluvial suburb

* Solyman besieged Vienna from Sept. 13, to Oct. 15, 1529. An overflow of the Danube, which checked the Turks on their march, gave the Emperor Ferdinand time to bring up a body of troops who had fought in Italy; and the same cause enabled the Governor of Presburg to destroy the vessels in which the Turkish battering train was ascending the Danube. After three murderous assaults at a breach near the Karinthian gate, the Sultan retreated, having lost 60,000 men.

of Bude, followed its fortunes, more or less, during the long Hungarian wars. Of late years it has eclipsed the parent city. Having remained in it only one night, owing to our delays on the river, I can say but little about it from personal observation; but I have heard, as no doubt my reader has too, that Pest is not only an important, but a highly improving city —that in consequence of its example a spirit of enterprise is animating the Hungarians, which would already have accomplished much without the chilling timidity of the Cabinet of Vienna— that many distinguished individuals, particularly Count Szechini, to whom his country is indebted for the establishment of steam navigation on the Danube are stimulating their countrymen to useful undertakings—that the Hungarians are animated by a spirit of inquiry above the Austrians, and love to imitate the English—that they have a marked sympathy with the Poles, and a hatred of Russia—that the recent adoption of the Maygar language as authoritative in their councils and tribunals, may be regarded as the shadow of forthcoming political changes, and be considered as no feeble indication that Hungary may be inclined some day to set up for herself, unless the Austrian government adopt some means to incorporate her more intimately with the empire

—and that Hungary offers a vast field for emigration and for speculation, it being highly presumable, and nearly demonstrable, that property within the influence of the navigable streams will be doubled in value before many years.

The next morning at six we left Pest in the Zringi, a steamer of eighty-horse power, into which our baggage had been shifted during the night. The Spanish proverb, "*Bien vienes si vienes solo,*" (Welcome if thou comest alone), was in our mouths in allusion to our disasters of the preceding days. Our course, however, was now clear, and we had no cause to apprehend delay for the next 500 miles. The voyage down the Danube is divided into five stages, performed in as many conveyances. 1. From Vienna to Pest, 200 miles. 2. From Pest to Drenkova, 510 miles. 3. From Drenkova to Skela Cladova, 50 miles. 4. From Skela Cladova to Galatz, 620 miles. 5. From Galatz to the mouth of the river, 90 miles: thence in the same vessel to Constantinople. We were exactly fourteen days *en route,* during which we slept on shore three nights. The fare for one person, from Vienna to Constantinople, is under 13 *l.*: the expense altogether may be estimated at 19 *l.*

From Vienna, as far as Pest, the steamers are

generally crowded, there being considerable intercourse and trade between the places on the Danube thus far; but thence descending the river the number of passengers is very limited. Our reduced party in the cabin, on leaving Pest, consisted of Baron Sturmer (the Austrian internuncio at the Porte) and his accomplished lady, with Mr. Isfording, his attaché; Count Mazzipane, a young Hungarian nobleman, and his sister Countess Razumofska; Madame Rochstein, an agreeable French woman, widow of a Swedish gentleman, going to visit her friends at Pera; Mr. Littlefield, an American, and Miss Holmes, an American young lady under his care; Lieut.-Colonel Knox; and Mr. Barton, deputy-lieutenant for county Fermanagh. The Sturmers were old friends of mine, they knew our Hungarian fellow travellers, we English were not strangers to each other, so thus by mere chance we were as pleasantly situated in regard of society as if the party had been pre-arranged. I may be permitted to say a few more words concerning our companions. Baron Sturmer is known to most Englishmen visiting Pera, by his hospitality and by his attention to the English, to whom, from circumstances, he is much attached, speaking our language fluently. An Hungarian by blood, he was born at Pera in the house of

his father, the Austrian internuncio of that day. He received his education at the oriental college at Vienna, and returned to Constantinople when fifteen years old. He remained there five years as attaché to the mission, then quitted it for twenty-five years. He returned to Austria amidst the second national bankruptcy which occasioned his family a loss of 20,000*l.* When next he visited Constantinople, it was as the internuncio for Austria. In the interval, in 1817, the Baron was about to proceed as minister to the United States, but a sudden illness of his lady made him decline the appointment. I mention this incident to shew on what trifles sometimes depend important events. The Austrian cabinet in consequence abandoned its intention of accrediting a minister to the President, nor was one sent to Washington until 1838. A personal occurrence, the indisposition of a fair lady, caused the formal recognition of a great state to be delayed for twenty years! What surmises at the time, each farther removed from the truth, might not this change in the disposition of Prince Metternich, regarding the United States, have given rise to! Shortly afterwards, Baron Sturmer went to St. Helena, and resided there nearly two years as the commissioner on the part of Austria to watch over

Napoleon. Neither he nor his colleagues saw the ex-emperor above two or three times, and therefore might nearly as well have been away. The Baron assured me that the charges alleged against Sir Hudson Lowe were most unfounded; the real nature of the case being that it was impossible to please Napoleon, as may readily be imagined. The mighty spirit was imprisoned, and that expressed all. He could not forget the past or forgive the authors of his fall, as appears by his will,* in which he left 10,000 francs to M. Cantillon, who was tried for an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington; adding, that Cantillon had as much right to assassinate Wellington as that *oligarch* had to send him (Napoleon) to St. Helena. Napoleon's ill will towards Sir Hudson Lowe was but the reflection of his feelings about Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington. History, I presume, will condemn the short-sighted policy which doomed Napoleon to a lingering death in a tropical island. Englishmen must regret in general that his letter to the Prince Regent from Plymouth Sound had not been answered by an invitation to take up his abode in England. That would have been a

* Napoleon's original will, written in his own hand, is to be seen at Doctors' Commons. The author read in it the passage alluded to.

crowning crown to England's glory. Generosity to the vanquished is the noblest attribute of greatness. And England would have profited by the act. Time, which dispels illusions and rectifies prejudice, shews that even had Napoleon sought to re-enter France, he could no longer have injured England, or even have been inimically disposed towards her, while, had he remained tranquilly on his parole, his presence alone would have enabled the English ministry to dictate reason and justice to the courts of Europe. The terror of Napoleon in England would have made her the arbitress of Europe. Justice might then have been obtained for Poland, and England have secured for herself the commercial advantages so eminently due to her sacrifices in the cause of legitimacy. In 1820, Baron Sturmer went as minister to the Brazils. It would be difficult to meet with a more accomplished and amiable couple than the Baron and his lady (a Parisian), and their presence on board added greatly to the convenience of our voyage, by procuring for us every attention on the part of the authorities in the different places where the steamer stopped.

We had, in another of our companions, the Countess Razumofska, an interesting victim of an ill-sorted marriage. Daughter of the Coun-

tess Mazzipane, whose marriage in 1837 with the Prince de Wrede, a Bavarian half her age, made a great sensation in fashionable Germany, she married against the wishes of her friends a younger son of the late Prince Razumofska.* She brought her husband a large fortune, which he gambled away at Naples, where they resided after their marriage. He vented his anger against fortune on his wife, and treated her so ill that she left his apartment one evening in fear of her life, and took refuge with a Sicilian princess who occupied a floor of the same palace. She refused to return to her husband: her brother went to Naples to fetch her, and she has since resided with him on his estates near Peterwardein. She was an accomplished, unaffected, beautiful young woman, twenty-one years old. She had one child. She described the country life of Hungary as disagreeable; no roads to connect the villages, with scarcely any society in the towns. Hungarian and Polish ladies of

* The late Prince Razumofska was the Russian ambassador at Vienna during thirty years. He distinguished himself by his splendid style, and by throwing a bridge over the Danube to connect his house in the environs with the Prater. The bridge was carried away soon afterwards by a storm. The botanical garden of the Razumofska's, near Moscow, is celebrated.

the provinces are hothouse plants. Possessing all accomplishments, versed in the romances and poetry of France, adapted by their education and manners to breathe freely only in the atmosphere of a civilized capital, they pass their lives apart from all which resembles them. Few contrasts are more striking, or more calculated to excite painful feelings, than the refinement, ease, and high tone of a Polish country house (for example) in the midst of a wild country, covered with snow half the year, inhabited by serfs in the grossest state of ignorance and by sordid Jews, with a sprinkling of spies and low-minded officials. One is never surprised to find its inmates longing to get away to western Europe.

We ran down the stream merrily and cheerfully, all the day of our departure from Pest, through a flat swampy country, which was the grave of the flower of the Turkish and German youth for two centuries. Recollections of Turkish and Hungarian warfare arise at the sight of various towns and villages on the banks, each the scene of some feat of arms or treachery, and each looking as oriental as any place in Roumelia, with the same intermixture of trees, houses, ditches, ruins, and churches. The traditions and legends of the Rhine are wanting,

but to any one at all versed in the Hungarian campaigns—the strife of a century and a half between Austria and the Porte for the possession of a province—the banks of the Danube are rich in recollections. No traveller need exclaim "all is barren!" We bring-to for the night at the village of Mohacs, scene of the battle fought there in 1525, in which Louis II. king of Hungary was killed, with the archbishop, and the principal Hungarian nobility. On the same spot, 164 years later, the Hungarians were revenged, and the fate of their country again decided by a signal victory gained by the Duke of Lorraine over the Ottoman army, which was followed by the conquest of Transylvania, and by the declaration of the states of Hungary that the crown of St. Stephen should be hereditary in the House of Austria.

We continue our course early in the morning, and at three in the afternoon reach Peterwardein, which is not inaptly termed the Gibraltar of Hungary, considering its commanding position and intrinsic strength. Prince Eugene took it from the Ottomans in 1716, after one of the hottest battles * ever fought on the banks of the

* The young and gallant Ali Kourmourdji, the Grand Vizier, commanded the Ottoman forces. His valour, and the impetuosity of the janissaries, nearly gained the victory.

Danube, whose waters might be said to have been dyed with blood during the 16th and 17th centuries, and part of the 18th. During 250 years, one constant stream of Turkish soldiery was directed on Hungary to perish in its swamps and rivers. Add to this the endless, and bloody wars in Armenia, Persia, and elsewhere, and the frightful diminution of the Turkish population is easily explained.

About two miles above Peterwardein we passed by the pretty village of Kamenitz, adorned with a Latin and a Greek church, the property of our fellow-traveller, Count Mazzipane. We skirted the shore in order to look at his villa, which is well situated by the water, where the river forms a bay, and possesses a large extent of park and garden, with hothouses and conservatories. We landed the Count and his sister at Neusatz, a large town on the left bank of the Danube, connected by a bridge of boats with Peterwardein. We were sorry to lose them. Neusatz is called the Paris of the Servians, and forms, with Peterwardein, an important station, political and military. We had not time to

The Austrian reserve turned the day. Ali Kourmourdji fled to Carlowitz, where he died next day of his wounds, aggravated by the mortification of defeat.

visit the fortress, which, as seen from the river, reminds one of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, Neusatz bearing the same relation to one as Coblentz does to the other. We steam on three hours beyond Peterwardein, and anchor for the night. In the morning, at the hour—the point of dawn—when the Muezzins summon the "faithful" from their slumbers by the tuneful hymn—Allahou ekber, eshedou inneh, Mouhamed resoul Allah, hæya aless ælat, haya ælel fellah, Allahou ekber, la illahe illa Allah,* which used to be heard for near two centuries on these shores,—we pass the picturesque town of Carlowitz, celebrated for its wines, and for the treaty of peace signed there between Austria and Turkey in 1699, which confirmed Hungary to the former, and ceded to her Transylvania. A little further on, opposite to the confluence of the Theiss with the Danube, we see the little village of Salemkenen, the scene of the famous battle fought August 20, 1691, between Prince Louis of Baden, commanding the Imperial forces, and the Grand Vizir Mustapha Kiuprigli. Kiuprigli, the last of a famous race, son and grandson of two celebrated grand vizirs of the same name,

* God is great. There is no God but God, and Mahomed is his prophet. Come to pray. Come to the garden of prayer. God is great, etc.

after having restored the fortunes of the Porte, which had been nearly wrecked by the disastrous retreat of the Ottomans under Kara Mustapha from before Vienna, crossed the Save to Belgrade to destroy, as he expected, his opponent by a blow, and then march on Vienna. After some skilful manœuvres on the part of the Ottomans, victory was declaring for the gallant vizir—the *tabul khani*, or band of kettle-drums and trumpets, which used always to accompany the grand vizir in battle, was heard at the head of the reserve advancing for a decisive charge, when a musket shot struck him on the forehead. He fell lifeless. The *tabul khani* ceased its din, and its silence proclaimed to both armies what had happened. The instant rout of the Ottomans was the consequence; they lost 20,000 men, the remainder fled, leaving their artillery, tents, and baggage in the hands of the victors. With Kiuprigli died the hopes of the Ottoman Porte in making head against Christendom. From that hour the decline of Turkey has been invariable. Turkey that hour lost her last able minister. No man has since been found with sufficient probity, talent, and courage to rule his own passions, a despotic sultan, and a fanatic nation—to manage a petticoat government and lead armies—a capacity which was eminently

possessed by the three Kiuprigli's who present an unexampled chain of hereditary talent.*

* The Kiuprigli family came into notice during the minority of Mahomet IV. After the insurrection at Constantinople, which ended in the death of the regent-mother, Sultana Kiosem, Mustapha Kiuprigli was appointed to the grand viziriat by the officers of the seraglio. The empire was in a most distracted state. He restored order in a short time, and died at Adrianople at the age of eighty-five. He was succeeded in his office by Achmet his son. Achmet Kiuprigli made an advantageous peace for his master at Temeswar: he took Candia (the siege of which had lasted twenty-five years and cost the Turks above 100,000 men) September 1669. He was the first vizir who introduced the Greeks into affairs of state, and from that hour the Porte could not do without their supple intriguing talents. He added Podolia to the empire, and advanced as far as Lemberg in Galicia. He died in 1676, leaving a greater name than his father had done before him. The Sultan offered the vacant office to Mustapha the son of the deceased, and on the post being refused by the young man on the plea of inexperience, gave it to his cousin Kara Mustapha, observing that any member of the family of Kiuprigli must be worthy of it. Kara Mustapha belied the trust. He sacrificed the finest Turkish army ever raised, at the siege of Vienna, in 1683, and paid the penalty with his head. After thirteen years of unexampled disasters, in which various vizirs succeeded each other, Turkey was saved by the Sultan, Solyman II., giving the office of Grand Vizir to Mustapha Kiuprigli, who had before refused it. Mustapha proved even greater than his father and grandfather, for he was beset with greater

We soon afterwards perceive the spires of Semlin and the minarets of Belgrade. At seven A.M. we reach Semlin, a large and respectable town seated at the confluence of the Save with the Danube. We remained there some hours in order to have our passports examined, this being one of the frontier posts of Austria, and the extreme point where the Austrian territory lies on both sides of the Danube. The governor's carriage came immediately to the quay for Baron Sturmer: some of us landed with him, and we drove to the quarantine ground, the only thing of notice in Semlin. I have a horror of quarantine, the more so because it is in most cases an unnecessary evil, though I will say that the Austrian government is very reasonable, with the annoyance on its Turkish frontier. Quarantine makes a man feel the fallacy of the axiom, that innocence is the best consolation in a prison. This is precisely what causes the vexation in a lazzaretto: one is quite well, in rude health, eating and drinking for two, nevertheless is locked up and shunned as though possessed by ten

difficulties. His name alone sufficed to give the nation confidence. In 1690 he retook Nissa, Widdin, Orsova, and Belgrade, and beat Veterani in the field: the next year he was following up his successes, when death stopped his career at Salemkenen, and threw all Turkey into mourning.

plagues. We found the establishment extensive and apparently well conducted. I had previously heard of the merits of the superintendent, who was then at Constantinople, assisting in the arrangements of a quarantine projected in that city. The plague cemetery seemed to be well filled, which might be taken as proof that the disease, though it enters, rarely escapes from the lazzaretto of Semlin.

We had the pleasure of meeting in the lazzaretto and conversing with the Princess Milosch and her two sons, performing quarantine in order to go to Temeswar, where the Princess had a daughter married. Her Highness was an energetic looking woman, about forty years old: she was habited in the Greek style, with a fur jacket, a shawl robe, and a turban on. Her manners were those of a soldier of fortune's wife, or of one of those ladies whom Salvator Rosa delighted to portray. Her sons were ordinary-looking youths; they were dressed in a uniform approaching to the Russian. The Prince was then at Kragewitz, his capital, two days' journey from Belgrade. He had just been amusing himself with the exercise of a little arbitrary power. A merchant having been tried for some offence by the tribunals and acquitted, Milosch not approving of this, ordered him into his pre-

sence to be bastinadoed. The instrument used in Servia consists of several sticks tied to a handle. Milosch's eldest son, (one of the youths we saw), perceiving that the sticks had not due elasticity, fetched another set himself and gave it to the operator. Prince Milosch had raised himself to power by the energy which does so much in popular revolutions: he completed the emancipation of Servia commenced by Czerni George, * and obtained the hereditary princedom, at the peace of Adrianople, under the protection of Russia. He thought that he could stand without Russia afterwards, in which idea he was strengthened, it is said, by the English Consul. We heard at Semlin that the instigation of our agent to set Milosch against Russia would cause his downfal. Thus it turned out. Russia, finding him impracticable, set herself to corrupt the senate, than which nothing could be easier, for the Servians are proverbially avaricious and fickle, and she was farther assisted

* Czerni George was born at Belgrade. He rebelled against the Porte in order to escape punishment for having killed a Turk. His own father opposed his projects, as being, in his opinion, calculated to injure his countrymen. He even threatened to betray him to the Pasha of Belgrade. Finding the old man inflexible, Czerni George blew out his brains. In 1804 the Porte acknowledged the parricide Hospodar of Servia.

by the Princess his wife, who, having become estranged from her husband by his reckless private conduct, intrigued with the Russian party opposed to him. The sequel is known: Milosch was obliged to abdicate,* and has since resided in Wallachia.

* His eldest son succeeded him, and died soon afterwards. The senate then offered the government to the second son.

CHAPTER VI.

SEMLIN—RIVERS—NAVIGATION—BELGRADE—SERVIA—AUSTRIAN POLICY—SEMENDRIA—MILITARY FRONTIER—NARROWS OF THE DANUBE—KASAN—ROMAN ROAD—"IRON GATE"—COMPLICATED FRONTIER—ORSOVA.

Semlin is situated in an admirable commercial position. It may become an important city, as an entrepôt, now it is fairly seen that navigable rivers run through the Austrian territory. The Danube, the Save, and the Theiss have hitherto been so entirely neglected that one might fancy that this interesting fact had escaped notice. The Save flows into the Danube at Semlin, and the Theiss enters it nearly on the opposite side. The Danube Steam Navigation Company intended, as we heard, to commence running steamers on the Save and on the Theiss in the course of 1839. The Save is navigable by steamers to within about forty miles of Karlstadt. From thence to Fiume on the Adriatic it is proposed to lay down a rail-

road. A fine military road was opened in 1820 between Fiume and Karlstadt (a distance of eighty-six miles), but the results expected from it have not been realized. It may succeed in conjunction with steam on the Save. The Theiss is also navigable for a long way up. Two inland routes of commerce will thus be opened, of an extent nearly without a parallel in the old world: one by the Save and the Danube to the Euxine, the other by the Theiss and the Save, in conjunction with part of the Danube, to within 130 miles of the Adriatic. But in order to profit fully by the first, a free communication from the Upper to the Lower Danube—the space comprised between Drenkova and Skela Cladova—must be ensured to Austria. When this is accomplished, I imagine that it will be more advantageous and economical to send German produce, destined for the ports of the Euxine and for Constantinople, down the Danube, than by sea from Trieste. The other communication, afforded by 700 miles of the Danube, by the Theiss and the Save, will be available for Hungarian produce, which ought to find its way into the English market, as well as be in sufficient quantity, to render us independent of Southern Russia for tallow and corn. It is fortunate that a channel from Hungary to the Mediterranean exists with-

out the necessity of passing the Euxine, for in the event of the English corn laws being rescinded, we may hope that Hungary will see her interests, and become a granary for England. Corn transported by the Austrian rivers to within a few miles of the Adriatic, would be conveyed to England at a cheaper rate, and in less time, than from the Russian ports of the Euxine, while the prime cost in either country ought not to differ much. Polish grain is brought over-land to Odessa from places 500 miles distant, therefore it may be presumed that the land carriage in Hungary to the Theiss or the Danube, and from the point where the Save ceases to be navigable to the Gulf of Venice, would be of little moment. We should by all means seek to be independent of Russia for corn, and lean on Austria for our supply. We may be at war with Russia, but there can never be a difference between Austria and England. Austria gladly takes English manufactures, which Russia rejects as much as possible. Immense results ought to flow from the navigation of the Austrian rivers, and no place is better situated than Semlin to profit by it. I should not be surprised to hear some day, that its 10,000 inhabitants are increased to 30,000.

On the other side of the Save, one mile and

a half from Semlin, stands on a promontory, washed by the Danube and the Save, the city and fortress of Belgrade,* the theatre of many memorable events during the long wars between Turkey and Germany. Before its walls, August 1456, Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, met with his only reverse: he was defeated, while endeavouring to take the place, by the celebrated Hunniades, the champion of Christendom, who died a few days afterwards of his wounds. Soliman I. reviewed here, in March 1529, the mighty army which he destined for the conquest of Vienna, proudly saying that whatsoever had belonged to Rome was lawfully his, as he was possessed of the capital and insignia of Constantine the Great, master of the world.

In this city, Kara Mustapha received the firman of death in return for his treachery or incapacity before Vienna in 1683. Like a true Ottoman, he kissed the fatal parchment, and blessed Allah for sending him death at the glorious Sultan's hands. The commander of 80,000 men, he submitted without a murmur to be strangled in the midst of his guards by the Capidgis sent from Constantinople, thus giving a signal example

* Belgrade contains 20,000 inhabitants, Servians, Grecks, Jews, and Armenians, with a few Turks.

either of blind deference to sovereign will, or of implicit faith in the doctrine of fatalism.* The Austrians restored Belgrade to the Ottomans for the third time in 1791. The works have not been repaired since, and are therefore in a dilapidated state. A Turkish regiment garrisons the castle, and a Pasha resides there; but the city belongs to the Servian government.

It would have been sound policy on the part of Austria to have retained Belgrade as the key to the acquisition of all Servia. Her want of foresight in neglecting to be prepared in a vulnerable quarter for the break up of the Ottoman empire, is now lamented by every one. Servia, instead of being an invaluable possession to her, the guarantee for the free navigation of the most intricate part of the Danube, is arraying herself in an inimical attitude under the influence of the Sclavonic tongue and Greek religion, which bind the Servians to Russia. There may yet be time for Austria to prevent the irremediable dis-

* The Viennese pretend that they have the head of Kara Mustapha in their arsenal: they say that it was disinterred at Belgrade. It is hardly necessary to notice that the head of a delinquent Pasha, cut off by the Sultan's order, is always sent to the Sublime Porte, to be exhibited there. I am surprised that Baron Von Hammer should have adopted this error.

aster of a close political union being added to the religious one already existing between Servia and Russia; but for that purpose she must qualify her reading of the "integrity of the Ottoman empire."—France and England simply mean by this expression, that Russia is not to call Constantinople hers, which is a wise and statesman-like view of the question, for in that city lies the whole Eastern problem; while Austria interprets it as implying that every disjointed province of Turkey is an integral part of the empire, which it would be sacrilege to touch. As if a province which is ruled by its own princes, either elected by the people or hereditary, and in which Turks (the nominal masters of it) can neither hold office or lands, without one tie to connect it with the Porte, except a slight tribute, can be called a part of Turkey? As if, when the question is simply one of time—whether Austria or Russia is to control Servia, *time* being in favour of Russia—Austria would be breaking faith with the Porte, by taking a province *for the advantage of civilization and of the balance of power and for her own security*, which it is a mockery to say belongs to the Sultan!—I doubt if we should consider Canada or India a possession of England if one or the other were ruled by native princes, and all Englishmen were excluded from any participation

in the government, the country being solely held to us by the fragile link of a tribute.

Austria's supineness about Servia is considered unpardonable, even by some of her own "wise men." She beholds Turkey rapidly sinking: she knows the tendency of the Sclavonic populations everywhere to unite with Russia—as subjects or allies—and she will not, by anticipating events, secure a province which, under the influence of Russia, will cause her immense detriment in many ways. The word "faith with the Ottoman Porte" is acting fatally on Austria, without conferring any benefit on her ally. While Turkey is falling, Russia is the only power that takes measures to profit by the ultimate disaster. Austria may at last endeavour to interpose, but it may be too late. Russia will then probably have all the Sclavonic populations in league with her, and will make Austria tremble on account of her own subjects of the Russian church. The occupation of the mouths of the Danube by Russia is a case in point. Eleven years ago Austria might have prevented that usurpation *by a word.* Can she undo the mischief? Yet that evil is trifling compared with the existence of a Russo-Servian principality extending several hundred miles along her frontier. I mean not to say that Russia has any design or even wish to add Servia

to her empire, but her end, as regards Austria, will be as surely accomplished, if she sway its councils and influence its people by the force of religion. Russia has no occasion to occupy the province: her object is to prevent Austria from doing so. For this purpose she cunningly interposed the barrier of legitimacy, so sacred to Austria, by stipulating at the peace of Adrianople that the government should be hereditary in the Milosch family. This was a skilful arrangement; it was taking Austria by her weak point; but as the Milosches are apparently not destined to govern Servia long, Austria may interfere without any scruples. She should not allow herself to be duped by the flimsy artifice. In Moldavia and Wallachia, on the contrary, provinces which Russia covets, the prince is elective for life, whereby should Russia find it convenient to take possession some day, she will commit no positive injustice on a particular family. It is idle to think of Austria, in rivalry with Russia, having the remotest chance of influencing independent Servia: religion, habit and prestige are against her, as she well knows by the example of some of the Sclavonic races under her rule. They voluntarily exchanged the Turkish rule for hers; but their affection is merely comparative: any government was better in their eyes than the

Moslem's, but the Russo-Greek supremacy is preferable to any other Christian one.

One half of the Servian population is subject to Austria: the other half is Servian Proper. The Servians are of the Russo-Greek religion; their liturgy is written in the ancient Sclavonic dialect, as in Russian churches. In this respect they are closer drawn to Russia than the Greeks are; the latter perform their service in Romaic, and in consequence the Greeks established in Russia have their own churches, though the religion in other respects is precisely similar. The church books of the Austrian Servians are printed at Moscow. The Austrian government ought surely to remedy this, by offering facilities to her subjects of the Greek church for printing their religious books in Austria. It may readily be imagined that even this trifle is calculated to dispose the Servians in favour of Russia. The Servian clergy are in general educated in Russia; the upper classes are in the habit of sending their children also to Russia for education. The modern Servian language is not unlike the Russian: it is soft and poetical, as the national songs of the country shew. We heard at Semlin from the officer of the governor's staff, in attendance on the internuncio, that every Servian house in Austria has a portrait of the Czar, while a por-

trait of the Austrian Emperor is never seen. The hazard which Austria incurs by a Servian principality, which through the very nature of circumstances is inclined to coalesce with Russia, on her frontier, is evident; the sympathy which necessarily exists between the Austrian Servians and the Servians Proper is indisputable. Quarantine as yet prevents much intercourse between the parties, but this barrier cannot exist many years. Servia has put Turkey in quarantine, and consequently must be admitted to free *pratique* with other states when a sufficient time shall have elapsed to admit of her sanatory regulations being considered efficient. Austria pretends that they are inefficient, but this scepticism must have a limit, else Servia might as well have no quarantine on her Turkish frontier. When the intercourse between the Servians on both sides of the frontier is free, Austria will be compelled, in self-defence, to add Servia* to her empire, or consent to see Russian influence per-

* Servia is bounded on the north by the Danube, on the west by Bosnia, on the south by Macedonia, on the east by Bulgaria. The country is fertile, but is badly cultivated. There are mines of iron, and, it is said, of silver. There are superb forests of oak and fir. The productions are corn, tobacco, hemp, and flax. Good wine is made. Servia pays a tribute to the Porte, and may be called on to furnish a contingent of troops in an European war.

manently established on her frontier in a more dangerous position than any which it now occupies. Where Russia and Austria come in contact elsewhere, religion and habits are either in favour of Austria, or not decidedly hostile, but in Servia every thing favours Russia:—there is the same faith to a letter, the same love of stars and embroidery, the same degree of semi-barbarism among the lower classes, which inclines them to regard the Greek Autocrat with an idolatrous feeling.

The scenery of the Danube below Semlin is rather more interesting than above it. Hills begin to appear on the Servian shore. We passed on the right bank, near the mouth of the Morava, Semendria with its curious old castle in the form of a triangle, flanked on all sides with old-fashioned round towers, above twenty in number. Semendria, bearing N.W. 590 miles from Constantinople, was the ancient capital of Servia: it was built by George Brankovitz, prince of the country, in 1335. The Ottomans took it for the first time in 1438. The Porte still holds possession of it, as a token of supremacy over the Danube, as well as of sovereignty in Servia. It is like a bauble sceptre in the hands of a doting monarch. The left bank in this part is diversified with watch-towers of the

detachments of the military cordon, which stretch over hills and vales, across swamps and rivers, along the frontier of Austria, from the Adriatic to Poland, a distance of more than a thousand miles. This system of "watch and ward," which includes the entire frontier population,* was devised by Ferdinand I. to repel the forays and incursions of the Turks, news of which could be conveyed from one end of the line to the other, by a system of signal fires. Successive emperors, particularly Leopold I., improved on it. Though the original intention no longer exists, the cordon is highly useful for the double purpose of enforcing custom-house and quarantine regulations; and an armed militia is thus kept up, without expense, from which the government can draw, at twenty-four hours' notice, nearly 100,000 troops, who, if not highly disciplined, are inured to fatigue, and accustomed to military subordination. We saw a specimen of them at Drenkova, a small station

* The inhabitants on the borders hold their lands of the Emperor on condition of military service, as militia-men, constantly enrolled, and always liable to be called out. About one-twentieth of the whole number is always on duty. Every borderer is enrolled, from the age of eighteen to fifty-five. Russia has an imitation of the system in her military colonies on her Eastern frontier.

of the Danube Steam Navigation Company, where we anchored after sunset. It being also a station of the "Cordon," the detachment turned out in honour of Baron Sturmer. There were about eight men dressed in coarse brown garments, hardly to be termed uniforms, but which had an uniformity. They were of all heights, and presented arms in a way which indicated they were more used to present them in another direction. Their muskets were good, and evidently handled by fingers used to the trigger. Such kind of soldiers would be dispensed with on parade, but were just the kind of men, we thought, for outpost work, and night skirmishing—hardy, enduring, sober, sleepless fellows. We had expected to find a village and an inn at Drenkova, but the announcement in the prospectus of the "Company," had relation, apparently, to a future state of things. There was nothing beyond the guardhouse and a magazine for the service of the steamers. We had, however, a compensation in an unexpected treat. In addition to the honour of a guard, a salute was fired for the Baron, from a battery planted somewhere, but where we could not tell. We at first thought it was in heaven, for the echo among the hills was stupendous, reverberating from side to side of the mountain defile, at the

entrance of which we were lying, till it rolled away like distant thunder. The night was dark, rendered darker still by the sombre mountains which rose up nearly perpendicular, appearing almost to touch the starry vault, and as the reports of the cannon rang wildly among the mountain tops, multiplying themselves in endless variety of sound, from the deep-knelled tone to a sharp crash, the delusion was complete—that we were in a calm while a thunderstorm was rolling over our heads, the reverse of the position of the inhabitants of Quito. As the dying echoes blended with the evening breeze, sighing among the pines, we wished the serenade to re-commence — but wished in vain. The stillness of desolation followed, and the cold autumnal air drove us below to sup, and then to bed.

Steamers cannot descend the Danube lower than Drenkova. At some seasons they are obliged to stop at Moldava, a village twelve miles higher up. At Moldava, firm sand-banks begin to check navigation: below Drenkova, rocky traverses obstruct it entirely.

We quit the Zringi at five in the morning, and embark in comfortable boats, covered in abaft, and rowed by eight men each. We were already in the narrow gorge formed by the

mountains of Hungary and Servia, whose overhanging summits obscured the light of morning: the river was here contracted to one-fourth of its usual breadth, and swept along with violence, working itself into eddies and whirlpools, as if in anger at the uneven bottom, and the rocks protruding in its course. Our skilful pilot steered us steadily through this gloomy grand channel—one of the locks between the Upper and Lower Danube; our bark rushed along through the eddying tide, causing us a slight sensation occasionally, as we looked on the consequences of an overset between perpendicular rocks. All at once the scene changed. No change of scene on the stage was ever more rapid. We emerged from a dark, foaming, phantasma-creating defile, and next minute were gliding on a beautiful lake, embosomed in a circle of rounded hills, rising with graceful undulation from the water, and wooded to their summits. We felt as though transported from a wild pass in Norway to a blue sunny inlet of a tropical island. I doubt if this spot has an equal in the world, this tranquil lake of the Danube, with its magnificent outlet—a river rushing through mountains — at either end. The scenery between Drenkova and Orsova is far superior to any on the Rhine, not even

excepting the charming interval between Coblentz and Mayence. The old chateaux, the green vineyards, and the pretty villages of the Rhine, are wanting; but nature shews herself on the Danube in a grander mood, under wilder and more impressive forms. Here the atheist must acknowledge a God. The river contracted again as suddenly as it had expanded, and again flowed in an impetuous foaming course, not above 150 yards wide, between mountains higher and steeper than those at the other extremity of the lake. They seemed to rise nearly perpendicular, with their bases washed smooth, and polished by the ceaseless action of the water. This is called the Pass of Kasan. The traveller, on reaching this point, confesses himself repaid for all his trouble. We all thought so, and wished that some of our absent friends had been present to share our pleasure. We landed at a hamlet at the entrance of the narrows, in order to inspect the road constructing along the left bank of the river. The engineer of the works met us at landing, and conducted us to one of the most remarkable undertakings of modern times. The river being bound in by perpendicular rocks of considerable height, it was necessary, in order to continue the road along the

shore from Moldava to Orsova, to blast and hew away the solid limestone for the space of three miles. We found this accomplished. The road, covered by the overarching rock, had the appearance of a series of sections of vast caverns. It hangs over the water at a considerable height, and is guarded by a marble parapet. We walked along it till we came to the fortified cave in which a company of German soldiers resisted the attacks of several thousand Turks for many weeks. We had some difficulty in scrambling up to the opening, which is twenty or thirty feet above the line of road, commanding it and the river, and were obliged to stoop double to get in. When inside we found ample room for hundreds of people, with natural formed shelves and recesses, in which stores might be placed.

As we leaned on the parapet of the road, the view was inexpressibly fine. About 400 feet separated us from the Servian hills, which here rise up 2000 feet above the water, as bold and precipitous as the rocks we were standing on. This is the narrowest part of the Danube: the river runs blue and swift with a troubled surface along the narrow gorge, which appears as if chiseled out artificially to let the stream escape, and imparts but a feeble idea of the

broad, sluggish, muddy Danube, with flat, monotonous shores, above and below the passes. The engineer shewed us his beautiful plan of the obstructions in the river. Not a rock, or scarcely a stone, was omitted. We saw at a glance the extraordinary inequality of the bottom: the depth varies instantaneously in some spots from 5 feet to 125 feet. The plan thereby has the appearance of a drawing of the comparative heights of the mountains of our globe, placed in gradation and juxta-position. There must have been a convulsion of nature in this spot. While gazing over the river on the Servian shore, our thoughts were transported 1700 years back, by perceiving in the rock the sockets for the beams on which rested the wooden road constructed by the Romans, who thus anticipated the idea of the Kasan road, though in a cheaper and less efficient mode. We saw, in idea, a legion marching along, and rude Dacians bending under the baggage, and heard the tramp of cavalry on the hollow sounding planks. It is fashionable to extol every work of the Romans as an evidence of their grandeur, but this can hardly be admitted as one. The idea of running a platform or gallery for several miles along the face of rocks, above an unnavigable stream, is certainly in-

genious, but ought not to be cited as one worthy of the Romans. Their great works were destined to last eternally. The Kasan road might be termed Roman, and it will endure as long as the rock out of which it is cut. The wooden road was in its nature perishable, and liable to be destroyed by many accidents; it might have been cut by hatchets, or set fire to by the barbarians; we know that it only lasted a few years. I should term the wooden road rather a sign of Rome's weakness than a symbol of her strength: I think it evinced that the Romans doubted the stability of their power on the Lower Danube.

At the same time, nō more practicable mode than by a road of some description offers itself for assuring the communication between the Upper and Lower Danube. Three plans for overcoming the obstacles in the Danube between Drenkova and Skela Cladova, a distance of fifty miles, and which consists of rocky traverses extending across the river in three places, have been discussed. 1. By blasting the reefs sufficiently to allow of the passage of steamers: this was attempted in 1834, by Count Zycheni, but without any marked result. More chance of success existed in 1833, when the river was much lower than had been observed for a cen-

tury: permission, however, was required from Vienna to commence operations, and before it arrived the water had risen. Competent engineers, however, say that the quantity of rock necessary to be removed, is such as will baffle all attempts, particularly lower down, at the "iron gate." Connected with this, there is an amusing anecdote. The Cabinet of Vienna, in the intention of blasting the rocks, instructed its Internuncio to obtain leave from the Porte to commence at the "iron gate," which is situated within Turkish waters. The Porte, influenced by Russia, determined to refuse leave, but did not like to offend Austria: it replied, "that as Allah had placed the rocks there, it would be impious to remove them." 2. By cutting three canals on the Servian shore, lateral with the principal reefs, for vessels to pass through. This, though very difficult, might be executed; but the project is not favoured on account of the ambiguous position of Servia. Servia is Russian rather than Austrian, and Russia has a direct interest in opposing the removal of the obstacles of the Danube. There would be no security for the canals when finished. They might be destroyed or closed by the effects of political intrigue, and thus the communication be cut off at, perhaps, a critical moment. Austria feels that

she could place no reliance on the Servian people. 3. By making a road from Moldava to a point below the "iron gate," where vessels may approach. This project has been adopted, and, could it be carried out, would, I think, answer every purpose. Could vessels have commodious and rapid land carriage from Moldava or Drenkova to a point of embarkation on the Lower Danube, every practical end would be attained. But political obstacles interpose themselves, greater than those which nature has placed. This interesting and intricate portion of the Danube is actually bounded by three states—Austria, Servia, and Wallachia—who have separate interests, are exposed to conflicting influences, and are divided one from the other by quarantine. The complication is perfect, and to increase Austria's mortification, it is her own work. She had the game in her hands at her last peace with Turkey, and managed matters so as to ensure to Russia the advantage of it. On viewing the effects of an ill-calculated frontier, one cannot help admiring those statesmen who, in framing a treaty of peace, pay strict attention to a new frontier line: a few acres more or less, or an elbow of a river, may be the means of leading insensibly to ulterior advantages, or be the latent cause of much anxiety and trouble.

In this respect, Russia has been of late years eminently skilful; her Persian and Turkish frontiers have been laid down with a regard for the minutest contingency which may arise, and are in themselves guarantees for further progress. Austria, on the contrary, by a want of foresight, is completely hampered by a complicated frontier on the south-east. As if it were not a sufficient evil that the Servian territory should form one bank of the narrows of the Danube, she is not even mistress of the other side; the Austro-Wallachian frontier cuts the river *above* the "iron gate," the most formidable of the obstructions in the Danube, and consequently when the Kasan road shall be completed to Orsova, it will be several miles short of the required extent. It must be carried on along the Wallachian territory to reach the navigable part of the river. But here difficulties arise: in the first place there is quarantine, and should that be removed, there will remain the uncertainty arising from the political state of Wallachia. The embarrassment is complete. The question of the narrows of the Danube is a gordian knot for Austria: she cannot untie it—Russia will not allow her—but she may cut it by taking Servia or Wallachia. The possession of the former would best answer the purpose, for

evident reasons. Austria would then command the entire passage, and might have a port in Servia below the rapids. She might then have war steamers on the Lower Danube, which would be of material service in a war with Russia: troops and stores might be sent down the river from Vienna to the seat of operations.

After an hour agreeably passed in sauntering and conversing on the Kasan road, we re-embark in our boats, and row down the pass. We see at the extremity of it, on the rocks on the right hand, just above the water, an inscription in honour of Trajan. The tablet is blackened by fires lighted near it by fishermen, but the words may be deciphered.* We shoot rapidly by this distant memento of Rome, and in a few minutes are again on the broad river. The Wallachian hills break the horizon, and at two P.M. we reach Orsova, the frontier post of Austria, within three miles of Wallachia.

* The following words have been deciphered: Imp. Cæs. D. Nervæ Filius Nervæ Traijanus Germ. Pont. Maximus.

CHAPTER VII.

ORSOVA—MEHADIA—NEW ORSOVA—THE IRON GATE—SKELA CLADOVA—WIDDIN—PASWAN OGLOU—RAHOVA—NECOPOLIS—SISTOW—RUTSCHUK—SULTAN MAHMOUD—MUSTAPHA BAIRACTAR—REVOLUTIONS.

THE population of Orsova consists of about 1000 souls, chiefly Wallachians. The men of this race have a barbarous filthy appearance, but the women are quite otherwise: we remarked some pretty girls in the streets with expressive countenances and elegant forms, straight and supple, though their loose coarse garments were in no ways calculated for display. The Wallachian ladies—I speak of those in the cities—are as remarkable for their good looks as for their licentiousness, occasioned by the facilities of divorce. It is not uncommon to see a young lady with her husband in a saloon at Bucharest, while there may be one or two other gentlemen present who have stood in the same relationship to her.

The relaxation of morals in consequence may be conceived: the spirit of George Sand's novels practically exists in Wallachia. One might suppose that the gifted authoress, for George Sand is only the *nom de guerre* of Madame Dudevant, had imbibed her co-sexual ideas at Bucharest. The Wallachian senate could not confer a greater service on their country than by restraining the license. Divorce is a necessary evil, and the total absence of it is injurious to society, as is witnessed in Roman Catholic countries, but the abuse of the privilege, as practised in Wallachia and Moldavia, is revolting to every feeling of morality, public or private.

We had some difficulty in getting our party housed at Orsova, but succeeded by putting two beds in each room. The authorities had been apprised of the approach of the Internuncio, therefore we had all that the Kaiser Von Osterreich could furnish in its best style. After dinner we engaged a couple of old German carriages, with four wild-looking nags tied to each, to go to the baths of Mehadia, about thirteen miles distant. Our rough Wallach postillions drove us along at a fearful pace according to custom, never thinking of their vehicle or passengers, unless a wheel happen to slip off, or an upset to take place. Luckily the road was good. It runs

along the bank of the little river Czerna, beyond which rises the terminating range of the Carpathian hills. The drive is beautiful. We arrived too late to perform more than the strict duty of travellers, viz. to see just enough to enable us to say that we had seen the *Thermæ Herculis*. Scarcely a soul was on the spot: the hotels were closed, and the waiters had flown to other quarters. We had considerable difficulty in making ourselves understood by the natives, our German friends being nearly as much puzzled as we English with the *patois*. It appears singular to see people strangers in language and manners within the pale of their own country: yet this happens on every side of the Austrian monarchy. The twilight shewed us Mehadia to great advantage: the situation is sequestered and delightful; falling waters, picturesque rocks, and groves enliven and embellish the spot. I doubt if there is a more charming *bad* in Germany: it is a deservedly favourite resort of the Hungarians, Wallachians and Moldavians, and contains the usual resources for health and recreation. The government has also an establishment for invalid soldiers. After a while, we succeeded in getting admission to the baths. We groped our way by torchlight, along various subterraneous passages, to the principal sulphur reservoirs. The odour, as we put our

heads over the first basin, nearly knocked us down. But, no way discouraged, we followed our torchbearers from one basin to the other, till we had seen the eight or ten baths which have been famous for 2000 years for the cure of scrofulous complaints, as well as for imparting tone to the system. In the passages we saw some Roman inscriptions, on tablets let into the rock, to the deities of Strength and Beauty. The baths vary in mineral strength and temperature. The most efficacious one is named after Hercules; its source is in a rock a short way up the valley.

On emerging from the sulphuric region, we found the night very dark and our postillions inebriated. We were exceedingly embarrassed by this unexpected state of things, as we had engaged to re-embark at eight in the morning, and we knew that the Pannonia steamer was only waiting our arrival to leave Skela Cladova. The surest mode of reaching Orsova in time for the boats appeared to be for us to wait patiently where we were till daylight, sleeping in chairs in lieu of beds. About this, however, there were two opinions. The ladies of our party objected to thus passing the night, and proposed to brave the risks of the road: while we of the other sex apprehended that we might drive into the Czerna on our left hand, or roll down an awkward

declivity on the right which we had observed on our approach to Mehadia. The ladies, however, prevailed: their natural desire to have tea, make their toilettes, and lie in good beds, overcame our fears for their personal safety in a night drive along the bank of a river with unsteady postillions. And they were in the right. We reached our modest inn in safety at eleven, P. M. to the great satisfaction of its inmates. Some apprehensions were beginning to be felt about us.

The next morning, Oct. 10th, we embarked in the same row boats which had brought us to Orsova, to complete the passage of the narrows of the Danube. We had accomplished near forty miles in this way; about ten miles remained in order to reach Skela Cladova, below the "iron gate." Two miles from Orsova we passed New Orsova, a fortress on an island belonging to the Turks, and dependent on the Sandjacklik of Semendria. At a little distance its position and minarets render it a very picturesque object; but we passed near enough to have the charm destroyed by the dirt and dilapidation every where visible. The place was formerly of importance: the Austrians built the fortifications, and lost them to the Ottomans in 1735. On a line with New Orsova, the Czerna, the boundary between Austria and Wallachia, flows into the

Danube. A wretched-looking Wallachian hamlet marks the spot, and is undeniable evidence of a change of territory.

Having passed New Orsova, we soon entered the rapids known by the name of the "iron gate," *(demir kapou,")* caused by a ledge of rock, three quarters of a mile wide and one mile and a quarter in length, over which the river rushes rather than flows, with a fall of fifteen feet in a mile. The passage is dangerous from the certainty of perishing if a rock be touched; but may be said to be divested of danger by the skill with which the pilots (who are brought up to the service) steer their boats through the serpentine passage. We had the chief pilot on board, and his address in guiding us through the whirling, chafing current elicited our grateful applause. We did not feel quite at our ease, nevertheless; for we felt that one touch on a rock would dash the boat in pieces. It would be impossible to swim two minutes in such a turmoil of water. Once or twice destruction seemed imminent: we were rushing end on to jagged rocks by which there appeared to be no passage: we looked anxiously at the helmsman, and felt our confidence in him sensibly diminish. We were on the point of touching, when by a sudden twist of the oar used for a rudder, the

boat turned half round, nearly losing her equilibrium as her broadside met the current, then, recovering herself, shot swiftly into a deeper channel. Again we breathed freely. The passage, calmly viewed, is sufficiently nervous, but by no means warrants the description given of its terrors by Mr. Quin and others: these gentlemen must have looked on with the eyes of exaggerated alarm. They could not have barbed their thoughts with more awful language if they had been hurrying on to the Falls of Niagara. When we got into smooth water we looked back for our consort with the luggage, and as we watched her pitching unevenly, and making rapid twists to avoid projecting rocks, felt more uneasiness about her than we had done for ourselves. We saw her position more clearly than we had seen our own. She also got safely through the "iron gate," and in another half hour we reached the Pannonia steamer anchored off Skela Cladova, a wretched hamlet in Servia, whose inhabitants find occupation for themselves and oxen in transporting merchandise between the steam-boat stations. A small portion of the bank is hedged off for the accommodation of the steamers, to allow them to touch at, out of the pale of quarantine, when coming from Turkish ports.

The Pannonia was a steamer of thirty-six horse power, and much too weak for the service. A steamer of one hundred-horse power, drawing only four feet water, is the thing required. Two miles and a half below Skela Cladova we had the gratification of seeing on either bank the remains of Trajan's bridge over the Danube; abutments of masonry are visible on the Wallachian and Servian banks, with other remnants as though of towers. It is said that remains of piers may be seen at low water extending across the river; but I doubt the accuracy of this from our own observation. There would be no great difficulty in rebuilding this bridge: the bottom of the river is firm and gravelly; the water is not fourteen feet deep at some seasons; and the current, as is always the case below rapids, is comparatively still. The relative strength of the current at different seasons may be judged of by a steamer's progress: the Captain of the Pannonia told us that he required in the autumn five quarters of an hour to perform (descending the river) what would occupy him three and a half quarters of an hour in the spring: *vice versa* for the ascent. He quaintly observed to us, speaking of the current, "*Le acque adesso sono stanche*," (the waters are tired now).

We saw in the remains of this bridge a

memento of Rome's last attempt at increased dominion, as well as of her impending decline. It was an attempt worthy of the power which made it: it was a daring and a mighty one, though the last—like the last bound of the freed courser to gain his native wild—like the last swoop of the exhausted eagle to reach her eyrie—like the last thrust of the stricken gladiator. Trajan produced a greater effect on the minds of the Dacians by throwing a bridge over the Danube, than the presence of five legions would have done. It was at once an evidence of power, and of the consciousness of security. It was an earnest of the sustained energy of the spell—'forward'—which had carried Rome so far, and allowed no rest to the god Terminus. When Adrian destroyed the proud monument of art, he gave a signal that Rome, the oppressor of nations, was retreating. The echo of the falling arches rang through the wilds of Germany and the wilder fastnesses of the East, and aroused the hereditarily nourished feelings of revenge against the haughty Mistress of the World. The meaning of the destruction of the bridge could not be mistaken. A few hundred men might have defended it: thousands were insufficient to prevent the passage of the river afterwards. False calculation! Adrian broke

down the bridge over the Danube, and thought that if the Romans did not cross the river nobody else would. He thereby destroyed the prestige of Rome's infallible advance—the prestige which had often stood her in lieu of armies and ramparts —which had made the barbarians respect her even when torn by internal dissensions. There was no halting-place for Rome with safety: she had gained all by conquest, by trampling on the rights of every people, and was doomed to advance or decline—to continue to inspire fear, or be despised. She could neither be loved nor esteemed. The bridge over the Tiber, that which Cocles defended, marked the commencement of her rise: another bridge, that over the Danube, marked the commencement of her fall.

There still exists by the Danube that which might lead one to suppose, did we not know the contrary, that Rome had been domesticated in the neighbourhood—viz. her language. The Wallachian tongue of this day has more resemblance to Latin than several of the Italian dialects have. This circumstance appears remarkable, considering that the Romans only transiently occupied the province. The anomaly may, however, be readily explained by the hard condition and exile of the legions stationed on the Lower Danube, which caused desertion.

Concealment must have been easy in Dacia, and in all probability numbers profited by it to escape from their wretched existence. Wherever, on the contrary, Rome's power was permanently established, desertion was rare on account of the certainty of detection, and therefore little or no amalgamation took place with the natives. The deserters settled in the country, intermarried, and necessarily interwove their language with the native dialect, and gave it the polished form of the *lingua franca*, which has survived to the present day. We see a parallel example in our own time among a similar description of soldiery—similar with respect to privations and cruel discipline—in the desertion from the Russian regiments stationed along the Caucasian line. On other frontiers, deserters incur great risk of being retaken and knouted, but they are safe among the hostile tribes of the Caucasus. Hundreds of men desert annually from the army of the Caucasus, and settle among the Circassians. Thus a Russian colony is being established amidst the bitter enemies of the empire, and the Russian language, or a dialect of it, may be found hereafter to exist where least expected, while perhaps it will be hardly spoken in parts where the Russian power is firmly established.

The banks of the Danube are flat and uninte-

be ignorant of the celebrated Aga of the Janissaries, who was Sultan Mahmoud's right hand in June 1826. Without Husseyin's aid, and I may say treachery to the corps, the Sultan could not have succeeded in his historic deed —the destruction of the Janissaries. He did not, however, long enjoy imperial favour at the capital, but was generally afterwards employed at a distance. We found him in honourable exile at Widdin. The agreeable expression of his countenance, and the placid dignity imparted to it by a white beard, belied the deeds of his hands. I doubt if a Lavater could have detected the bloodshedder by these features. Having arranged us comfortably on the divan, the attendants brought in coffee, sherbet, pipes, and tea-punch. At first the interpreter carried on a laudatory complimentary conversation between the Pasha and the Internuncio; but that being a tiresome process, as irksome to the Pasha as to us, he was soon dismissed. Our pipes were replenished, a fragrant pastille placed on each bowl, a second glass of tea-punch handed round, and then conversation flowed in a Christian-like manner. Our theme, of course, was Sultan Mahmoud and the empire: and Husseyin gave us to understand that he considered the former as *deli* (mad), and the latter in an irretrievable

resting below Skela Cladova; the left bank is diversified, but not embellished, by the wretched looking villages, sufficiently indicating national degradation, of the Wallachian peasantry. We pass the river Timok in the night, the frontier between Turkey and Servia, and at seven in the morning we bring to for a few hours at Widdin. The Pasha immediately sent saddle horses to the beach for Baron Sturmer and his friends. We mounted them, and, preceded by a guard of honour, rode leisurely up to the *saray* (palace). The dilapidated works and ragged soldiers (400 in number) gave us no very exalted idea of the means of defence possessed by this once celebrated fortress. The town presented the usual Turkish appearance, being a collection of wooden houses, some high, some low, and others projecting far beyond the rest, with uneven ill-paved streets. The inhabitants were up and about, and appeared as if obliged to us for giving them something unusual to look at. We returned the compliment, and stared at the white veils in a very unorthodox manner.

Husseyin Pasha, the governor, received Mr. Sturmer with great distinction: they had known each other at Constantinople. We also knew him by reputation, as who does not who has resided of late years in Turkey. No one could

condition. He said that Sultan Mahmoud had mainly accelerated the ruin of the empire by his pride and obstinacy. He alone had prolonged the disastrous war in Greece: he alone had provoked the Russian war in 1828: he alone persisted in the insane idea of attacking Mehemet Ali. We remarked in reply, that it was extraordinary that the Turkish ambassadors at the courts of Europe never gave the Sultan good advice on their return. "None of them dare do so," replied Husseyin, "they find out what will please him, and frame their words accordingly." The want of this precaution, I may observe, had recently caused the death of Perteff Pasha: we alluded to it, in order to know the Pasha's opinion about an act which had deeply injured the Sultan with all classes in the empire, but he begged us not to continue the subject, as it was too painful for him. Husseyin asked what course the powers would pursue with respect to Mehemet Ali, in case of another collision. Without giving a direct answer, Mr. Sturmer replied that Turkey might expect much from time—that Mehemet Ali was an old man, and at his death his power would break up. "I do not trust in that," replied the Pasha; "Mehemet Ali has able ministers, and they will counsel his successor equally well." He appeared to think highly of

Ibrahim Pasha's talents. After an interesting discussion, we prepared to take leave; but before rising, Mr. Sturmer observed that Husseyin Pasha ought to be employed at Constantinople for the good of the empire, and added, jokingly, that he should consider it his duty to speak about him to the Sultan. This quite alarmed the Pasha; "My dear friends," he said to us, "if you wish to do me a great favour, never mention my name at Constantinople. *Stamboulda khalb hasta der:*" (the heart is sick at Constantinople).

Fancy, we said to one another as we rode away from the saray, a Mussulman ten years ago, disparaging the Sultan before a Christian audience! A change, indeed, has come over the spirit of the nation. The loyalty and fanaticism of the Turks, which made them endure so patiently and dare so much, seem to have disappeared with janissaries and turbans.

Widdin has occupied an important place in the history of Turkey. The recital of the sieges and assaults it has sustained from Austrians, Ottomans, and Russians, would fill volumes. The Austrians took and sacked it in 1769, but lost their conquest in the following year to the Turks. In the campaign of 1828 the garrison crossed the river, and attacking General Geismar at Golang, August 18, completely routed

him. Had the Turks followed up their advantage and marched on Bucharest, they would have cut off the communication with the Emperor Nicholas, who was besieging Varna, and might perhaps have changed the face of the war. But they allowed Geismar to obtain reinforcements. A second action took place at Czoroy, September 25, when the Pasha of Widdin was beaten in his turn, and retreated over the Danube. Widdin, however, is chiefly remarkable for having been the seat of the celebrated Paswan Oglou's power, which shook the authority of the Porte in Europe to its centre. Paswan's father, Omar, had been a rebel; had been taken by the Pasha of Widdin, and decapitated. He was much beloved by the Widdinites, who abhorred the Pasha in consequence. His son, young Paswan, profited by this feeling: in 1789 he introduced himself into the city, and heading a revolt, obtained possession of it. He had the policy to spare the Pasha's life, and made use of his name to secure his authority in the province. It were too long a story to recount his exploits; now against the Sultan, now co-operating with him, according as presents or menaces arrived to him from the imperial seraglio. Suffice it to say that his name was great, and feared throughout Euro-

pean Turkey, when Selim III., intent on the organization of a new military force, and on the depression of the Janissaries, removed the latter from the fortresses on the Danube, and placed in their stead garrisons of Spahis and Timariots. This took place in 1792-3. Paswan Oglou instantly declared himself the protector of the disgraced Janissaries, by whom he was eagerly joined. The consequence was, that from being a partizan, Paswan found himself in the light of a potentate. His ambition knew no bounds: his authority was soon acknowledged in Servia and Bulgaria, and extended itself into Bosnia. The Porte became alarmed. It endeavoured to negotiate him down, but failed; then sent an army of 50,000 men under the Roumely Valy-ci to besiege him in Widdin, in 1796. Paswan beat them off, and made a formal peace with the Porte. Peace, however, could not last. It was soon broken, and civil war raged with varying success for two years, in the course of which Paswan was besieged in Widdin for five months, and would have succumbed but for the constancy of the inhabitants to his cause. Revenge now stimulated ambition in Paswan's mind: he summoned the discontented to his standard from all quarters; his troops entered Roumelia, and it is supposed that he aimed at the

subversion of the imperial throne. The Porte hastily collected an army from Asia, under the command of the Grand Vizir: a decisive blow was about to be struck, when the death of the rebel, in 1800, restored peace. Paswan Oglou's example, however, outlived him; the evil effects produced by the spectacle of a subject warring successfully against the Porte, could not be effaced, more especially as his power was based on the discontent occasioned by Sultan Selim's innovations, since followed up with a bolder hand by Sultan Mahmoud. Czerni George raised the standard of revolt in Servia. Ali Pasha made himself for many years Prince of Albania. Greece followed in the same career; and Mehemet Ali, profiting by the example and the faults of his masters, Paswan Oglou and Ali Pasha, laid the foundation of hereditary independence in the South.

We steam on all the night succeeding our departure from Widdin. We pass three considerable Turkish towns: Rahova, where are remains of Roman baths; Nicopolis, where Sultan Bajazet defeated Sigismund, king of Hungary; and Sistow, where the preliminaries of peace were signed between Austria and Turkey, in April 1791, after the disastrous war in which the Turks lost the battle of Rimnik to the

combined army under the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Suwarof, and the Russians took Ismael by storm. The peace of Yassy, between Catherine and the Porte, followed, in January 1792. We reach Rudschuk at two in the afternoon. The town looked picturesque from a distance, but a near approach disclosed a wretched assemblage of ruins and filth. We had some difficulty in believing that this was the place before which, in 1811, the Russians met with so terrible a failure as to cause the Emperor to forbid any more assaults from being given anywhere. The population were assembled on the beach to see us, and the old costume being in vogue, the scene was oriental: veiled females in the background, and wild, shaggy dogs, completed the picture. The Pasha was at Shumla, but the *Mir Ollai* came on board to compliment Baron Sturmer and conduct him on shore. We might have walked on a plank laid from the vessel to the beach with comfort to ourselves; but the functionary would not admit of this absence of ceremony: he insisted on our getting into his barge, and making a wide sweep in the river to the custom-house. Chairs were placed for us in a balcony commanding a fine view of the Danube and the opposite coast of Wallachia. We sat down awhile to perform the necessary duty of pipes and coffee. The preceding year, Sultan

Mahmoud, in a tour of inspection along the Danube, visited Rudschuk; he came from Silistria in a steamer, and narrowly escaped being wrecked in a squall. I thought that if any thing could have opened his eyes to the state of his empire, it would have been the sight of its frontier towns. I expressed this opinion to a Turkish officer. He smiled at my simplicity. "Are we asses?" he said. "The Sultan saw nothing that you see. We swept the streets, furnished a house for him, and surrounded him with troops and music. He saw nothing but what we chose to shew him. *Mashallah!* (Praise be to God)." A strolling company of equestrian players happened to be at Rudschuk at the time: the Sultan was delighted with their performances, and engaged them to come to Pera, on a salary of 12,000 piastres (120*l.*) a month. I saw them there afterwards performing every Sunday in the great cemetery, to the infinite delight of the Perotes and Rayas. The Mussulmans along the Danube must have questioned the identity of their Sultan when they beheld him, during his progress, dressed in a hussar jacket made at Paris, and white kerseymere trousers seamed with gold lace. An "infidel" could hardly have fancied a masquerade more calculated to make the Prophet's vicegerent appear ridiculous.

We scrambled up to the ruins of the citadel,

on an Acropolis. The elevated commanding site accounts for the stout resistance which Rudschuk has often made. From Rudschuk, the well known Mustapha Bairactar marched in 1807 with an army of Albanians to Constantinople, in order to reinstate his patron Selim III., who had just been deposed to make room for his cousin Mustapha III. Selim's death was the consequence. Mustapha Bairactar wept over his dead master, and revenged him by deposing his murderer within the hour. He placed Sultan Mahmoud II. on the throne instead. The gallant Bairactar did not long survive his triumph: he made, as grand vizir, an imprudent demonstration against the Janissaries, and fell their victim in a few months. *

* The conflict on this occasion, November 1807, was the most fearful one that Constantinople had ever witnessed. During four days and nights, the city was one wide scene of slaughter and fire. The Seymans (partizans of the Sultan) and the Janissaries fought with desperation in the burning streets, while the fleet bombarded the barracks of the latter from the harbour. The Janissaries were victorious. They demanded the restoration of Mustapha III., and thus sealed his fate. Mahmoud had his imprisoned brother put to death. He remained the last of his race, and as such the Janissaries respected him. Thus in six months two revolutions occurred at Constantinople, in which two Sultans perished, and the streets ran with the best blood of the citizens. Eighteen years later Mahmoud took his revenge on the Janissaries.

CHAPTER VIII.

GIURGEWO—RASSOWA—CZERNAVODA—CANAL—THE DANUBE—BRAILOW—GALATZ—CONSTITUTIONAL ACT—TULSCHA—SOULINAH—VARNA—THE BOSPHORUS.

LEAVING the Turkish shore an hour before sunset, we steamed across the river to a Wallachian village (near Giurgewo), where Mr. Timoni, the Austrian consul-general in Wallachia, was waiting to have an interview with Baron Sturmer. A troop of well appointed cavalry was drawn up on the beach in honour of the Baron. The Hospodar of Wallachia, Alexander Ghika, had also sent his aid-de-camp, Colonel Obadesco, to compliment his Excellency, and deliver him an autograph letter expressing his regret that business prevented him from coming to see him in person. This little variety was very agreeable, and shortened the evening, which in a steamer is always tedious in spite of whist and chess. In the morning we passed Silistria, which, as seen from a

distance, appeared nearly defenceless: I believe it is so, the Russians having removed the military stores when they evacuated the place in 1835. It sustained a siege of seven months in the war of 1828-9, and only surrendered when a heap of ruins. This day (Oct. 13) was remarkably fine, with a balmy southerly breeze, almost the only fine one we had been favoured with since leaving Vienna. We passed several large islands covered with pelicans. This gave us an opportunity of rifle practice, but without doing ourselves great credit: these birds are very wary.

About noon we arrived at an interesting part of the Danube, where it approaches within thirty miles of the Euxine, then, turning abruptly to the north, flows on 160 miles before finding an outlet. Rassowa, a paltry Bulgaro-Cossack village, indicates the bend. A few miles to the northward, at a hamlet called Czernavoda, we saw the canal, which, together with a wall, formed the line of defence made by Trajan, from the Danube to the Black Sea. One of our party, looking at the line on the map called Trajan's wall, and not making out the name, asked the agent of the Steam Navigation Company, a simple Ragusan, who was standing by, what it was. He replied, "*Questo è il nome del signore che ha fatto questo canale:*" (That is the

name of the gentleman who made this canal). This answer diverted us, and to elicit further amusement, we asked who this *signore* was. "*Era un famoso ingegnere, che si chiamava Trajano; é peccato ch' è morto prima d'aver finito il canale:*" (He was a famous engineer named Trajan; it is a pity that he died before having finished the canal). The canal extends to within eighteen miles of the sea, including two pieces of marshy water, meriting perhaps the name of lakes. In 1836 the Danube rose unusually high, and enabled the Pannonia steamer to ascend the canal to the first lake. The water in the canal and lakes is without doubt the residue of the overflowings of the Danube. The question, of late much agitated,—"Can a canal be cut from Czernavoda to Kustendje, on the Euxine?"—partly answers itself. For twelve miles the canal exists, and merely requires deepening to serve all purposes; but thence to the sea lies the difficulty, and that is of a nature completely to refute those who, misled by the existence of the canal, fancy that the Danube once continued its easterly course to the sea from the elbow which it forms at Rassova. From the further end of the canal the ground rises gradually and uninterruptedly, for a distance of eighteen miles, to an elevation of 163 feet; to

which thirty-two feet must be added for the difference of level between the river and the sea. Baron Finke, a Prussian engineer officer of great merit, in the service of the Porte, had surveyed the ground, and he informed me that in his opinion it would be both very difficult and costly to continue the Czernavoda canal to the Euxine. That is certain; nevertheless, the undertaking is evidently practicable. The only question is, would the results be commensurate with the expense and labour? The distance from Hungary to Constantinople would thereby be shortened by two hundred miles, and the passage by Soulinah (now part of Russia) be avoided. These are the attainable objects as far as Austria is concerned. But in regard to the first, we may say that the commerce of Austria with the ports of the Black Sea, whatever it may become, is not of a nature to render two hundred miles more or less of inland navigation of any importance; her principal trade at present is with Wallachia and Moldavia. In regard to the second, the political evil of having the mouth of the Danube under Russian guns applies chiefly to the principalities, for whose trade Soulinah would always be the outlet, in preference to the canal, were it made. In treating this point, we leave Turkey out of consideration: the

question of the Danube, raised in consequence of Russia's usurpation of its only navigable mouth, is one which interests Austria, the Principalities, and Russia: it gives Russia the power of exercising a direct control over Wallachia and Moldavia, and of affecting Austria remotely, as well as other nations trading with Wallachia and Moldavia. If, therefore, it is nearly certain that a canal *per se* would not alter the relations of Brailow and Galatz with Soulinah, the object aimed at, of relieving the commerce of the riverain states from passing under Russian guns at Soulinah, would not be obtained.* But there is another consideration connected with this subject, which I do not think has been noticed. This is the physical change which might be effected in the Danube itself by cutting a ship canal from Czernavoda to Kustendji; being nothing less than the formation of a *new mouth* to the river; in which case every thing would be accomplished *for* Austria and *against* Russia, to the detriment, however, of Wallachia in part, and of Moldavia *in toto*.

* The Danube Steam Navigation Company intended, I heard, to establish a transit by land from Czernavoda to Kustendji, for the convenience of passengers proceeding by the Danube to Constantinople, and *vice versa*. The passage would thus be shortened by two or three days.

It is apparent that the Danube gained its outlet originally with difficulty. After running above 1500 miles in an easterly, and occasionally a southerly direction, it found itself balked when in sight of the goal. Checked at Rassova in its direct course to the Euxine—only thirty miles distant—by the sloping ground of Kustendji, it turned abruptly to the north, and found its way through the low lands of Wallachia. The plane being slightly inclined, scarcely amounting to a fall of three inches in a mile, the stream flowed sluggishly along, as if averse from going north, and at length, resuming its accustomed eastern direction, reached the sea through a delta by six mouths, of which one only is navigable for vessels drawing six feet water, the one called Soulinah. Viewing this inertness of the river—its reluctance as it were to flow northwards—might we not anticipate (if a ship canal were fairly opened from Czernavoda to Kustendji,) that its volume would diminish above Czernavoda, and that, following the new line eastwards, the Danube would make its principal outlet at Kustendji? The position of Brailow and Galatz would then ere long be signally altered: instead of a broad stream, never-failing source of prosperity, flowing by their quays, marshes would occupy its place. The position of Soulinah would then be worthless.

In the evening we pass Hirsova, a small and decaying town. A fog compels us to heave-to a part of the night: it clears away in the morning, and we reach Brailow, the port of Wallachia, at eight A. M., October 14th. A guard of honour came to the beach, and a salute was fired for Baron Sturmer. A fine military band played for a couple of hours. The Wallachian infantry are well dressed: the fashion is Russian, the colour blue. We found the Ferdinand steamer here, just arrived from Constantinople: two English officers were on board of her, and a Turkish Bey in the service of the Pasha of Belgrade. The Bey informed us that Herat had fallen, and that Russia had assisted the Schah with troops. He made a slight mistake. We changed places with the passengers of the Ferdinand, and steamed on to Galatz, the port of Moldavia. A numerous guard of honour came to the beach here also, and a salute was fired. Thus far our voyage had been one of triumph for Baron Sturmer. In every town, whether Austrian, Servian, Turkish, Wallachian, or Moldavian, all honours had been paid him: yet, to our admiration, he was the most unassuming person on board; he scarcely appeared to be sensible of them. Having witnessed the "fantastic tricks" of some "great men" on board English ships, I was particularly

delighted with the noble unaffectedness of our companion.

Galatz, as well as Brailow, is an improving town; the population and trade of each are rapidly increasing. Whatever views Russia may or may not have on Wallachia and Moldavia, their inhabitants owe her gratitude for having in the first place freed them from the rule of the Fanariotes, and for having in the second place given them a constitution, so liberal as to cause great surprise. During three centuries the history of the provinces has been a sad record of oppression: their exuberant fertility, defying tyranny, has alone saved them from ruin. In that respect, they have resembled Egypt. Nature proved stronger than despotism. The Porte had good intentions towards Moldavia and Wallachia: it left them their councils of state, as existing before the conquest, and their municipal institutions. But in an evil hour, it nominated Greeks of the Fanar to the posts of Hospodar, who proved more griping and grasping in their precarious office than any nomination Pasha in his. A Pasha might be called to account for his injustice, and made to disgorge, but a Hospodar had a secure refuge from the complaints of his subjects in Austria or Russia. In sheltering a Hospodar, or interposing with the Porte for his pardon, Russia

invariably defeated justice. Constantine Mavrocordato offers an honourable exception: he enfranchised the serfs in 1735, and fixed on a regular tax to be paid to the Boyars.* The Porte might suppose that the Fanariote Hospodar would be checked by the council of state; but in general the wily Greek adjusted matters to his own interest, by allowing the members to have a share of the spoil wrung from the trade, industry, and agriculture of the country. A uniform state of ill-being was the consequence, aggravated every ten years by the provinces being the theatre of war between either Russians or Austrians and the Turks. This lasted till the peace of Adrianople, when Moldavia and Wallachia were declared independent (saving a tribute to the Porte) under the protection of Russia and Turkey. General Kisselef, the Russian governor of the provinces during the war of 1828-9, established their prosperity by giving them a constitution, called an administrative regulation, of which the following is an outline.

* The peasant in Moldavia and Wallachia must give twelve days' work in the year to the lord. The lord *must find him* land and a cabin, for which he pays rent. If the lord sells his land, the purchaser must retain the peasants on it if they wish it. A peasant may quit his lord on giving one month's notice.

The divan, council of state, to remain the same as before, as being suited to the habits of the people. For the election of a Hospodar, an extraordinary assembly to be convened, consisting of deputies from each class of Boyars, from the squirearchy, from the towns, from the chambers of commerce, and from the corporations of artisans—in all about 160 persons. These to be empowered to elect a Hospodar for life (subject to the Sultan's approval) from among the first class of Boyars: the elected to be above forty years old. Each year an ordinary assembly to meet, composed of deputies, in a lesser number, of the classes above mentioned, excepting the chambers of commerce and the trades-corporations. This assembly to have the right of discussing the projects of law presented by the Hospodar, to be empowered to return any project with remarks attached to it, subject to the right of the Hospodar of submitting it again to the chamber with counter observations. If the assembly should still dissent, the bill to be postponed till the following session. The Hospodar to have the right of nominating his ministers, but not of changing them under three years, unless for some grave offence proved before the assembly. This constitution does infinite credit to General Kisselef: I believe the Russian government finds it too liberal. Under its influence

the Moldavians and Wallachians must be indisposed to swell the Russian empire.

The Hospodar's revenues consist in a tax of 31½ piastres (ten shillings) for each hearth. He has a monopoly of salt, and the produce of the customs. He has a civil list: the salaries of the employés are fixed.

The productions of the principalities are various and most abundant, particularly in corn, wool, and fruits. There are superb forests of timber. The cattle and horses are good, and in great numbers. Southern Russia begins to feel the competition of Moldavia and Wallachia, and I doubt not that in a few years Odessa and Taganrok will decline in consequence. Moldavia is said to have mines. It cultivates the vine with success, and exports good wine. Its race of horses is highly esteemed. The Turks have a proverb that a Moldavian horse and a Persian boy are the two most perfect creations of nature.

We leave Galatz the same afternoon. Thence to the mouth, the river is narrow. We were obliged to diminish our speed, and keep a sharp look-out, on account of numerous vessels ascending with a fair wind. At eleven, the darkness made it incumbent on us to anchor at Tulscha to wait for daylight. Tulscha is a Turkish place (formerly of strength) situated at the spot where

the Danube branches out to the sea in three principal outlets. It is governed by an Aga, who also rents the island of St. George from the Russian government, paying for it in timber. The Aga at the time I speak of was the creature of Russia; a month later (Nov. 1838) he received a present from the Czar "for the readiness which he had always evinced to comply with the requests of the Russian authorities." The principal service required of him was to catch and deliver up Russian deserters and runaways, who are numerous on the Turkish frontier,* and often form banditti, finding refuge in the swamps and woods of the delta of the Danube.

We weigh anchor at daylight, and at seven reach the point of separation of the Georgian and Soulinah branches of the river. The latter makes an abrupt angle to the left, and the channel is so narrow as scarcely to afford room for a long steamer to turn up it. From our rigging we get a glimpse of Ismael—scene of the fiercest assault and bloodiest slaughter in modern times.

"There was an end of Ismael's hapless town!
Far flashed her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,

* The Russian government gives a reward of two ducats to any Turk who delivers up a deserter, and one ducat for a runaway serf.

And redly ran her blushing waters down.
The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream
Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown
Of forty thousand who had manned the wall.
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all."

We steamed along the Soulinah branch, through the delta, for about forty miles; the ships appearing over the lowland, warping up by their crews, rendered the scene very picturesque. The Russian territory lay on both sides of us: Russian sentries paraded the left bank, and Russian gun-boats lay at intervals in the passage. The sight was truly galling for our Austrian companions,—this occupation of the mouth of their own river. At noon we reached the point of Soulinah where the Danube enters the sea. A Russian gun-boat saluted us. On either side we saw abundant evidence of Russia's intention to make a grand affair of Soulinah. There was a quarantine establishment, a guard-house, and about 150 dwellings of one sort or another, including cafés and billiard-rooms. We saw a merchantman on the stocks, and materials collected for a lighthouse to be erected forthwith. The Russian government made an attempt to establish a toll on vessels entering the Danube, but meeting with opposition from other powers, dropped it. When the light-

house is completed, a toll, or light-due, on all ships profiting by it, will be legal. The outcry raised at the Russian establishment at Soulinah was unwarranted; it necessarily followed the occupation of the spot. The Turks had a village there (destroyed in the last war), for the purpose of attending to the state of the bar, and of piloting and otherwise assisting vessels. There was no trade then to speak of on the Danube, but had there been a considerable one, the village must have become a town, and would probably have been fortified and garrisoned. The power in possession of Soulinah is bound to have establishments there; they are necessarily entailed on her, and having them, no available objection can be made to her protecting them by guns and soldiers. Pilots are wanted—they must be lodged; barges are required to ship and unship cargoes, on account of the bar—their crews must be housed; storehouses and workshops are necessary for the use of shipping. All this should have been considered before the Russian eagle was allowed to perch on Soulinah, the possession of which is one of the most important results of the war of 1828-9. Commerce is here opposed to policy. Politicians may protest against a Russian town commanding the mouth of the Danube, but merchants will vote for it.

State reasons may exist for wishing Soulinah to remain a barren swamp, but the interests of trade tend to make it the site of wealth. The village we saw will grow into an important city, if — as is not unlikely — Soulinah becomes the entrepôt for the commerce of the Danube. Many vessels even now would prefer landing their cargoes at the mouth, and taking in another there, on account of the obstacles in the navigation of the channel, and of the ice in winter: in times of scarcity in western Europe, cargoes of corn might be shipped at the mouth during winter, when it would be impossible to proceed to Galatz, and this alone would prompt the establishment of a depôt at Soulinah. In summer, vessels might lie outside the bar, and load and unload with ease and safety. It is said that the bar, on which there is at present from ten to twelve feet of water, increases, and the Russians are accused of neglecting the obvious means to prevent the accumulation of sand, in order to ensure the prosperity of Soulinah. I cannot say whether the bar increases or not; that without doubt is its tendency, unless the action of the stream be aided; but the charge appears to be made *ad captandum*, for the simple reason that, were the bar impassable by vessels of burden, the value of Soulinah would be materi-

ally diminished. The anchorage outside the bar is not safe at all seasons,—in an easterly gale would be perilous. The harbour is *inside* the bar; therefore the interest of the Russian government lies in keeping down the sand. Midway, however, in the Soulinah branch, eighteen miles from its mouth, there is a bank which obliges deep vessels to unload and proceed lightened for half-a-mile. A magazine is erected on the Bessarabian shore, for the reception of cargoes during the transit. I apprehend that this bank will increase, unless artificial means be adopted to prevent a further accumulation of sand. Here Russia may use her power to injure the navigation of the channel, and thus benefit Soulinah at the expense of Galatz and Brailow—compel the merchants of the principalities to have their stores at the mouth of the river. Should this happen, the prosperity to which Soulinah may rise is incalculable. Russia may use this argument in due time to make the Moldavians and Wallachians incline to a junction with her. She will appeal to their direct interests. The comparative importance of Soulinah is therefore contingent on political events; it will always be a place of consequence, seeing the necessity felt more every year with the increasing trade of the Euxine, for a port at

the mouth of the Danube; but its full development will much depend on the political existence of the principalities. We may say that if Moldavia and Wallachia become incorporated with Russia, Soulinah will be of secondary importance—a port of refuge, a *convenience* for trade, when bad weather, or ice, or want of time may restrain vessels from proceeding up the river: the channel will then be properly dredged, and Galatz and Brailow retain their legitimate influence. But, in the contrary case, the permanent independence of the principalities, there is no particular reason for supposing that Russia will not favour her own town—Soulinah—by neglecting to keep the channel clear within her own territory. "Has she not a right to do what she likes with her own," she may imply.

Montesquieu says, "ce sont toujours les avanturiers qui font des grandes choses, et non pas les souverains de grands empires." This is peculiarly applicable to Russia. From the time of Le Fort, every great step taken by her has been suggested by adventurers—adventurers in the honourable sense of the word. Soulinah is a case in point. The Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny,* well known by his able work on Circassia, saw, when he visited Soulinah, in 1837,

* The Dutch consul at Odessa.

the importance of making a permanent establishment there, "*pour mettre les Russes à cheval sur le Danube.*" He drew out a memoir and forwarded it to Count Nesselrode through Count Woronzow, who shared his opinions. It arrived at St. Petersburgh just at the time when a loud outcry was raised about the Danube in every paper of France and England. Count Nesselrode, in consequence, desired Count Woronzow to drop the subject, and to quiet people's minds thereon. Taitbout de Marigny's flowery memoir was put into a pigeon-hole. But the subject was not forgotten, and we saw the fruit of it fifteen months afterwards. Count Woronzow, I believe, traced out the plan of a fortified city at Soulinah: as he has the ambition of creating, and is fixed in his ideas, he will probably lend his influence to foster the nascent establishment.

We left the placid Danube, which had never caused a flutter in our bosoms, and in ten minutes were pitching and rolling most unhappily in the Black Sea. We all felt disposed to say with Byron,

> There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in
> Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

There was no occasion to lay the cloth for dinner that day: nearly all of us were prostrate:

no one could face a dish. The wind increased till it blew a gale from the south, accompanied with a sea which reduced our progress to two and a half knots an hour. This was a sad night: I really thought that one of our passengers would have died from sea-sickness. But the climate in these latitudes is like the state of man — never certain, — tossed to-day by gusts of passion, hushed to-morrow in sunny repose. In the morning the wind came round to the north-west: the sun shone brilliantly on the waves, which were now dancing lightly under us, and smiling as if to deprecate our wrath for their rudeness in the night. We spread our canvass: we steer for the red-streaked Cape Calaghriah, and at two in the afternoon anchor at Varna. The new fortifications and the whitewashed walls gave the town a brilliant appearance from the offing, but on landing, we saw that they were as the white *symars* which screen decay; neglect and dilapidation were the characteristics of the interior. Even the works were neglected in their approach to completion, and this made us doubt if the fortification would ever be placed *en état de siège*. Excepting a battery mounted *en barbette*, nearly all the fine cannon (180) of large calibre, brought from England, were lying on

the beach, without covering or anything else to preserve them from the weather. A number of brass cannon had recently been forwarded to Schumla from Varna. The Pasha of Varna was also there. In my humble opinion the Porte was ill-advised to incur the expense of refortifying Varna, with so many other subjects on hand requiring in a greater degree her solicitude. Can Varna check Russia again? If Russia should make another war on Turkey, or for any other purpose visit Constantinople, is not the sea her road? She is mistress of the Euxine; she has unlimited means of transport at her disposal, 20,000 men are stationed in the Crimea, and as many more are within a fortnight's march of the coast. There is a defect, in a military point of view, in the works of Varna, occasioned, it is said, by old Khosrew Pasha having had the vanity to suppose that he could improve on the original plan, which had been drawn up by an European engineer. He took up a pencil, and sketched alterations to please the eye, which were adopted. Some kind person told the Sultan of this. His Highness was very angry: he directed his son-in-law, Halil Pasha, to repair to Varna and report on the same. Halil was also Khosrew's adopted son: he wrote to him on the subject; told him

that it was all true,—that his fanciful alterations had done mischief, and concluded by advising him to make up a story to deceive and quiet their royal master. As the steamer which carried this answer was descending the Bosphorus, the Sultan saw her from the palace of *Dolma Bachcheh*, and ordered her to be hailed. He demanded the despatches. Their contents made his mustaches curl, and brought disgrace on Halil for some months. But Varna gained nothing by the disclosure.

After strolling about the town for a couple of hours, the steamer in the meanwhile having embarked no end of fowls for the Constantinople market, we leave Varna bay at five P. M. We were all in spirits again, and did honour to Captain Ford's dinner. The water was as smooth as a mirror, and we proceeded rapidly along the coast of Roumelia under a starry sky. In the morning, Oct. 17th, we were off the Bosphorus. The white castles at the entrance of the strait reflecting back the rays of the rising sun, and a bluish mist curtaining the hills on either side, scarcely permitted us to distinguish any object clearly till we were passing the Symplegades rocks, the terror of ancient mariners, which mark the commencement of the Bosphorus. We saw the remnant of the marble column erected on

its summit, in honour of some god or demi-god—who is not known. Aided by the current, deep and blue, we rapidly passed four white castles or batteries, shining on either side in glittering contrast with the green hills and deeper-hued cypresses above and around them. A many-coloured village and a small cemetery for the "Faithful," are attached to each. The bay of Bujukdereh, with its picturesque dwellings encircling the stream like a chain of brilliants on the neck of beauty, seemed to close the strait before us; till, on passing a point, we saw it stretch away to the southward, between the sequestered village of Therapia, a favoured resort of Franks and Greeks, and the memorable "Sultan's valley," lying, Eden-like, fragrant and cool, beneath a lofty hill crowned with a kiosk; memorable for the treaty of Hunkiar Skellesi, signed there, in sight of the windows, as though in mockery, of the representatives of France and England. We approached the house of the Russian ambassador at Buyukdereh, and there lay-to for ten minutes close to a Russian brig and schooner of war. Beautiful and beatified scenery environed us. The only discordant thing visible was our steamer, which to have floated in unison with the variegated scene should have had her chimney of Nankin

porcelain, and her fire made of sandal wood, emitting odorous, pearly vapour.

A boat shoved up from the shore, and rowed towards us: we distinguished in it M. Boutenief, the Russian ambassador, who came on board to welcome the Sturmers. Their Excellencies embraced fraternally. Other boats followed with members, male and female, of the Austrian mission, and there was much kissing and congratulation. We then continued our course down the Bosphorus, and entered another silvery lake embosomed in hills of all forms—but all graceful —covered with fairy-looking villages, among which Kandilly, scene of Anastasius's exploits, sits pleasantly in the midst of gardens, while arabesqued latticed palaces, retreats of the wealthy and beautiful of Constantinople, and cemeteries rich with gilding and marble, fringe the water's edge. Presently the towers, which had seemed to stop egress at the further end, opened apart, and gave us a glimpse of further glories beyond the castles of Anadolu Hissar and Roumely Hissar, built by Mahomet II. to command the strait during his siege of the city. Borne on the rapid current, which is here dignified by the Devil's name, we shot through like an arrow. Royal palaces, stately mosques, hanging gardens and queenly villages, rapidly suc-

ceeded on either hand, each surpassing the other in claims to admiration. A confused assemblage of trees, towers, mosques and houses, calmly reposing amidst azure liquid and ether, filled up the space in the distance: they gradually disentangled themselves, and grew out distinctly: cities rose, blending one with the other, and rolling as it were over endless hills, their outlines traced in the blue sky, and between two of them our eyes followed a bright silver stripe, indicating the Bosphorus, into the soft, sunny, island-gemmed Propontis. By the time that we reached the palace of Beshiktash, where we stopped for a few minutes to salute the Sultan, who was either there or at his palace opposite, of Begler Bey, the morning mists had cleared away, and we gazed on Constantinople in all her beauty and loveliness—would I could say her might! We saw the realization of man's brightest dreams: we felt why the Greeks almost prefer degradation there to freedom elsewhere: we understood the anguish of the Ottoman when exiled from his *ghuzel* Stamboul.

Our American companion confessed its pre-eminence. "Well," he observed, recovering himself from a breathless gaze, "this *is* finer than New York!"

CHAPTER IX.

QUARANTINE — GALATA — PERA — TRAVELLERS — COSTUME — TROOPS — PALACES — BRIDGE — SULTANA MIHIRMAH — PERTEFF PASHA — WASSAF EFFENDI — SULTAN MAHMOUD AND MEHEMET ALI.

A quarantine having been projected for Constantinople, we deemed it correct, if not prudent, to wait for the health-officers to come on board before we landed. We might have waited till doomsday. The programme of a quarantine existed, it is true, and the regulations had been enforced in some instances; but every great change in the East is preceded by a fitful aspect like that which ushers in a tropical thunder-storm: a few heavy drops fall here and there, a wayward flash strikes some luckless individual, succeeded by a delusive interval of calm, before the storm descends in earnest. So with the Constantinople quarantine in its commencement: the rigour of the law fell on some heedless *ghiaour*, but did not

touch any great man arriving at the capital. A few days before our arrival, a steamer came up from Smyrna full of passengers: among them was a Jew, who, either heedless or ignorant of the existence of quarantine, landed forthwith according to *eski adet* (old custom). He was taken up and shot. An hour afterwards, leave was sent off for the rest of the passengers to come on shore. In our case, nobody came near us; neither custom-house nor health officers. After paying the presumed law the compliment of an hour's delay, we left the Ferdinand, having first inscribed our united satisfaction of our treatment on board, in a book kept for that purpose by the captain. The Internuncio with his lady and suite rowed off in the gay state *caique* of the embassy, not without offering some of their fellow passengers the advantage of landing in the same dignified mode. We, however, preferred a more modest conveyance: we hailed a two-oared *caique;* Knox, Barton, and myself poised ourselves in the unsteady bark, and proceeded to the *scala* at Galata. Here, as usual, a scene of uproar and confusion ensued, by the porters fighting among themselves for the honour of carrying our baggage, which seemed to belong to anybody except the owners, as they alone had no voice in the removal of it. This scene, of hourly

occurrence, is very embarrassing to a stranger, and somewhat alarming, for a Turkish row at first wears the appearance of leading to a bloody termination, — so fierce the gesticulations, so angry the denunciations, of the parties; but it always ends in words. On this occasion, the *skellesi bashi* (wharf-master), an old acquaintance of mine, soon restored order, shewing thereby his pleasure at my return, by laying his thick stick of office on the shoulders of the disputants, in a manner which we supposed ought to have broken them. We loaded three swarthy turbanned fellows, and, followed by them, wended our way through the narrow, dirty, ill-odorous, yet vine-festooned streets of Galata; we climbed up the steep hill, which, like the stairs at Malta, makes one, if not swear, as Byron says, pant and perspire in a most ungentlemanlike way; we stopped at each favourable spot to gaze over the minarets of Tophana on scenes of more than earthly beauty, and in due time reached the well known boarding house of Giuseppino, up a narrow lane off the narrow street of Pera, where there are beds without fleas, and fare suitable to English palates; with an obliging master and mistress, who will put a stranger in the best way of laying out his money in sabres, shawls, pipes, otto of roses, and korans, as well as let him into

the secret of doing and seeing what is not always done and seen easily. There are many such establishments at Pera, but the *casa Giuseppino* is *par excellence* the English house, and its list of English visiters within the last ten years, since Constantinople has been included in an ordinary tour, from north, south, east, and west, of all ranks and professions, is alone a curiosity. Since the time of which I write, it has had the honour of lodging Prince George of Cambridge, and boasts of not having charged His Royal Highness one piastre more than would have been charged to the simplest individual. In this respect the hostelry of the East reads a lesson to the hotels of the West, where rank has such a marvellous effect on the bill, as I ascertained when accompanying Princes Charles and Alexander of Solms in an excursion round the Isle of Wight. Their Highnesses no doubt concluded that high charging was the mode adopted by English landlords of shewing respect. We fortunately found Giuseppino's house nearly vacant: one English gentleman was in it, and a young Frenchman, the Duke de Caylus and Levi, peer of France, and a Spanish grandee of the first class. An Irish family named Bradshaw, arrived a few days afterwards, accompanied by Mr. Mahony, a Roman Catholic priest, well known as the

talented Father Prout of Frazer's Magazine. His agreeable, witty conversation proved quite refreshing. As one of our companions was an Irish Protestant landholder, he and the priest found themselves standing in a natural relation of antagonism, and hot and humorous arguments were the consequence, at times, on the divan after dinner.

The young Duke was our chief treat. He was a wild eccentric youth, without wanting for sense. He loved to dress one day as a Turk, another day as an Egyptian, and thus ride about the streets. As these dresses were no longer worn by anybody, he appeared as much in masquerade at Pera as he would have seemed, thus habited, on the *Boulevard des Italiens*. His appearance in the beloved garb proscribed by Sultan Mahmoud, made quite a sensation. "Ah!" observed a Turk one day with a sigh, after looking at him with attention, "I suppose the young man wears that dress to shew us what fools we were to leave it off." The Duke de Caylus' father* emigrated at the revolution to

* The Duke de Caylus is descended, by the father's side, from a bastard of the great Condé; by his mother's side he descends from the Dukes of Levi. The Dukes of Levi pretended to trace their descent directly from the tribe of Levi. There was a picture in the family gallery before the revolu-

England, and became a colonel in our service. At the restoration, the family received an indemnity of 3,000,000 francs,—about equal to what their revenue would have been had the property escaped confiscation. His father died when he was three years old. He is thus among the few French peers who have inherited the dignity, and considering that he obtained it so young, may live to see himself the only legislator in France, with a right independent of royal favour or popular suffrage.

There is philosophy in dress. The Turk's observation on the appearance of the Duke de Caylus, had relation also to the moral change produced by the new costume, which may be considered as the index to another order of things. While dress distinguished the Turk from the raya, he despised his ways, and kept aloof from pursuits which debase the mind; but since he is made to resemble him in person, he no longer stands out in relief among his race when performing a low action—who knows that it is not a raya! His attempts at civilization lower him in the eyes of the Frank. "*Plus les Turcs se civilisent plus ils deviennent canaille,*"

tion, in which the ancestor of the Duke of Levi was represented as paying the Virgin a visit after her confinement. "*Bon jour, mon cousin,*" said Mary to him.

is a common saying among the *lingua-franca* race of Pera, containing in its own bosom perhaps the canaille of Christendom. Poor Turks! we called you barbarians when you refused to conform to our ways; now that you imitate us, we call you rogues. We may be right in the abstract, but are we justified in blaming the Turks for having deteriorated individually and nationally in the process to which they have been subjected by Sultan Mahmoud? I think not. Man is the creature of circumstances; and those made for the Turks since 1826, have not been of a nature to exalt and purify the mind. Innovation did that for the Turk which misfortune had failed to do: it demoralized him. It effected also that which the Russians had not succeeded in doing: it shook the imperial throne in the affections of the people.

We soon perceived that the Sultan was more than ever bent on attacking Mehemet Ali. His army of the Taurus was keeping itself in wind by skirmishing with the Kurds, exciting at the same time immense discontent by its exactions. All accounts, however, concurred in stating its condition to be deplorable. Every man of foresight, whether Turk or Frank, dreaded another collision with the Egyptians, but none dared give the Sultan good advice. The monarch felt

so sure of vanquishing his regal vassal, and of being assisted in the task by the powers of Europe, that he caused his minister, Nourrey Bey, to write a circular, Sept. 1838, to the Cabinets of Europe, acquainting them that the time was arrived to chastise the rebel, and inviting them to assist; and in order to relieve their minds about Mehemet Ali, he promised to give him a pretty *iali* (house on the Bosphorus) to pass the remainder of his days in. Fatuity could go no further. When this dispatch reached Vienna, the members of the council were literally mute with astonishment. Offer Mehemet Ali, the master of 100,000 men, a house on the Bosphorus to live in!—the man who, if unrestrained by Europe, might have marched to Constantinople as a conqueror, and sat down in the imperial seraglio! Hafiz Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the army of the Taurus, wrote about the same time a truly discouraging account of his army to Sayd Pasha, the minister of war, and complained bitterly of the want of doctors and medicines. Among other disclosures, it appeared that the apothecaries of the army had been in the habit of selling their drugs at their weight in gold. Sayd Pasha, on this, organized a new medical staff, and placed Dr. Maddelena, (whom I had met at Scutari, in Upper Albania),

at the head of it, with a salary of 40,000 piastres (400*l.*) This upset a precious scheme of some French adventuring quacks to obtain the monopoly of medicating the Turkish army, in which they nearly succeeded, through their countryman, an interpreter of Redschid Pasha. Supplies of medicines were sent down, with quantities of other stores, all indicative of another brush in Syria. The troops of the Taurus had lately been suffering frightfully from typhus. The Prussian instructors wrote to their chief, Baron Fincke, at Constantinople, that one regiment (2000 strong) had lost 900 men by it in the six months preceding the date of their communication, about Sept. 1838. It was generally admitted that the Turkish army gained very little by the presence of Prussian officers. They came too late, and never had real power entrusted to them. There was besides a total want of non-commissioned officers.

Thus in the following April (1839), when the Sultan finally ordered his army to march on Syria, no person in Constantinople, excepting one of the ambassadors, doubted of the disastrous issue, which lost the Porte its army and fleet, and prepared the way for an European intervention, the most fatal occurrence possible for Turkey.

We had no occasion, however, to go to Mount

Taurus to form an opinion about the Sultan's army. The troops in the capital were, if possible, more unsoldierly, and certainly more ragged, than when I had seen them two years before. The cloth of their uniforms was so inferior, that we English wondered where such could be found. The word *job* explained it. One Constantine, Khosrew Pasha's doctor, had the contract for clothing the army, and had made a handsome fortune by it, giving a *bonus*, no doubt, to his master. His mode was, to produce as a sample a piece of tolerably good cloth; the price was fixed accordingly: but the bales which followed were always of inferior quality.

I was admiring the new palace from the water one day: "Ah!" said one of my *caikgis* (boatmen), "the Sultan would do better to spend his money in clothing the troops." "Hush! man," I observed, "you are one of the old school: you are a Janissary."

I had seen the commencement of this palace (at Beshiktash) in 1834, and now, Oct. 1838, beheld in it one of the most elegant constructions in the world; consisting of a graceful union of the Grecian and Arabian styles, in perfect keeping with the surrounding objects. Wherever Nature has to be ornamented, the Turks appear incapable of doing amiss; they cannot build

either out of place or out of character; they have the eye of taste in all that regards picturesque effect. They attain, without effort, the most harmonious concurrence of felicities: each rock, each tree, each undulation of the shore, is made subservient to the general design, or apparently adapts itself to it by chance, while the prospect from the windows is always all that can be desired: the favoured angle of the divan, wherein, cushioned, the voluptuous Ottoman reclines, caressing his amber-tipped pipe, inhaling the fragrance of his garden, and watching the glancing caiques, or the play of light and shade on the hills and water, is always where an artist would take his stand to paint himself into celebrity. For this reason a Turkish town is never built regularly; each man aims at the individual enjoyment of fine views; and in a contrary sense, the pictorial effect from without, rather than convenience, is studied, in choosing the sites of public edifices.

I had thought it impossible to add to the beauty of the Bosphorus: I found, however, that the Turks had recently effected this, conferring at the same time a benefit on navigation, by raising stone constructions on the various sandbanks in the strait, and which, being under water, had often caused vessels to stick fast.

These constructions, rising about three feet above the water, of an octagon form, were surmounted by elegant ornaments: on one of them stood an obelisk, surrounded by pillars, connected by iron chains; on another appeared a large classic vase filled with flowers; on another a tree was planted, etc. The charming effect of such ornaments in the middle of a broad and deep stream may be conceived. The dovelike gulls, which, caressed and undisturbed, call the Bosphorus their own, found these marks of great comfort as resting places. Iron rings fastened in the stones serve for ships to hang on by when caught by a foul wind in going towards Bujukdereh.

Sultan Mahmoud's building propensity has very much improved Turkish architecture, adding to it convenience without lessening its originality. The bridge over the Golden Horn, built by his orders in 1837, and open gratis to the public, is singularly elegant as well as of infinite utility. The architect was a Greek. It is of wood, raised on floating rafts of solid timber, securely moored. It is arched in two places to admit of the passage of boats, and one portion of the structure is removable in order that the ships of war may pass to and from the arsenal. There has only once before been a

question of making a bridge over the harbour of Constantinople, notwithstanding the great necessity for one. Michael Angelo proposed a plan to Sultan Solyman, by whom it was accepted, and was about to repair to Constantinople to carry it into execution, when the Pope, ashamed that so great a genius should seek employment out of Christendom, made peace with him, and agreed to his conditions regarding the construction of St. Peter's, which were that he should not be interfered with by any self-important cardinals in the prosecution of his splendid designs. Michael Angelo would have made a nobler and more enduring bridge over the Golden Horn: one which would have been as great a trophy of art as the dome of St. Peter's, but he could not have made one more suited to the purposes for which it was required. The only fear is that the necessary repairs, on account of the lightness of the superstructure, will be neglected. It was amusing to notice that the dogs had established a post on the bridge, as in all the leading thoroughfares of the city: hitherto the four-footed scavengers on either side of the harbour had possessed no means of communicating with each other.

In addition to the palace at *Beshik-tash*, the Sultan was building another one higher up the

stream, for his third daughter, who was expected to be married shortly. I also observed an elegant new palace at *Balta Liman*, built by the Sultan's order for the father of Sayd Pasha, his son-in-law. Sayd Pasha was a needy man in 1835: he has since married the Princess Mihirmah, and he and all his kindred now possess fine houses, Arabian horses, and diamonds. The Princess Mihirmah, whose nuptial festival I witnessed in May 1836, died in the spring of 1838 of an attempt to produce a miscarriage. This was on account of the Sultan having repented of the declaration which he had made at the marriage of his eldest daughter, Saliheh, in 1834, that royal infanticide should no longer be practised, but that, contrary to the royal usage, the sons of the daughters of the house of Othman should be permitted to live. The Princess Saliheh's boy died opportunely about the time when the Sultan revoked his humane order, and it was then intimated to the Princess Mihirmah that the infant of which she was *enceinte* would not be suffered to live, if male. Poor Mihirmah determined to choose the least of two evils: she felt certain that her offspring would be a boy because her thoughts were always dwelling on one, but the cruel warning arrived when she was six months

advanced in pregnancy. The process of alleviation, which in Turkey is unattended with danger in an early stage, proved fatal to her. The Sultan, it is said, was overwhelmed with grief at the death of his favourite daughter, as well he might be: he immediately issued a firman, denouncing the practice of abortion throughout his dominions. There was not much chance of its being obeyed, the practice being a favourite one with Turkish ladies on various accounts. All firmans against national usages have ever been inoperative in Turkey, and, when enforced, have generally caused revolt, or been frustrated by passive resistance. Sultan Mahmoud, however, had, for several years, ceased to give any attention to the execution of his firmans, excepting such as related to the peculiar objects of his government, viz. the extinction of Janissariism and the creation of an army. So as he obtained money for his pleasures, and had fine weather, and heard Mehemet Ali abused, and was called handsome, he was satisfied in all other respects.

Sultan Mahmoud's hatred of Mehemet Ali, and his personal vanity, were his weak points during the latter years of his life. By playing on these strings skilfully, his courtiers gained their ends. Inattention to them cost Perteff

Pasha his life, an event which did the Sultan immense mischief in the eyes of everybody in his dominions, whether natives or foreigners. I believe that the tale is not well known out of Turkey: I will therefore briefly relate it. We arrive at a knowledge of the real character of a sovereign by particular acts rather than by the policy of his cabinet, while probably there is no instance on record of the personal character of a monarch having so much influenced the fate of an empire as that of Mahmoud II. Perteff Pasha (Minister of the Interior, in 1837,) was commonly cited as the last of the Turks; that is, he was steadily attached to the honour and welfare of his country, and, as a true Mussulman, disliked innovations on the spirit of the Koran. At the same time he was no bigot, and his zeal and aptitude for business rendered him very acceptable to the European ambassadors. Their Excellencies universally regarded him with esteem, and considered his possession of office as one of the best guarantees for the safety of Turkey. Perteff was a reformer, though not in the anti-Mohammedan sense introduced by the Sultan: he wished to reform rather than to innovate: he knew that Turkey had been great and prosperous under the rule of the Solymans and the Amuraths, and he desired to

return to the ancient order of things rather than force new laws on the people. He therefore stood alone among the ministers, and though useful to the state and respected by the people, he became obnoxious to the Sultan. The particular cause, however, which alienated his master's mind from him, grew out of the Sultan's picture. My reader well knows that the Koran, in the spirit of our second commandment, forbids the representation of any of God's creatures, and in consequence Turkey has remained to this hour without picture galleries, or any kind of paintings excepting some high-coloured views of Constantinople on the wainscoats of the *cafenehs* and houses. There has always been, it is true, in the seraglio, a scroll of parchment, containing the miniature portraits of the sultans, from the conqueror of Constantinople downwards; but as they were rarely shewn except to the intimates of the palace, the "Faithful" were not scandalized by this infraction of the law. It was merely a private delinquency. Sultan Mahmoud went a step farther in 1830, by having his picture taken by an amateur artist, an *attaché* of the Sardinian embassy at Constantinople, from which prints were struck off and sold in Europe. In the ensuing years other pictures of his Highness were taken

and multiplied in copies. Still, no comments were made on this Christian propensity of the Sultan: the pictures remained in the palace, and among orientals the interior of a dwelling is sacred from remark.

In 1837 the Sultan directed that a copy of his picture should be placed in each of the barracks, and other public establishments. A grand ceremonial was arranged. Orders were given that the pictures, framed in the same way as the Greeks frame their pictures of the Virgin, should be conveyed across the Bosphorus, from the palace of Beyler Bey, in the state *caiques*; that they should be received at the different *scalas* (landing-places) with the honours due to the person of the sovereign: the Pashas were to attend in state, the troops to present arms to the pictures, the artillery to salute them, etc. Perteff Pasha looked on this proceeding not only as very foolish, but as perfectly idolatrous, and well calculated to bring the Sultan into disrepute with the people. He expressed this opinion roundly to the Sultan, and besought him to change his mind. Mahmoud was obstinate. The pictures were received by the authorities of the empire, and conveyed to their destinations, as though they had been so many living deities. It is hardly necessary to remark that Perteff, while

shewing himself a good Mussulman and a faithful subject, betrayed on this occasion a want of courtiership. He had reason to repent of it. Some of the courtiers who were kept in check by Perteff's probity, took advantage of the circumstance to lay a train for his ruin. Every man in Turkey, on arriving at power, finds a party ready to turn him out, no matter by what means. Perteff's opposition to the pictures would not have sufficed in itself, but it had accomplished the principal end, viz. indisposing the Sultan's mind towards him. His dislike to many of the reforms introduced by the Sultan was notorious, and he was in the habit of expressing his opinions freely on them. He was especially opposed to the regular army, which he termed an expensive toy. He wished to see it disbanded, and the *redif* (militia) to do the military duty of the empire. The regular troops, he observed, are not feared by the enemy, and are disliked by the people: the *redif* may be equally despised in the field, but it enjoys popular favour. It is apparent from this that Perteff was inimical to farther hostilities against Mehemet Ali, and that was another reason why the Sultan should dislike him. Halil Pasha, a son-in-law of the Sultan, undertook the task of completing Perteff's ruin: he commissioned one Husseyin

Pasha, a brigadier-general, to go to him, and elicit his sentiments. Perteff, who knew Husseyin intimately, was unprepared for treachery, and entered freely on the subject of the army, speaking of it in the way above mentioned. Armed with this evidence, Halil repaired to the Sultan. After a preamble about his duty as a subject, his affection as a son, the honour of the Sultan's name, and the glory of the empire, he unfolded the awful announcement that Perteff was in his heart no better than a janissary, and confessedly opposed to the Sultan's glorious army. I need not inform my reader that the regular army, all wretched as it was, was Sultan Mahmoud's hobby, on which he especially plumed himself. Mahmoud, it is said, started off the sofa with rage when he heard that his minister had dared to speak slightingly of his pet creation. He was about to order him instantly into his presence, but Halil, with Machiavelian art, checked a hasty ebullition, which might have given the accused an opportunity of excusing himself. He insinuated that Husseyin might have erred in his report, it being hardly credible that a man of Perteff's sense could entertain such wild notions: he begged that before anything should be decided on, another person might be sent to Perteff in order to ascer-

tain if Husseyin's report was correct or not. The Sultan consented to this proposal, and Sayd Bey, a page of the seraglio, was selected for the delicate mission. The result may be anticipated. Sayd, tutored by Halil, found no difficulty in leading the unwary Perteff again to the subject of the army. Perteff fell a second time into the snare—again spoke his sentiments freely—and sealed his doom. Halil waited on the Sultan the following morning, and said that the tale was unfortunately too true; Sayd confirmed Husseyin's evidence. He added that he deeply regretted the circumstance, for Perteff was his friend, but his duty to the Sultan was paramount to any private consideration. This took place at nine in the morning. An hour afterwards Perteff, who was coming to the palace when met by the *capidgi* sent in quest of him, was on his way to Adrianople. The order for banishment was so peremptory, that he was not allowed to return home to provide himself with necessaries for the journey. He rode that day through heavy rain to St. Stephano, where he passed the night in his brother's house. The next morning he continued his journey, and on the fifth day reached Adrianople. His fate was soon decided. After ten days, Emin Pasha, the Pasha of Adrianople, received the firman of

death. He sent for his prisoner, shewed him the warrant, and courteously bid him choose his mode of dying. Perteff asked for coffee. The poisoned draft was soon prepared. Perteff drank it in the Pasha's presence, and then retired to his own lodging to die. The much extolled firmness of Socrates is often surpassed by some stoical Osmanley. Not hearing of the result in the course of an hour, Emin Pasha became uneasy, and sent to inquire after the victim of court intrigue. The messenger reported that Perteff gave no signs of death, that apparently the poison wanted strength. Emin then gave orders to smother him: this was done, and the head sent to Constantinople.

Perteff's son-in-law, Wassaf Effendi, a *divan effendisi*, or secretary of the imperial council, was involved in his fate; he was put to death about the same time at Varna, and his body thrown on the beach to the dogs. I had known Wassaf Effendi in the autumn of 1835, when we lay encamped together in Upper Albania, and I cannot express how shocked I felt at hearing of the death, so little to be expected in that way, of one whose talents, gentlemanly demeanour, and liberal sentiments, had marked him as likely to arrive at, and retain, the highest honours of the state. Each of these men was a loss to Turkey.

The barbarity of their execution struck all Turkey with horror. The warmest partizans of the Sultan scarcely ventured to defend the act, which savoured of the worst era of despotism. They endeavoured, however, to shew that the victims deserved their fate on account of official corruption. That accusation applies to all men in office in Turkey. Still, admitting that they were guilty, which never appeared, it was justly argued that it ill became the Sultan, who prided himself, and was extolled, for having entered the ways of civilization, to put his ministers thus treacherously to death. By this act, Mahmoud raised himself enemies from among his own party, and had he not died on the following year, he might have had reason to apprehend assassination. He had become capricious, like Paul of Russia, which, added to his innate rigour, made him truly an object of dread.

Some months before Perteff's fall, the Sultan sent him the plan of a palace, on a large scale, with orders to build one on a vacant place in Stamboul, which required to be filled up. Perteff observed that he had no occasion for such a residence; he lived quietly with one wife. However, he submitted to the bleeding with a good grace. At his death, the palace, which was nearly finished, became the Sultan's by law, with

all the deceased's property. The Sultan directed Akkif Effendi to complete the structure, and furnish it handsomely. When finished, he made it a present to his sister, *Esmeh Sultana*.

A short time afterwards, the Sultan observed a house at Scutari which pleased him. He sent to the owner (a *ridjal*, or Turkish noble) to know its value; as he wished to purchase it. The owner was simple enough to take the Sultan's words literally, and sent in an account of the price. The Sultan was incensed at the man's insolence. He ordered the house to be seized, and exiled its master as a punishment for not having been too happy to *give* his dwelling to his sovereign. The poor fellow was allowed to compound for banishment by paying a fine of 300,000 piastres (3000*l.*), his house at the same time being given to Sayd Pasha, a son-in-law of the Sultan. It was certainly very foolish on his part to suppose for one moment that the Sultan intended to buy his house; the offer was only meant to give him an opportunity of laying it at the royal feet; it always having been the custom of eastern kings to consider the property of their subjects as their own, and individuals as being highly honoured from whom any thing was demanded.

Such were a few of Sultan Mahmoud's acts during the few months which preceded the

wildest, and (save one) the most fatal act of his life, viz. his attack on Mehemet Ali in the spring of 1839; an act which can only be accounted for by presuming that anger at his great vassal's ambition, and the desire to humble him, had partially disordered his intellect; and can only be partly excused by his reliance, induced by the avowed sentiments of certain diplomatists at Constantinople, on the aid of one or other of the great Powers. But for that prospect, notwithstanding his eagerness to march on Syria, it is doubtful whether he would have risked his all on one cast.

I need not discuss the question who was the aggressor, the Sultan or Mehemet Ali: the result which might have been expected, is what we have to consider, and that comprised the destruction of the third army raised by Sultan Mahmoud, at the expense of much treasure and discontent, the transfer of his fleet from the Dardanelles to Alexandria, and the development of disorganization in Roumelia and Asia Minor. At the same time I may say that it is notorious to everybody in the East that the Ottomans committed the first aggression. The government of Syria having been guaranteed to Mehemet Ali by the "agreement" of Kiutaya, in 1833, at which envoys from the Russian, French

and English ambassadors, at Constantinople, assisted, he had a right to expect to be left undisturbed by the Sultan, and, further, to hope that the great Powers would insist on Mahmoud adhering to the "convention" made with him under their auspices, after the battles of Homs and Koriah had laid the empire at his feet. So far from that being the case, the Sultan never ceased to intrigue against him in Syria, nor concealed his intention of wresting the province from him if possible; and it is well known that emissaries from one of the European ambassadors at Constantinople aided the Sultan's views by exciting the Druses against the Egyptian government. This obliged Mehemet Ali to maintain a large army on foot, at a ruinous expense to himself and people, who necessarily felt his government oppressive in consequence. And when the Sultan's army finally reached the Syrian frontier in May 1839, and crossed the Euphrates, it began operations by inciting the Syrians to revolt. Sixty villages obeyed the call of Hafiz Pasha to throw off Mehemet Ali's yoke: the Turkish army supplied them with arms, and their commander-in-chief rewarded the *ayans* (notables) with pelisses of honour. Ibrahim Pasha forbore for nearly a month to repel this open and peculiarly dangerous hosti-

lity, which placed him in a position of imminent peril. At length, June 24, when forbearance any longer would have been folly on his part, and have compromised himself and his father, he attacked the Ottomans at the village of Nezib, and in two hours routed and drove them over the Euphrates. He was about to march into Asia Minor, when an aid-de-camp of Marshal Soult arrived at his head quarters, and dissuaded him from this step. He rested on his laurels, and Mehemet Ali waited in expectation that Europe would admit his claim to the hereditary government of Egypt and Syria. The old Pasha deceived himself, as well as committed a great mistake. Had he declared his independence directly after the victory, there can be no doubt —so strong was the popular feeling in France in his favour—the French government would have acknowledged him. Instead of adopting this bold and *prudent* course, which would probably have compelled England to favour his views, he temporized in the hopes of obtaining from her good-will what necessity alone will draw from her, and allowed his fortunes to be entangled in a diplomatic web from which it will require all his talents to extricate them.

Sultan Mahmoud lived long enough, though not till the news of the battle of Nezib arrived,

to know how fatally he had erred in the estimate of his own resources, and how grievously he had miscalculated on the assistance of others. His death-bed exhibited a melancholy picture of disappointed pride, impotent revenge, and hopeless despondency. When he besought his Pashas to guard his youthful heir, he acknowledged the important truth—known already to all except himself—that his innovations had undermined the "divine right" of his family; a right which had been so considered only because it had always harmonized with cherished usages, founded on, and consistent with them. The idea of a dying Sultan recommending his heir to the fidelity of the Divan would, previously, have been as preposterous as the notion of a king of England recommending his successor to the good will of Parliament. But Mahmoud felt, when too late, that in invading the traditional laws of his nation, revered like the household gods of old, he had given the disaffected arms such as they had never before wielded. Neither Paswan Oglou, nor Ali Pasha (of Yanina) was enabled to appeal to national fanaticism to oppose the Porte: Mahmoud knew that Mehemet Ali had done so successfully, and might profit still more by the feeling. The film of death, while shading the eyes, enables

the mental vision to see clearer than it had ever done before; and as the passions, emblems of mortality, sink down on the brink of eternity, reason, the index of the soul, gazes distinctly on the past and reads the future; it sees causes divested of the colouring of prejudice and flattery, and anticipates the unerring effects which must follow. Sultan Mahmoud, at the dread moment when the book of life stands open, and the startled conscience scans its contents at a glance, must have seen that he had played the game of the desperate gamester; each loss urging him on to try another and a greater stake. Untaught by experience, he had made each disaster a stepping-stone to another. Weakened by the Grecian war of independence, he destroyed the Janissaries, the supporters of the throne, though oftentimes the enemies of its possessor: rendered helpless by that blow, he rushed into a war with Russia: paralysed by the result of that contest, he entered into a civil war with the Pasha of Egypt: and in the midst of the general conflagration he amused himself, like Nero who fiddled while Rome was burning, by building palaces at Constantinople, and illuminating the banks of the Bosphorus.

CHAPTER X.

THE JANISSARIES—MEHEMET ALI—EGYPTIAN AND TURKISH POWER—RUSSIA—CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE principal event of Sultan Mahmoud's life was the destruction of the Janissaries. He no doubt conscientiously believed that he had thereby removed the only obstacle to the regeneration of the empire. Various attempts, each ending in revolution, had previously been made, in the course of two centuries, to overthrow that powerful body. It might appear presumptuous to offer a decided opinion of the effect which such an exhibition of sovereign power might have produced a century earlier. I am inclined to think that the measure would even then have proved doubtful in its results, on account of the immediate connexion of the Janissaries with the powerful *Ulema* and the venerated religious order of the Bektashes;* but

* Hadgi Bektash (a santon of great fame) sanctified the infant corps of Janissaries at Adrianople, 1389, at Sultan

in the present era it could only be destructive to Turkey, as succeeding events have plainly shewn. Whatever evil may have existed in the constitution of the Janissaries, and there was no doubt a great deal, the body was so intimately interwoven with the habits, pursuits, traditions, and religion of the people, that any change in its organization was calculated to be felt in the remotest relations of society,—*à fortiori*, a blow aimed at its existence. Turkey was an old, a heterogeneously formed, and, it might be said, a decrepit body politic: the very ills which it nourished in its bosom had become necessary to it. The cancer had wound its filaments round its limbs, and penetrated its vitals. Jannissarism was the expression of national will in every

Amurath's request. Holding his sleeve over the foremost file, he said, "Let them be called *Yenicheri* (new soldiers), may their countenances be ever bright, their hands victorious; may their spears hang over the heads of their enemies; and wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face." In consequence, the pendant of the Janissary's cap was made in the form of a dervish's sleeve. The names of the Janissaries and the Bektashes were thenceforwards nearly synonymous: their interests were indissolubly linked together. The order was very rich, spread over the empire, and respected by the rich and poor. The blow struck at the Janissaries rebounded on the Bektashes. Sultan Mahmoud instantly proclaimed the dissolution of their order.

part of the empire excepting in Egypt and Koordistan, and even there its influence was acknowledged: its enrolled members were the representatives of the people. Every act of the Janissaries as a body was the act of the Turkish people, prompted by it, and sanctioned by its fiat: what they wished or feared, was wished or feared by the people. Their rule of action was based on the Koran: their principles were stationary conservatism and equity. They willingly aided the Porte, at times, to subdue a rebellious province; they would hang up or impale the ringleaders; but would not allow a single national or provincial right to be disturbed. They were equally ready to dethrone an obnoxious Sultan; but the succession was sacred in their eyes,—the right of the family of Othman to reign was inviolable. They refused in the former case to punish the many, for the misdeeds of a few; they would not in the latter case visit on the son the sins of the father. They considered themselves, and acted, as the guardians of the rights of every class in the empire; and hence, while shielding the people from the exercise of despotic power, they secured the throne from the effects of rebellion. Spread over the empire, and mingling in all the pursuits and callings of the people, they joined to

their local influence, necessarily acquired by this dissemination, the power of centralization, in virtue of the manifold ties which bound them to Constantinople, and the obedience due to their supreme chief, the Janissary-Aga. They were a part of the people in every respect—at the same time formed a separate body in the state. By their means the Porte exercised a direct influence in every pashalik, and retained it even when a pasha was in open revolt, or had succeeded in obtaining an acquiescence in his *quasi* independence. The Aga of the Janissaries in each province bore the same relation to the Porte, through the supreme Janissary-Aga, as the chief of the secret police in each government of Russia bears to the emperor. He corresponded directly with the Porte. The Porte, through his means, might obtain notice of treasonable designs on the part of a pasha, or in the event of the latter having raised the standard of rebellion, might concert intrigues against him, and be ready to profit by circumstances. The rebel might gain the Janissary-Aga of the pashalik over to his interests, but dared not infringe his rights, because his own authority was more or less dependent on the goodwill of the provincial Janissaries: any attempt to decrease their power would have roused the Janissary

esprit de corps throughout the empire, and have given the Porte irresistible power—the power of opinion. This accounts for the non-result of ambition in powerful rebel pashas, and explains the facility with which usurped authority was oftentimes noiselessly subverted. A pasha frequently obtained regal sway in substance, and retained it despite the efforts of the Porte, neither paying tribute nor heeding its firmans; but the mere indication of a desire to invade the constitution of the empire—which prescribed, among other regulations, an Othman for the sovereign—in other words, to make himself independent, or to alter existing laws, would have stripped him of his power: the Janissaries would have abandoned him. The pasha had always a spy in his presence in the person of his Janissary-Aga, an accredited minister of the Porte, it might be said, at his vice-regal court. Further, the long habit of exacting obedience, the power of combination, and the moral weight of the name of the Janissaries, kept together the discordant materials which composed the Turkish empire, and effected the seeming miracle of a monarch without a regular army—ruled himself by women and eunuchs,—retaining twenty different nations, of as many tongues and of nearly as many religions, under his rule.

The instant we understand the nature of the Janissaries the mystery is explained. The Janissary corps were the links which connected Islamism all over the empire; they were fastnesses of the Porte's authority in the Christian provinces. Had a pasha, aspiring after independence, named a wish, he would have said, "remove the Janissaries:" had a Christian province, sighing for emancipation, expressed a desire it would have said, "remove the Janissaries." Unfortunately, Sultan Mahmoud saw only the licentious pretorian bands of his capital: he cut them down, and the example was joyfully followed by the pashas in the provinces. With them disappeared the cohesive bond of the empire, and the throne no longer found support in the moral opinion of which they had been the representatives. Mahmoud became from that hour a mere king, like many others, trusting for support to mercenary troops. The "divine right," which had borne his family through centuries of misrule, corruption, and tyranny—through long periods of domestic misfortune and national degradation—ceased to be acknowledged by the Turkish nation from the moment he turned his sword against the body, which, impersonifying its dogmas and prejudices, had been, during 400 years, the guar-

dian of its rights and the organ of its remonstrances.

Inattention to, or ignorance of, the subject caused Europe to err widely in her opinion about the policy of the destruction of the Janissaries. She thought that Mahmoud had done a wise thing; but history, if I mistake not, will pronounce it an act of folly. Charles XII. was called a great man when he marched on Moscow; the battle of Pultawa made him be deemed a madman. Results alone prove the merit of an action in politics or war. And yet we may feel surprised that the politicians of Western Europe should have viewed so cursorily the tremendous act of Sultan Mahmoud in June 1826: they ought hardly to have supposed that the destruction of a powerful body whose influence in the state was of four centuries growth, would involve no consequences beyond the grief of relatives, and the indignation of a few partizans. Europe acted as if her persuasion had been, that the blood of the Janissaries would have dried up where it fell, in the streets of Constantinople. The very act, which in itself was calculated to shake the fabric of society to its centre, and to paralyse the energies of the state, was the signal, apparently, for Turkey's allies to leave her to her fate, instead of redoubling their efforts to aid her:

the following year they destroyed her fleet, and the year after let her plunge into a war with her hereditary foe, without offering her a word of counsel, or affording her the slightest countenance.*

The fact is, Europe laboured under a complete delusion. She fancied that Sultan Mahmoud had done the Turks a great favour in destroying the Janissaries: he had in fact committed an act of HIGH TREASON to the nation. This is not a mere idle assertion not admitting of proof: everybody who has examined the subject admits now the connexion between the Janissaries and the nationality of Turkey. Even the most careless observer, the hasty traveller in the East, and the journalist in Europe who occasionally glances at the events which have chequered it during the

* Nearly simultaneously with Russia's declaration of war against Turkey in 1828, the French and English ambassadors at the Ottoman Porte left Turkey, together with all the consuls and agents of France and England. This state of things continued till June 1829, a few weeks before the peace of Adrianople. If France and England had had representatives at the Porte during the war, an honourable peace might have been arranged for Turkey before the passage of the Balkans. The Emperor Nicolas was tired of the war, and only wanted a pretext for making peace. When ambassadors finally arrived at Constantinople the mischief was done; the success of General Diebitch was sure.

last fourteen years, cannot help remarking the lately accelerated decline of the empire, and endeavouring to find the cause. They invariably stop at the destruction of the Janissaries. They are obliged to admit that *there*, in Talleyrand's words, lay "*le commencement de la fin*;" although, unwilling to contradict their opinions, they may still say that the Sultan was in the right, and that events only are to blame.

Europe is, I believe, now aware of the fact that the destruction of the Janissaries was not the stepping-stone to Turkish regeneration, but rather acted as an earthquake's shock to a tottering edifice; but she is still insensible to another and more important result, produced by it, viz. the separation of the throne from the nation. The nation was Mussulman. The Janissaries were its representatives; and when they were overthrown the house of Othman ceased to reign morally. Its right was based on Mussulman institutions, and it fell with them. The path was then open to successful rebellion; the imperial throne was again a prize to which ambition might aspire. Mehemet Ali saw the crisis in its real light: his power, silently formed in Egypt where the Janissaries had never existed, extended itself over Syria, without effort, in 1832. Fanaticism was with him; the national

feeling was in his favour, for he had never bowed to a Christian power, and his successes shed lustre on the Mussulman name. Nothing was said about the "divine right" of the Othman family—that was a dead letter—and had he not been restrained by Europe, unprepared for the change in Turkish sentiments, he might have girded on the sabre of Othman amidst the acclamations of the Turks. The circumstance of the Sultan calling in the aid of Christians in 1833, to support his throne against Mussulmans, completed in the mind of his subjects the alienation which his adoption of Anti-Mussulman usages had commenced. The Mussulmans—they compose the nation—seeing the Christian tendencies of the Sultan, began from that moment to think of another leader.

This is a fact too important to be overlooked in the examination of the Eastern question: attention to it may solve the problem. At the present moment Western Europe is anxiously intent on preserving the integrity of the Ottoman empire, as the only barrier to Russian ambition. But, judging by her proceedings, she is acting without cognizance of facts. She evidently shrinks from the contemplation of what the Ottoman empire is. She reasons from the past: and because the house of Othman long commanded

the devotion and the sympathy of all the Mussulmans under its sceptre, supposes it must do so still. While she supports the throne of Constantinople, she believes that she is consolidating the empire; as long as an Othman reigns, she fancies that Russia is completely opposed in her designs. A glance, however, at the state of facts, will shew the hollow ground on which she is treading. Turkey now consists of two great political divisions: the division ruled by the Sultan, and the division under the Egyptian sway. The Sultan has for his share the provinces, a considerable part of the population of which is Christian, and the Christians are *on principle* indisposed to his government: he is in the hands of the Christian powers: and he is utterly defenceless, as far as his own resources are concerned, against Russia. Mehemet Ali rules directly the bulk of the Mussulman population of the empire, he holds the keys of the faith, as it were, in the possession of the holy cities, and has the sympathy, more or less, of the Mussulmans in the provinces of Asia Minor and of Roumelia: he is in no ways connected with the Christian powers: he has an army and a fleet, and is able to defend himself against any body. Mehemet Ali is capable of resuscitating the Ottoman empire, in Asia certainly, and he

has sufficient cunning to cope with the cabinet of St. Petersburg. Each year adds to the anarchy of the provinces under the Porte; each day shews the dependence of the Sultan on foreign assistance.

The superior power of Mehemet Ali, compared with the Sultan's, is a truism which it would be idle to dwell on; every person in Europe who reads a newspaper confesses this; and every one who reflects on the subject may readily arrive at the reason of it. Let the European powers hold aloof, and leave the rivals—the Sultan and Mehemet Ali—to decide the quarrel, and there is not the shadow of a doubt but that the latter would in three months' time be the master of the empire, if he chose it; and the Sultan be added to the already long list of lack-land sovereigns. The *prestige* attendant on his successful career, the religious bond between him and the Mussulman people, and the moral weight of his talents, added to his real power, would enable him to consolidate the Mussulman interests, which would compel the allegiance of the Christian population. Or if Mehemet Ali preferred making an adjustment with the Porte, contenting himself with the sovereignty of Syria and Egypt, the mere force of circumstances over which he would have no control—the tendencies of the scattered

Mussulman population in Asia Minor and Roumelia to unite with an independent Mussulman empire—would soon extend his sway towards the Bosphorus, and the Sultan be reduced to the condition of the latter Greek emperors—in possession of Constantinople and the adjoining districts only, existing by sufferance.

Were the question, disentangled of political considerations, to be simply which is the mode of making a barrier against Russia?—the answer would be with the Mussulmans of Turkey, for they are of necessity her foes by every sentiment. Who rules them, encourages them, and appeals to their sense of national independence?—who has made them respect themselves, and brought back victory to their standard?—Mehemet Ali.

The Sultan has the semblance of power: Mehemet Ali has the substance. The former rules over a people—the Greeks and Armenians—who are friendly to Russia: the latter leads the Mussulmans, who have an hereditary dislike to her. But Europe, while professing to have at heart the national independence of Turkey, upholds the Sultan, who cannot resist Russia: she discards Mehemet Ali, who has the power, and holds the real elements of dominion in a coincidence of Mussulman views with his own. She prefers the rights of a sovereign to the interests

of a nation; she deems it wiser to oppose Russia with the decayed *prestige* of the Ottoman name, rather than with the reviving sense of nationality of the *Soonnite* Mussulmans.

State policy is here unhappily opposed to reason. The rule is inversed. We see for the first time since the general peace the powers of Europe siding against the people. The Greeks rebel: Europe supports and frees them from the rule of the Porte. The French rise against the elder branch of the Bourbons: Europe admits their right to choose a sovereign. The Belgians rise against Holland: Europe supports their cause, and gives them a king. The Mussulmans of Turkey obey the call of Mehemet Ali, and enrol themselves under him against the house of Othman, which has betrayed them by misrule and false policy: Europe resists them. And by a singular fatality, this last is the only case in which England would gain by admitting a subversion of the rights of the throne. England gained nothing by placing a German prince over the Greeks: she certainly reaped no advantage by severing Antwerp from Holland; but she would profit by a Mussulman regeneration, by whomsoever effected. Every addition of strength to Mussulman Turkey is an addition of strength to England.

It cannot be too often repeated, the Mussulmans of Turkey are the real barrier to Russia—are the only valid defence for the empire: they obey Mehemet Ali more or less. If his power is broken up, they will resolve themselves into the elements of discord and faction, out of which, in Syria and Egypt, he has raised them. The house of Othman would never be able to reconsolidate them: it has neither the means nor the capacity. It has wrecked itself in Islamite public opinion by its alliance with Russia, and by attempting to remove the distinctions of *caste* between Mussulmans and rayas.*

The reason assigned why Europe declines acting in a Mussulman anti-Russian view is, that if Egyptian independence were acknowledged, or any indication given by the great Powers of a lukewarmness about Ottoman rights, the Sultan would invite Russian aid, and then Russia attain,

* The famous *Hatti scheriff* of *Gul-haneh*, lately issued by Sultan Abdul Medjid, which, among other equitable regulations, places the Mussulmans and Christians of Turkey on a footing, will give Mehemet Ali still greater influence with the former. The English reader may understand the position of Mussulman and Raya in the Turkish empire, and the reaction on the government of any public demonstration in behalf of the latter, by comparing the case with the analogous one of Protestant and Catholic in Ireland. Favour to one party is a crime in the eyes of the other.

if not the possession, the absolute control of Constantinople. That is by no means certain, even admitting that Russia should endeavour to take advantage of such a crisis, and establish herself at Constantinople—which, however, she is not yet ready to do. There are Mussulmans scattered all over European Turkey, armed and fanatic: half of the population of Constantinople is Mussulman; and Mehemet Ali could march 60,000 Mussulman soldiers on the capital. The war would be "holy." I doubt if Russia could defeat that combination of moral and physical resources, aided, as it necessarily would be, by the voice of Europe; for there is not a doubt that if a struggle were to ensue for the possession of Constantinople, between the Mussulmans of Turkey and the Russians, England and Austria would side with the former *for their own sakes* whatever their predilections might be. As long as there is a Mussulman power, like Mehemet Ali's, Russia would have to contend with it for the possession of Constantinople, and any leader of talent would be aided by all the Mussulmans.

It is confidently stated, that Austria would join with Russia should the Egyptian forces threaten Constantinople, or their ruler declare his independence. She may talk of doing so, but I imagine she would do nothing of the sort. It

is true, that Austria has committed so many blunders of late, in connexion with Russia and Turkey, that one would have no right to feel surprised at anything she might do: she might prefer seeing the Egyptian power destroyed, to hailing with joy the re-establishment of a firm Mussulman rule at Constantinople. Count F——, an Austrian ambassador, said, not long ago, to an Englishman, that Austria would rather see the Russians at Constantinople, than a revived Arabian power there. The Count spoke with the fears of 150 years ago, when the Ottomans carried war into Hungary and Galicia. Few persons can labour under the same delusion. I fancy that Austria would, in this instance, play Russia a slippery trick. She would march an army over the Danube, ostensibly to cover the Ottoman throne or enforce its rights; but would probably content herself with occupying the frontier provinces, unless true policy should make her seize the auspicious moment for rescinding the article of the peace of Adrianople which relates to the mouth of the Danube. She would, in all probability, perceive her real interest in time. It is too absurd to suppose that Austria would, in the present day, fight with Russia against any portion of the Mussulmans of Turkey *under any chief*. She continued

to play that losing game too long. The peace of Jassy, so disastrous for Turkey and so advantageous for Russia, was mainly attributable to the victory of Rimnik (in Moldavia), gained by an Austro-Russian army over the Grand Vizir.

Admitting however, that Russia, induced by circumstances, such as a march of the Egyptian army on the Bosphorus, were to send her fleet and army of the Euxine to Constantinople, she would feel obliged to retire from it before long, whatever her wishes might be. She could not, against the will and interests of Europe and the active opposition of the Turks, stimulated and supported by the Egyptian power, hold a city of 600,000 souls, accustomed to the utmost latitude of speech and action, and enjoying many of the advantages of civilization without any of its shackles, at a distance from her frontiers; a city in communication with all the world. Places like Valette or Corfu may be held at a distance: not so a city like Constantinople. Constantinople cannot remain an appendage to empire: any prolonged attempt to hold it as such would end in its becoming a free city, or again the capital of a state. Russia knows this truth, and dreads lest circumstances should compel her to occupy Constantinople before she is ready. This would accelerate her own division. The inhabitants

of New Russia, of all persuasions, Greeks, Bulgarians, Germans, and runaway Russians, would soon begin to emigrate to the rich plains of Roumelia and Bythynia, and thus Constantinople would be farther removed from Russia than now. The population of southern Russia and of Christian Turkey is too thin for the commercial and agricultural prosperity of both together, while the demand from western Europe is no greater than Turkey could supply were she properly governed. The annexation of Constantinople to Russia in the present day, were it possible, would tend to the depopulation of New Russia, and consequently the separation of ideas and interests which already exists between Russia Proper and her possessions on the Euxine would rapidly widen.

Russia can fix her iron rule by degrees on thinly-peopled provinces, but cannot lay it all at once on a great city teeming with intelligence and acquainted with freedom. She wishes to grow to Constantinople before occupying it. "The pear is not ripe," or, rather, she is not ready to pluck it. Moreover, I may observe that the immediate possession of Constantinople would bring no political or military advantage commensurate with the difficulty of ruling it in the actual state of things. Constantinople

isolated would be of no more service to her than at present. She has the advantages of it, as a military position, which she would have were she mistress of it, in the exclusion of foreign ships of war from the Propontis by the Sultan, her ally, and in the power to descend at will into the Mediterranean from the Euxine. Russia's prayer is for TIME, and Europe kindly offers it to her; *time* to be ready for the splendid inheritance; *time* for the *status quo* to work its unerring effects in increased anarchy and diminished Mussulman resources and population; *time* for Mehemet Ali's organization to disappear, on which Europe might now raise an effectual barrier against her. Russia dreads precipitation: every thing *at Constantinople* is tending to the accomplishment of her views; she wishes to retard, rather than to accelerate, the march of events. Europe courteously acquiesces. Russia's only desire is to be the nurse to Turkey's deathbed; to watch events, with the power to guide them at the fitting hour; in the meanwhile extend her influence and commerce, and embarrass England's as much as possible. Hence her visible alarm at Mehemet Ali's position, and at the signs of resuscitation which Mussulman Turkey is giving under his guidance. She looked on the prostration of Turkey as completed

by the peace of Adrianople and the treaty of Hunkiar-Skellisi, beyond the skill of her European friends to remedy: she did not anticipate the rise of a power in the South, to reap the fruits of her labour.

Therefore Russia endeavours to persuade Europe to join with her in destroying the growing Mussulman anti-Russian power of Mehemet Ali, and to unite in supporting the decaying, faction-torn government of the Ottoman Porte, which cannot by itself, she imagines, escape from her toils. Her cool effrontery, in expecting Europe to do this, is unparalleled in the history of politics: and if any power in Europe should favour her in this respect, the act will be without a parallel in the annals of condescension.

The continuation of the *status quo* is favourable to Russia, by the drain it makes on the Mussulman population for soldiers; by the hindrance arising from it to the development of the resources of the country, and by the unsettled state in which it leaves men's minds. The *status quo* is a slow fever, which is undermining Turkey, and preparing the inhabitants to submit to any supremacy, rather than continue in such an unnatural and forced condition. Thus, whether Europe oppose Mehemet Ali openly, or leave things as they are, Russia is the gainer.

CHAPTER XI.

FORTIFICATIONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

EUROPE evidently dreads any step on the part of Mehemet Ali, which has a chance of bringing Russia into the field, or may afford her a pretence for giving the Sultan assistance at Constantinople, and therefore holds him back; and she is necessarily repugnant to the idea of departing from her often repeated assurances of preserving the "integrity of the Ottoman empire:" still, she ought to consider that Constantinople, about the independence of which she is epecially solicitous, and which indeed is the key of her policy respecting the East, lies at the feet of Russia, owing to the menacing attitude which the latter has assumed in the Euxine, and which is uncontrolable by any European power, on account of distance. As long as Russia found it necessary to march an army through European Turkey, in order to influence Constantinople, and Turkey possessed some share of the command of the

Black Sea, the danger was not imminent. But the case is now totally altered. In three weeks Russia can send 20,000 men to the Bosphorus, and reinforce them a month later with troops from within 300 miles of her coasts. For such a descent she is always ready with men-of-war, transports, and steamers, and an army in the Crimea. Her ready means of transport are as follows:—

12 ships of the line, to carry -	8000 troops.
6 large frigates - -	2400
12 corvettes and brigs - -	1000
100 merchantmen * - -	8000
16 government transports for stores.	
12 steamers to aid the dull sailers.	

The passage being short, and the wind generally fair, the ships would bear crowding. Allow five days for the passage; two days for the disembarkation; and ten days to return for reinforcements, if necessary, which, if ready in the sea-ports, might immediately follow. In addition to the troops on board, the crew of the ships of war are regimented and trained like infantry.

* Russia had 250 merchantmen (English, Austrian, and Sardinian) in her pay, in the Euxine, during the war of 1828-9.

In the face of this undeniable state of things, it is perfectly idle to talk of the "integrity of the Ottoman empire," or to think that any guarantee can be accepted by Europe to tranquillize her about the independence of Constantinople. Treaties and promises are waste paper and empty words beside such power, ready to be wielded when the propitious moment arrives.

If Europe is really in earnest about the independence of Constantinople, some decided steps ought to be taken to ensure it, before it is too late, and thereby remove the uncertainty and distrust in the capital, which are materially aiding Russia's views. There are two modes of attaining this desirable object. The first is, by acquiescing in the establishment of a new Mussulman dynasty in Turkey, should one be called for by the people, desirous of having a ruler able to protect their interests and advance their honour. This would probably be the most effectual remedy for Turkey, but is not likely to be entertained, because Europe objects to wave Ottoman rights, unless circumstances should make it imperious for her to do so. The second is, by FORTIFYING CONSTANTINOPLE. This idea, which contains a volume, is not new to individuals; although it has not received the attention which it merits, from any of the powers

interested in the independence of Turkey. It offers an easy escape out of the Eastern labyrinth, in which the diplomacy of Europe has involved itself; it is the medium between allowing Turkey to perish under the atrophy of the *status quo*, and permitting the regeneration of the empire by Mehemet Ali.

It is curious that, while a great deal has been said about the unsettled condition of Albania, Syria, Kurdistan, and other parts of the empire, where the Porte's authority has long been either discarded or slighted, no thought should ever have been given to the helpless state of the capital. And yet in this lies the point of the Eastern question. Turkey is comprised in Constantinople, as far as the interests of Europe are concerned. It little signifies in a European political sense what becomes of the rest of the empire, so as Constantinople remains independent of Russia. Turkey is no prize without Constantinople. The Ottomans had their capital first at Brussa, and then at Adrianople, but till they obtained Constantinople, their power was unformed; it was liable to be broken up: it was an usurpation on the rights of the Greek emperors. What maintained these emperors so long when their territory was no more than a few miles in circuit? *The fortifications of Con-*

stantinople. Their value was proved during many centuries: they withstood twenty sieges from Saracens and others, although they were inadequate to keep out more experienced foes—the Crusaders. They literally prolonged the existence of the lower empire above a century; for the Ottomans, although in possession of the greater part of Roumelia and Asia Minor, feared the moral effect of a defeat under the walls of Constantinople, and therefore left the city nearly undisturbed. At the last siege, by Mahomet II. 1453, the works were dilapidated; but, nevertheless, the Emperor Constantine made a gallant defence, and would have succeeded in repulsing the Sultan, with the slightest assistance from Venice or Genoa. The Sultan, when he made his final and victorious onset, determined, if it failed, to raise the siege, so many men had he lost in the six preceding assaults. From that time no attention was given to the subject: the walls and ditches were suffered to decay. The power of the Ottomans forbade any fear for the safety of their capital. Their armies marched to Vienna and Cairo; their fleets alone navigated the Euxine, and disputed the Archipelago with the Venetians. Even under all their reverses, during the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth century, the Balkan remained their

barrier by land, and no Russian squadron dared approach the Bosphorus. But when the Russian army penetrated into Roumelia in 1829, and the Russian fleet talked of anchoring in the "Golden Horn," the nakedness of Constantinople was clearly seen. The fact in itself paralyzed the remaining energies of the Porte, and hurried it into a disastrous peace. Then, the absence of defensive works was ruinous to the empire. It is evident that had the capital been fortified in 1829, no peace of Adrianople would have been made, for the obvious reason that the Russian army would not have ventured thus far. Diebitch would have been mad to place himself between the fortified capital, the Grand Vizir's army at Schumlah, and the Albanian auxiliaries advancing into Roumelia by Philippopolis: he owed his success to the threat to march on the capital, which would have been a *brutum fulmen* had it been capable of withstanding a siege. Again, had his capital been fortified in 1832, the Sultan would not have invited Russian assistance to check the Egyptian army, simply because there would have been no occasion for his so doing: Ibrahim Pasha could not have threatened the capital. The Sultan might have temporized and watched the turn of events, till an opportunity occurred to combat him success-

fully with the arms of intrigue and corruption. He would have avoided the necessity of making a convention, under the auspices of Europe, which gave Mehemet Ali a right over Egypt and Syria beyond the Sultan's nomination.

Thus much being premised, viz. the use which has been formerly, and might lately have been, derived from defensive works* at Constantinople; and the fact that the city is exposed to insult and aggression from the Russian forces in the Euxine, against which no assistance on the part of Europe can prevail, and that consequently the Sultan cannot avoid being more guided by Russia than by any other power, the question is, can that vast city be fortified in a

* Various examples might be adduced to shew the advantage of a capital being fortified. If, in 1805, Vienna had been fortified, the battle of Ulm might not have decided the war. If Berlin had been fortified in 1806, the army beaten at Jena might have rallied, and the Russians had time to arrive. If Madrid had been fortified in 1808, the French might not have dared to march on it, even after the victories of Espinosa, of Tudela, and of Burgos. If, in 1814, Paris had been capable of resisting for a few weeks, the Allies might have feared to place themselves between the capital and the veteran army at Fontainbleau, 50,000 strong. Napoleon often shewed that the possession of the capital decided the fate of a war. Everybody may feel this truth with respect to Constantinople.

manner suitable to the exigences of modern warfare, so that the result may justify the expense? Several engineers have answered in the affirmative. Generals Guilleminot and Haxo (not to mention others) expressed that opinion after due examination of the ground. General Aster, the superintendent of the Prussian fortifications on the Rhine, observed, on seeing the plan of the city, that he could render Constantinople impregnable; farther observing that the facilities of making sorties, owing to the features of the ground, would oblige the besieging army to be twice and a half as numerous as the garrison. Military men say that 20,000 troops, aided by the Mussulman inhabitants (in a Turkish beleaguered city every man takes arms) would suffice. Three principal sea defences, two of them on the sites of the old castles (Anadolu-hissar and Roumely-hissar) built by Mahomet II., and another one on a point nearer the Black Sea, would close the Bosphorus against the Russian fleet, which now commands Constantinople, and may descend into the Mediterranean at pleasure. That fleet would then be locked up. The actual defences of the strait, save the two inner batteries, are of little value, and might be dispensed with. It is of more consequence to Constantinople and to Western Europe, to render the Bosphorus im-

passable, than to erect works landways. The Russian Euxine fleet can now run down the Bosphorus in any weather, at night, when the moon is up, and the effect of anchoring under the seraglio would be conclusive—as Sir John Duckworth might have discovered in 1807. Russia might attain her object—make or renew a treaty—and retire, almost before we could become aware of her proceedings; and the thing once done, nothing would remain for us but to acquiesce. But it is another affair to land troops outside the strait. The weather has to be consulted. A N.E. gale might delay the disembarkation, and the same cause prevent reinforcements from landing afterwards. The difference between entering the Bosphorus with a fleet and 5000 troops on board (a certain operation) and landing 15,000 men outside the castles (an operation involving delay and unseen risks), is immensely in favour of the former. However, as in fair weather it is perfectly easy to land troops outside the European castles of the Bosphorus, and as Constantinople requires to be secured from every quarter, land and sea works are indispensable.

Competent engineers have drawn out plans, and estimated the expense of fortifications under three heads. First, to secure Constantinople

from a *coup de main*, either by sea or by a disembarkation of 15,000 men outside the Bosphorus: 2dly, To enable the city to resist the rapid movement on it of a regular hostile force which should have beaten the Ottoman troops in Roumelia, as General Diebitch did in 1829: 3dly, To enable Constantinople to resist a long siege after the Ottoman fleet and army should have been destroyed, and the Porte left to its own resources, trusting solely in them, and to the tardy succour of allies, as happened in 1453, when the last of the Constantines fought at the head of his troops, and died like a hero in the breach, preferring death to dishonour.

ESTIMATE OF THE THREE PLANS.

	£.
First	360,000
Second	830,000
Third	1,530,000

The third plan is of great extent. It includes the *Bendts*, or reservoirs, from which Constantinople is supplied with water (by aqueducts) twelve miles distant. I imagine that it would be impossible to defend such a circuit, nor would it be necessary, in the opinion of many, to include the *Bendts*. It would be easy to clear out the ancient reservoirs in the city, or to make new ones, and this ought undoubtedly

to be part of any plan for the defence of Constantinople. The *Bendts* and aqueducts existed, and were used, in the time of the Lower Empire, but the city did not trust in them during a siege; it had a sufficient supply of water within the walls. Three of the ancient reservoirs are still to be seen on a colossal and magnificent scale, though half filled up with earth. The roof of one is supported by 220 marble columns; of another, by 330 marble columns. By admeasurement, it is ascertained that the cistern near the Hippodrome was capable of containing 1,460,000 gallons of water, a supply for 20,000 people, during two months, at the rate of a gallon a day each. The apprehension of a siege would necessarily thin the population materially, and thereby increase relatively the supply of cistern water.

The second plan of works seems ample to meet the exigences of the case: more might be superadded if deemed requisite. I rather think that Scutari is not included in the estimate, whereas that city ought also to be fortified on various accounts. Add 200,000*l.* for works on that side of the Bosphorus, and the whole cost of guaranteeing Constantinople from Russian *protection*, and tranquillizing Europe on her account, would amount to 1,100,000*l.*; the merest trifle, if the magnitude of the result be considered.

There is no real want of money for this grand object. Since I have known Constantinople, the Sultan has expended, or caused his Pashas to expend, as much money on palaces and fêtes as would have fortified the city. If the will exists on the part of the Divan to render Constantinople independent of Russia, money will be forthcoming. Should there really not be the means, it would be a wise economy on the part of England, France, and Austria, to guarantee a loan for the specific purpose of fortifying Constantinople.

We must not overrate the value of the measure, or imagine that the inviolability of Constantinople, secured by adequate works, would regenerate the Ottoman empire. That can hardly be expected. No empire was ever yet regenerated by an individual, born and bred in a palace, who feels not the evils complained of, and never hears truth — whose counsellors are flatterers, and whose friends are parasites. That could with difficulty be accomplished even in the West, where princes are educated in their boyhood, and may hear truth in their manhood through the medium of the press. In the East it would be a dream to think of regeneration coming from the throne; it must come from the people: and as Europe will not hear of that, all she can

hope for is, by fortifying Constantinople, to repeat the last chapter of the Lower Empire. In this way the Porte may drag on its existence another century: its sphere of rule may be gradually lessened, but as long as it holds Constantinople the principal object of Europe is attained. And who will venture to predict the events of the next century? Russia, now so threatening by her unity of religion, and her organized barbarism, may be a prey to revolution. At the same time, although I do not think that any combination of circumstances could re-establish the Ottoman dynasty on a respectable footing, because the bond of unity between the throne and the Mussulman people has been snapped by an anti-Islamite reform, still it cannot be denied that the Sultan might, were he rendered safe in his capital, effect improvements in the provinces immediately dependent on him, and which are, in a great measure, peopled by Christians. He may disregard Russian counsel and listen to England: he may strike a blow at the prosperity of southern Russia, by inviting colonization and by encouraging agriculture; when, in a few years, hundreds of the vessels which annually frequent the ports of the Euxine for grain, would take in their cargoes at Salonica, Enos, the Dardanelles, Smyrna, and other

places.* As long as Constantinople is exposed to insult and invasion from a force in the Euxine always ready to act, the Sultan must be mute on subjects disagreeable to Russia; the wisest plans of amelioration may be traversed by underhand threats emanating from the Russian embassy. He must refrain from awakening her jealousy. He may not even at times dare to exercise justice on a Russian subject, for fear of seeing Russian ships of war enter the Bosphorus and demand redress.

The idea of fortifying Constantinople would be highly popular in Turkey. The Constantinopolitans were arrogant and openly anti-Russian, while they deemed their city inviolable: the contrary conviction has cowed them. There are Pashas in office to my knowledge who are alive to the importance of the step, with sufficient patriotism to urge it on their master's consideration, as well as to resist the bribes which Russia would offer to the members of the Divan to oppose a measure so detrimental to her views.

Russia would of course exert her influence,

* Merino wool is becoming an important article of exportation from New Russia, but sheep might be grazed, far cheaper and healthier, in Asia Minor, under the influence of a climate similar to that of Spain.

directly and indirectly, to induce the Divan to forego the idea of fortifying Constantinople. She could do no more in the present day. She could not openly dispute the right of the Sultan to fortify his capital in the actual disposition of Europe. In a few years she may be able to do so effectually. And here I may remark, that the attitude of Mehemet Ali is a sure argument to make the Sultan concur in the project of securing his capital *against Russia.* If he should refuse to adopt the prudent and politic measure, Europe might say, presuming him then to be thoroughly Russian, that she would no longer oppose the Egyptian ruler in any designs which he might have on the empire; and Russia would not venture to resist the Sultan openly, while there should be a force at hand—the Syrian-Egyptian army—to aid in accomplishing an object essential to the honour and repose of Turkey. We may be perfectly certain that any Mussulman chief in Turkey will always feel called on by policy and a religious feeling to aid in any measure for emancipating the capital from Russia, however little he may gain immediately by it; and no one is more capable of appreciating the soundness of that doctrine than Mehemet Ali, who looks on Constantinople as his chief barrier, and feels that were it under

Russia, or likely to fall into her hands, his power, even though acknowledged by Europe, would rest on a precarious basis, compared with what it would otherwise do. Were the Egyptian power non-existent, Russia might prevent the Divan from entertaining the idea of fortifying Constantinople: there would then be no threat to hold out to make the Sultan consult his own honour and independence; and no force at hand to deter Russia from using undue means to keep Constantinople in its present defenceless state.

There are two modes, I repeat, of frustrating Russia's views on Turkey, and of disarming her naval power in the Euxine, which, it should not be forgotten, menaces England and France in the Mediterranean * as well as Constantinople: either by offering no hindrance to the rise of an Arabian dynasty, which may, perchance, be called for by the natives to replace the house of Othman; or by *fortifying Constantinople.* Both combined would be perfect. If England will not make one or the other a *sine qua non* of her Turkish policy, she will literally effect nothing to any purpose: she will only prolong a pitiable

* The reader knows that in 1798 a Russian fleet of fifteen sail of the line passed through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean, and took possession of the Ionian Islands.

state of things, alike ruinous to Turkey and favourable to Russia. She betrays Turkey by either omission, and especially betrays the Porte by the latter, whatever else she may do. In opposing Mehemet Ali she flatters the Sultan's pride, but in making him fortify his capital she will consult his real interests, and give him an independence of which he has not got the shadow now. In vain would be the annihilation of the Egyptian power, either by force, or by exhaustion resulting from the *status quo*, if Constantinople were to remain exposed to Russian aggression or protection. Constantinople would continue to be, as for the last ten years, a subject of ceaseless anxiety to western Europe, and a source of expense to England by the necessity of keeping up a Levant fleet. But it should be borne in mind, if Mehemet Ali's power be ruined *first*, Constantinople will never be fortified by the Sultan *afterwards*.

CHAPTER XII.

DIPLOMATISTS AT CONSTANTINOPLE — COMMERCIAL TREATY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND TURKEY—CHARACTERS—VOYAGE TO ODESSA.

The corps diplomatique at Constantinople, at the time of which I write, consisted of Lord Ponsonby (ambassador of England), Baron Roussin (ambassador of France), M. de Boutenief (minister of Russia), Baron Sturmer (internuncio of Austria), Count Königsmark (minister of Prussia), Count Parete (minister of Sardinia), M. de Troil (minister of Sweden), M. Argyropoulo (minister of Greece), M. Cordova (minister of Spain), M. Quaglia (minister of Florence), etc. Most of these gentlemen, and some of the secretaries of legation, had their ladies with them; so that Pera boasted of very good society. We might occasionally meet them at the Baron de Sturmer's, whose house was the only "open one." After the accomplished Baroness Sturmer, Madame Fourman (wife of the Russian secretary

of legation) was remarkable among the ladies for her musical talent, which would have been appreciated at an Italian opera, and the amiable Madame Welbecker, highly and deservedly extolled by Captain Basil Hall in his "Residence in Styria."

The four first-named functionaries may be considered as the kings of Pera, for unto them belong the exclusive jurisdiction over nearly all its motley population, and for them alone does the Porte entertain any consideration. The remainder are very inferior personages, for whom the situations are good, excepting in the case of our worthy friends M. Cordova and suite, whose salaries were very precarious, owing to the civil war in Spain. Two of the kings, Lord Ponsonby and Baron Roussin, were not then on dining terms, on account of each of them wishing to take to himself the sole credit of the new commercial treaty just concluded with the Porte, and considering the pretensions of the other as an usurpation. Each of them obtained a letter of thanks for the said treaty from the merchants of their respective nations, and each in a reply of self-gratulation took credit for having brought the affair to a termination after long and laborious negotiation: the idea of making a fresh commercial treaty with the Porte dated as far

back as the time of Sir Robert Gordon's embassy at Constantinople; but sundry difficulties opposed themselves to its development. Mr. Urquhart took it up warmly afterwards when he was English secretary of embassy at Constantinople. The Turks were averse from any change. The Sultan, however, at length yielded on being led to think that the proposed treaty would ruin Mehemet Ali, inasmuch as it proposed to abolish monopolies and extra duties, on which his revenue depended. It was idle to suppose that any treaty could be binding on so absolute a ruler as Mehemet Ali, literally the proprietor of Egypt, who would have many ways of evading the terms which might be objectionable to him.* However, Sultan Mahmoud caught at the bait.

The ancient treaty of commerce ("capitulations") between Turkey and the Frank nations provided simply for an *ad valorem* duty of three per cent. on exports and imports. About twenty years ago the Porte began systematically to

* In 1837 the French government declared that Mehemet Ali should not levy more than the established three per cent. on French merchandize; and the French consul intimated his intention to enforce it in regard of a cargo of wine which arrived shortly after from Marseilles. Mehemet Ali consented, but at the same time forbid his subjects to buy the wine. He purchased the cargo himself, and resold the wine at his own price.

invade the "capitulations," by monopolies and transit dues, until latterly the actual duty levied on some articles of export amounted to as much as 40 per cent. Remonstrances on the part of the Frank governments proved unavailing; the Porte required a revenue, and knew no better way of obtaining one. It was then resolved to effect a compromise by means of a new treaty, enacting that monopolies and irregular dues should cease from March 1839; and to make amends for the consequent loss of revenue, the Porte should have the right of levying 11 per cent. on exports, and five per cent. on imports.

Much has been expected from the operation of this treaty, but I do not think it would be wise to reckon surely on its being carried into execution. The system, in order to have a fair trial, requires honest administrators and incorruptible agents. Are such to be met with in Turkey? The Pashas, it is said, are to be paid regular salaries, and collectors are to gather the revenues of the pashaliks for the Porte. Who is to prevent collusion between the Pasha and the collector—both Turks—both uncertain of retaining office? The Pashas are no longer to be allowed to farm their revenues to the *sarafs* (bankers). Who will prevent them from giving Armenian capitalists certain advantages in trade

in their respective pashaliks? Who is there for the oppressed to complain to, since the promulgation of the new treaty, more than there was before? The ministers of the Porte have ever been the most forward in encouraging corruption, and had an excuse in the calls for "benevolences" so frequently made upon them. Such proofs of loyalty will, in all probability, still be required from them, and no official salary will suffice. Many of the Frank merchants doubted whether the treaty could be carried into effect, and the Turks said that they would gain the new rate of duty in addition to the profits of the abuses. However, the alteration is of a nature to benefit the country; at all events the Frank ambassadors will have a full right to enforce attention to it, though I repeat we ought not to be surprised, and cry out treason, if the result be unsatisfactory. It is unreasonable to expect that a mere edict will change deep-rooted habits of corruption and malversation all at once, if it can do so at all: we know that acts of parliament in England are impotent against the practice of bribery at elections.

A few words may not be uninteresting about the principal diplomatists who have resided at Constantinople the last seven or eight years, some of the most critical in the history of the

Ottoman empire. Lord Ponsonby ranks first among them. His lordship is remarkable for having commenced an official career at an age when many men retire into private life. He had long passed the half-way of man's existence, when Sir Thomas Maitland drew him from retirement at Naples, where he was residing on a slender allowance, after having run through a handsome fortune in London. Sir Thomas was then governor of Malta, and lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands. He welcomed Lord Ponsonby to his palace, either at Valette or at Corfu; treated him with unexampled liberality for many months, and finally procured for him the place of secretary to the senate at Corfu; thus giving a proof that party considerations had no weight with him, Sir Thomas being an ultra tory and his protegé a whig in heart and spirit. In this post, his lordship was distinguished, I have heard, for his knowledge of Italian law —the law of the islands. After some time he returned to England. He then entered diplomacy, and passed successively through the posts of British minister at Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Brussels, and Naples. At the latter place, fortune again smiled upon him: his brother-in-law, Lord Grey, was in office, and appointed him to the high post of ambassador

extraordinary to the Sublime Porte; a situation at once of great difficulty and responsibility, both as regarded Turkey and England. I cannot take upon myself to say, that his career has been entirely successful; it being at the same time fair to admit that it is questionable if the exercise of any talents, however distinguished, could have materially altered the course of events. Many persons think that, had his lordship been less opinionated, he might have arrived at juster conclusions; and thereby have saved his government much doubt of purpose and uncertainty of action. He seemed to have an objection, not unusual with persons in high stations, to change an opinion once firmly grounded; and a disinclination to hear counter arguments about subjects on which he had made up his mind. He came to the East with an idea that Turkey was rapidly regenerating, and that Russia was very weak; and, as to Mehemet Ali, he never would admit that his power was other than a mere bubble, which might be dispersed with a breath. His retired mode of life at Therapia, a village eleven miles from Constantinople, deprived him of facilities for ascertaining the changes operating among the Turkish and Arabian populations, and the relative strength of parties: it would not have been good breeding

in his visitors, to differ fron their noble and accomplished host; and his political agents, in various parts of the Turkish empire, felt bound, like good subjects, to echo the opinions of their representative of majesty. Like the Roman historian who said that he could not dispute with the master of thirty legions, they might have thought it prudent to conciliate a person whose family influence in England was sufficiently powerful to cause their removal, or obstruct their career; and his lordship, it is averred, has given two examples, during his embassy, of being able and willing to do both. Hence it is not surprising, if various stirring events, which had been foreseen by nearly everybody in Turkey, came like surprises on the British embassy at Therapia. Only a few months before the fatal battle of Nezib, fought in June 1839, between the Turks and Egyptians, he was reported to have said, that Turkey was on the eve of a glorious regeneration. The expression might certainly have been used in a double sense, either in relation to the Ottoman Porte, or to the Egyptian power; the word, "regeneration," being equally applicable whether proceeding from one cause or another; and therefore we may presume that his lordship alluded in his own mind to the probable success of Mehemet Ali,

and the possible consolidation, in consequence, of Mussulman interests, while viewing his position as ambassador to the Porte, his words were received by the uninitiated as applying to nominal Turkey.

In recompense for his services at Constantinople, Lord Ponsonby has received the Grand Cross of the Bath, and promotion in the peerage to the rank of Viscount. Sultan Mahmoud also gave him the *Eftihar nishan*, imperial Turkish order, richly set in diamonds.

Baron Roussin, Lord Ponsonby's colleague, is better known as a sailor than as a diplomatist, although there is no reason for supposing that he has been unsuccessful in the latter capacity. His first appearance in connexion with the English was at the Mauritius, at that brilliant period of our naval history when the talents and courage of Capt. (now Admiral Sir) Josias Rowley*

* On account of the injury caused to our trade by French cruisers from the Mauritius, it was resolved, in 1810, to send a force from India to capture the island. Captain Josias Rowley, commanding the *Boadicea*, was ordered, with six frigates, to blockade the French naval force, and keep the passage open for the army. By an unexampled chain of disasters, he found himself alone at the end of a week. Four of his frigates got on rocks under a French battery, and were either taken or destroyed. The fifth, the *Africaine*, ran between two French frigates, and remained a prize. The

mainly contributed to add that island to our empire. He was then Lieutenant de Vaisseau, under the orders of Commodore (now Admiral) Duperré. He shared in the successes which preceded the surrender of the island, and was the officer who boarded and took possession of the *Nereide*, Capt. Willoughby, which had grounded under a French battery, with three other frigates. He was exchanged at the capitulation of the Mauritius, and received promotion. In 1813, Capt. Roussin sailed from Brest, in command of the *la Gloire* frigate, and after a successful cruise against English trade in the West Indies, returned to France at the general peace. Since the peace, he has commanded the French station at the Brazils. Rear-Admiral Roussin was afterwards ordered to force the passage of the Tagus, and obtain satisfaction from Don Miguel for hav-

French squadron then kept the sea, looking out for the army from India, not caring about the solitary *Boadicea*. The *Ceylon* frigate, leading the transports, with the General-in-Chief, Abercromby, on board, fell into their hands. Seizing an auspicious moment, Capt. Rowley left St. Paul's harbour the next day: he captured the French Commodore (Hamelin) in the *Venus*, and retook the *Ceylon*; then returning to port, he fitted out his prizes, manned them with merchant sailors and soldiers; again went out, blockaded the remainder of the enemy's frigates, and kept open the road for the transports.

ing maltreated a couple of French subjects. He performed this duty effectually, and shewed how useless the Castle of Belem was for the defence of the Tagus. He was then, as Vice-Admiral, nominated Ambassador Extraordinary to the Porte, and arrived at Constantinople at the critical juncture when Ibrahim Pasha was marching on the capital, after the victory of Koniah: he endeavoured to dissuade the Porte from the fatal step of accepting Russian assistance against the Egyptians, but having nothing but words to offer instead, he was unsuccessful.

M. Boutenief (the Russian colleague of Lord Ponsonby and Baron Roussin) is less known to the European reader than the other two. Though equally, if not more important, he is less prominent. This is owing to the altered relations of Russia with Turkey. Before the peace of Adrianople, display, bombast, and intimidation marked the presence of the Russian minister at Constantinople, the object then being to excite the Turks to anger,—"to tread on the worm till it turned." Since that event, Russia's end having been gained by the prostration of Turkey, her policy is to smooth asperities down, and reconcile the Turks to their humiliated position. Russia wishes to flatter her victim. Conciliation, apparent deference, and friendly offers

have taken the place of provocation and overbearing. Her minister therefore lives comparatively secluded, without making any exhibition of power or parade. At the same time the post is not a sinecure: his instructions are to make himself felt everywhere without appearing: he has to maintain Russia's preponderance in the Divan, and her influence with the rayas; but the agency is to be kept out of sight. This delicate mission, it is said, has been well accomplished by M. Boutenief: he never hurts a Turk's pride, or makes any display: his nearly vice-regal power is shewn in silent unobtrusive results. With the greatest power of any man at Constantinople, he appears to have the least. In allusion to his tact and personal demeanour, a Pasha of high rank observed to the author that it was an additional misfortune to Turkey having M. Boutenief for the Russian minister at Constantinople: "We cannot help liking him personally," he said. He wished to retire from Constantinople in 1838, the place not agreeing with his lady, but the Emperor insisted on his remaining there until the expiration of the treaty of Hunkiar Skellesi, in June 1841.

Baron Sturmer, the Austrian colleague of the above, has been introduced to the reader on the Danube. The maintenance of things as

they are being Austria's policy everywhere, her internonce* at the Porte has very little of a marked character to perform: his most onerous duty consists in keeping in order his numerous

* The origin of the appointment of an internonce (internuncium et legatum) is as follows. The ambassador of the German Emperor always occupied the first place at every court in Europe. By a treaty, however, the French king's ambassador gained the right of precedence at the Sublime Porte; and when the Emperor of Germany at length sent a representative to Constantinople, the French would not yield their precedence there. On this the Emperor resolved to name an internuncio, about whose position there could be no dispute. The internonce ranked after all ambassadors, and before all ministers plenipotentiary. The Congress of Vienna, which decided that diplomatic envoys should everywhere take precedence in their respective ranks, according to the date of the delivery of their credentials, omitted to make mention of an internonce. In consequence, the internonce for Austria at the Porte now ranks *with* ministers plenipotentiary instead of *before* them. An attempt was made by the internonce in 1833 to gain his former position, next after the ambassadors; but Mr. Mandeville (the British minister) and the Prusian minister resisted, and referred the question to their courts, who decided against the internonce's claim. Such being the case, Austria might now as well conform to general usage, and appoint either an ambassador or a minister at Constantinople; but she abhors change. Turkey has the same ideas, and still considers the internonce as one of the *buyuk eltchees* (great ambassadors), as in fact he is.

subjects who, consisting chiefly of Sclavonians, give a great deal of trouble in Turkey. In consequence of her do-nothing policy, Austria has but little influence in Turkey, though she has the means of exercising a vast and salutary one: in addition to various religious ties which connect her with the Catholic tribes in Turkey, and her commercial relations with the northern provinces, her embassy is the best appointed of any at Constantinople. All the members of it, including the dragomans, are Austrians, and every one, from the internuncio to the junior *attaché*, speaks Turkish more or less. The great advantages which might be derived from this are too apparent to need comment; and it is a great pity that such were not in some measure the rule at the British embassy.

The minor diplomatists at Constantinople exercise no kind of influence by themselves; they are only important in connexion with the four great missions, to one or other of which they attach themselves, according to the views of their governments. They are useful too, occasionally, to put forward in cases where a principal ambassador might fear to compromise himself or his court. One of them, however, Signor Quaglia (the minister of Florence) brought himself distinctively into notice by giving a grand

ball, to which the English ambassador was not asked. *Corpo di bacco! cintura di Venere!* No event ever caused such a sensation at Pera. The advent of the Russians at Adrianople and the battle of Koniah were trifles in comparison. The *corps diplomatique* was in amazement: the Perotes were in consternation. A minister of Florence —a mere sleeve of diplomacy—slight one of the kings of Pera. Instant war was apprehended between England and Florence. All ended quietly: the omission had been caused by Lord Ponsonby's neglect in returning Signor Quaglia's visit, and the breach was healed by his lordship calling on him the day after the ball. Signor Quaglia, however, ought to have known that the omission was the result of pure accident: no one who knows Lord Ponsonby could suppose him for a moment to be wanting in good breeding.

I will not here say any more about the inmates of Pera, most of whose faces—whether Frank, Turk, Greek, or Armenian—were as familiar to me as mine was to them, in consequence of having frequented their streets on various occasions since 1829, and shared with them the excitement occasioned by seasons of war and plague. My visit being necessarily short this time, I cared not for entering much into its gaieties, whether in private life or at the

Casino: I had barely time enough to enjoy the society of my old English friends, among whom I am proud to name Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, who, in manners, feelings, and recollections, truly represent old England in the East, as all travellers know.

I left them one fine day (Nov. 20th, 1838) as unexpectedly as I had arrived amongst them, not without the hope of returning to pass Christmas together, and embarked in the *Alexandra* Russian steamer for Odessa. Owing to sundry delays, about coals and cargo, we did not get out of the Bosphorus till eight in the evening.

There was one passenger with me in the cabin, a German, surgeon of the quarantine establishment at Kerché, a good-natured sort of man: he had a protegé with him in a German artisan going to settle at Odessa as a watchmaker. There were many deck passengers, consisting chiefly of Greek traders, and Greek priests going to Moscow. The weather was bad; but the wind was fortunately in our favour, otherwise our ill-constructed vessel (built at Nicolaef) would have made little progress; had it blown hard from the northward, we should have been compelled to take shelter at Soulinah. The engineer, an Englishman named Milward, said it was enough to break an engineer's heart to be in such a vessel. The

economy of building a bad steamer is truly false: double the amount of fuel is required to urge her on; and the same may be said of applying too low a power for the volume of the vessel; fuel is uselessly expended in an unequal contention with wind and sea. Two or three of our deck passengers, who were rich enough to have paid for a cabin berth (twenty dollars), attempted occasionally to shelter themselves on the companion ladder, from which they were speedily ejected by the cabin boy, a sharp-witted Venetian, who knew them, and commented on their avarice very bitterly: each time he heard their steps on the ladder, he was on the alert to send them up again with some expressions not very flattering to their *amour propre*: "*pagate avari*," the *Veneziano* would say, "*e poi calate; ma se amate piu i vostri colonnati che la vostra carne restate pure con Dio nella pioggia.*"* I found afterwards at Odessa that one of these *avari* was in possession of a good house and a thriving business. In general, a Greek in the way of making money is certain of becoming wealthy, for he continues in the practice of self-denial: another rule is never to give, or to lend, except

* Pay misers and then come down, but if you love your dollars more than your skins, remain on deck with God in the rain.

at usurious interest. The captain of the steamer was also an Englishman. The number of our countrymen employed in foreign steamers is of singular advantage to English travellers. The steam communication between Odessa and Constantinople had proved a failure in a commercial view, but in a political sense it was highly valuable, and therefore, a few months afterwards, when the company was about to cease its operations, the Russian government came to its aid with 70,000 roubles. The advantage of having rapid communication between southern Russia and Constantinople is so evident, that I imagine the Emperor would defray the expense himself, rather than give it up. The steamers ply fortnightly, except occasionally in winter, when the roadstead of Odessa is frozen. The citizens of Odessa supply their tables by this means with Turkish fruit and oysters, at a cheap rate. The oysters of the Bosphorus are justly celebrated.

CHAPTER XIII.

ODESSA HARBOUR — HONOURS — POLICE OFFICE — QUARANTINE — THE SPOGLIO — CONFINEMENT — RUSSIAN ARMY — DOCUMENTS — RELIGIOUS CEREMONY — ODESSA.

At nine o'clock of the second morning after leaving the Bosphorus, we anchored at Odessa. The change was complete. We had left a balmy sunny autumn, and found winter already set in under a dreary aspect. We had left a city where police and passports were all but unknown, and come to one where they were paramount in estimation: our bodies and minds had expanded two days before under the influence of a genial clime and freedom; here they felt contracted by the absence of both: quarantine was a mere word at Constantinople; at Odessa it was an ugly reality, and we looked with dismay at the prison-like buildings, in which we should have to sojourn, with a moral

taint upon us before being admitted amongst the gay edifices which ornamented the cliff, and looked very inviting from our deck.

In the harbour where we were lying, Lord Durham enacted a scene, which is still talked of at Odessa, when he arrived there in 1835, in the "Pluto," from Constantinople, as ambassador extraordinary to St. Petersburgh. As it was dusk when the Pluto anchored, the Captain of the Russian guard-ship did not make out her flag, and therefore omitted to fire a salute. There being at that time much irritation between England and Russia, on account of the "portfolio," his lordship chose to consider it as a premeditated insult; and threatened to return forthwith to the Bosphorus. He would not accept the excuses of the Russian captain, who was in no small alarm at having excited the anger of so important a person. "Tell him," he said to the interpreter, "that the time is come for the English flag to be respected every where, and it shall be respected." As if in spite, the Russians captured the "Vixen" shortly afterwards.* However, subsequent honours

* The "Vixen" went to trade with the Circassians, on the presumption that they were independent. They were so in part: but she unluckily put into the bay of Soodjouk Kaleh, which had been made over by Turkey to Russia. She was

pacified his Excellency, and shewed him his error. Every possible indulgence was shewn him in quarantine. When he came out, the city authorities waited on him at his hotel with "bread and salt," and a congratulatory address. His journey from Odessa to St. Petersburgh was like a royal progress; the authorities of every town waiting on him with addresses, whether he arrived by day or in the middle of the night. The Emperor completed all, by investing him with the order of Saint Anne. I hope his lordship did not regret at Saint Petersburgh, having said at Odessa, with becoming spirit, that England would spend her last guinea, and shed her last drop of blood, before Russia should have Constantinople.

After two hours of the preliminary delay which is essential to every business in Russia, all hands on board our steamer, including firemen and stokers, were summoned to the marine police office, in order to undergo the "question" (verbally), and to have their passports inspected.

there captured by the Ajax, Russian brig of war. The Russian Court of Admiralty condemned her, on the ground that she had been carrying on a contraband trade. The Vixen was taken into the Russian service, under the name of the "Soodjouk Kaleh:" at Soodjouk Kaleh a battle was fought in 1771, between the Abasians and Turks.

We were huddled into a small dismal room. On the walls there were three appropriate formula, in frames, of an oath to be taken by individuals of the Greek, Latin, and Protestant religions, who might be examined. Two wooden rails, parallel to each other, separating a space three feet wide, ran across the apartment, on the farther side of which stood the authorities self invested with no small share of importance. They were very unceremonious in their demands, encouraged, no doubt, by the obsequiousness of the Italo-Greek party before them. I deemed it proper to make an exception to the common rule. When my turn came to be questioned, an officer in uniform who kept on his hat (which kept mine also on my head) asked me superciliously what I had come to Odessa for. I replied, "to perform quarantine." An ill suppressed titter among the crew and passengers followed this reply. The officer became nettled, and said sharply, "That is no answer to my question." "I do not know what it is then," I said; "it appears to me a literal as well as a true answer: besides, you have my passport, signed by the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, and that ought to suffice." His colleague then whispered something to him, on which he held his tongue, and removed his hat. This person who came to my

aid was dressed in plain clothes, and I remembered having remarked his official countenance when we were at Odessa in the *Mischief* yacht, and puzzled him exceedingly with the name, which he wrote down as *Miss Chief*, asking us at the same time if *Miss* did not signify *Mademoiselle*. I never object to answer proper queries, but the official above-mentioned had no right whatever to put such a one: that could only proceed from much higher authority, and then only in the case of my having done something against the laws and regulations of the empire, or of a suspicion being awakened by my conduct. We then swore one and all that we were free from contagious disorders to the best of our knowledge, and after two hours were allowed to return on board and prepare for the second ceremony, that of being transferred to the lazzaretto. The order to land us arrived in another hour; we were put into barges and towed to a wooden quay which adjoined the gates of the quarantine ground. We were there left to our own thoughts, shut in between the water and a high wall. Nobody cared any more about us. The captain of the steamer had washed his hands of his live cargo, and the "guardians" were not forthcoming to take charge of it. Drizzling rain made our position very uncomfortable. We

were literally *plantés*, and appeared likely to remain so for hours. Fortunately we had a man of authority among us, which I had little anticipated from his appearance, in the surgeon of the quarantine at Kerché, my fellow passenger in the steamer's cabin. His German *nonchalance* at length gave way; he waxed impatient, and observing to us that he was an officer with the rank of major, and our treatment therefore the more extraordinary, he went to the gates and vociferated loudly to whoever might be within hearing on the other side, that he was an officer. At the sound of this word, which has a magic effect all over Russia, the gates were opened. We entered cautiously, as if fearing an ambush: we all felt as though we were trespassing on hostile ground, and some of us began already to feel misgivings at having put ourselves within the precincts of martial law. The appearance of things was dreary: what met our eyes consisted of a muddy yard flanked by some low stone magazines, and about half a dozen soldiers. The doctor addressed them and said, "I am a major," in a tone as much as to imply, why do you not shew me more respect. Certainly anybody might have been deceived by the unmartial air of the good doctor; nevertheless his word was taken, and the six soldiers

doffed their caps, and stood erect ankle deep in mud, with the rain washing their hair. "And this," continued the Doctor, pointing to me, "is an English officer." The soldiers straightened their backs still more, and thrust their thumbs lower down the seams of their trousers. Having thus gained all outward signs of respect from the military, the next thing was to endeavour to get some work out of them. Although their office was to prevent anybody from communicating with us, so great was their deference for two officers, and so fast were they stuck in the mud, that we might have put them all in quarantine. We succeeded at length in arousing them out of their deferential attitude, and setting them to look for a cart. There certainly was a strange want of arrangement, and a total carelessness about the passengers. I really believe that if the doctor had not been with us, we must have passed the night in the open air, for there was nobody to direct us, and we should have been unable to induce the soldiers to put us in the way of helping ourselves. In about an hour a cart made its appearance. We packed the passengers' effects on it, and commenced a toilsome ascent to the lazzaretto. The united strength of the passengers was necessary to drag the vehicle up the hill, but the warmth caused

by the exertion repaid our toil. The appearance at the summit was equally unsatisfactory with that below: there was a long row of low edifices, the prisons for the *detenus*, and a few sentinels, with sheep-skin cloaks and jail-coloured visages, which harmonized with the cheerless aspect. Somebody now appeared to guide us. We were conducted in the first place to the smoke-room, where Colonel ——, the director of the lazzaretto, was expecting us. He said that in consequence of our late arrival the surgeon had gone away, and we could not therefore perform the *spoglio* that day: one day was lost, or rather, one day was added to our quarantine, as that could not commence until the *spoglio* had been performed. This did not put us in a good humour, especially as the delay, which had also kept us fasting since breakfast, was owing entirely to the Director's want of arrangement in his department. We maledicted the surgeon of course, and my companion openly expressed his opinion that, considering he was one of the faculty, his brother doctor might have had the complaisance to wait a little longer than usual. What were we to do next was the question. The director said that we must return on board, since, not having performed the *spoglio*, he could not assign us quarters. This was preposterous: in

the first place, when we should have descended the hill into the "slough of despond," we should in all probability have found no boat to carry us to the steamer; in the next place, allowing that we escaped a lodging on the earth, there was no particular reason to presume that we should encounter less delay on the morrow, when another day might be added to our detention. The Director was deaf to reason: we argued in vain. At length, observing that I considered ourselves exceedingly ill-treated, as in truth we were, I added that I should feel it to be my duty, on public grounds, to make a report of the same to the governor of the city. This innocent menace brought a change over the director's spirit, which in noways increased my esteem for him, since he ought to have done the right thing of his own accord, instead of waiting to be *talked* into it. There were some spare rooms in the establishment, he said, naked in truth, at our service, if we chose to put up with them for that night; the next day we should be furnished with proper apartments. This point being settled, we proceeded to unpack our trunks. Assistants, in oil-skin dresses and gloves, examined the contents, turned all pockets inside out, and then spread them on rods, to be smoked for twenty-four hours (in some cases injured) by a villanous

composition. This precaution is utterly useless; it is practised in no other lazzaretto. Our books and papers (sealed letters being cut open) were put into boxes to be discoloured by the same process. Metal utensils and trinkets were passed through water. I should have preferred having my watch smoked, but the regulations were precise; hydrophobia was inadmissible. It was a Breguet, and passed uninjured through the ordeal. But the doctor's timepiece did not perform its functions with regularity after the immersion. It being necessary to leave our things in the smoke-room all night, we were desired to lock the closet in which our money and other articles of value were placed, and keep the key. We could not see the motive for this precaution, as none but the officers of the establishment could obtain access to them. We refused to take the key. Of course nothing was missing. After these preliminaries, which occupied two hours, we were shewn to our room, where, under the guardianship of a Russian soldier, we passed a comfortless night between bare walls, without bed or couch. We made interest, however, to get some good tea and some bad cigars. Nothing else was procurable at that hour, for love or money.

Passengers of a vessel, performing quarantine

at Odessa, are not, as in other places, allowed to communicate freely with each other; they separate into lots of two, three, or four, and an apartment is assigned to each according to the means of payment. Our lot consisted of the doctor of Kerché, the German artisan whom I have mentioned, a Constantinople Jew, and myself. We, that is, the doctor and I, had invited the artisan and the Jew to join us, because the expenses of quarantine would have proved too heavy for them. Moses had displayed considerable tact on board the steamer in putting himself in the way of a good thing, and in singling out an Englishman as the object of his particular attentions. They were well behaved decent men, and were useful to us as well as thankful. We were therefore fully repaid. We did them a great service without any cost to ourselves. The same space, light and firing, would have been required had they been absent, while the addition to our meals on their account was of no moment.

Early next morning we were summoned to the smoke-room to perform the *spoglio*. The *spoglio* is a hyper-sanatory precaution against the chance of contagion being conveyed by a person from Turkey. The individual commences his quarantine in *puris naturalibus*. He strips naked in the presence of the director and the

surgeon of the lazzaretto, and having passed their inspection, puts on clothes supplied either by a friend *in pratique*, or hired from the *spenditore*, and wears them till his own garments are smoked. I experienced, as an Englishman, a natural reluctance to submit to such exposure; nor was I reconciled to the idea by the assurance that Count Orloff, with other distinguished officers, and even Lord Durham, had done so. I was permitted, however, to enter the inspection room first and alone. The Director and surgeon were already there, established in a kind of pulpit. I undressed as fast as possible, and as quickly slipped on the suit of clothes lying ready; and in which, for it was of a motley description, I cut a curious figure. I felt thankful for having been suffered to pass muster so easily. My medical companion was then introduced, and, as no scruples were supposed in him, similar forbearance was not observed. Either being used to the occurrence, or not caring about it, he exhibited the beauties of his person very leisurely. He was a short fattish man, whose appearance in the primitive guise, before sin begat shame, might have tickled anybody's fancy. The inspecting officers smiled. I could not help committing myself more openly, for he appeared precisely what we may presume

Mr. Pickwick's figure to have been when about to indulge in a bath. The doctor took my gaiety in good part: it would have been useless for me to explain; the celebrity of Mr. Pickwick had not reached the Cimmerian Bosphorus. Next came the German watchmaker and the Jew. The son of Levi was shy, and evidently wished to conceal the indubitable mark of his creed; which would have gained him favour in a Mussulman country. His scruples were unheeded; he was bid to extend his arms. Lastly, our soldier-guardian walked in. He did not care about the affair: he threw off his clothes with military promptitude, and stood upright, a figure for a sculptor to have gazed on with pleasure. I never saw a finer specimen of well-set herculean strength. His toilette shewed us the substitute for stockings worn by Russian soldiers: a piece of linen cloth is wound round each foot, including the ankle, over which the boot is drawn. They say that it is preferable to a stocking: it can be easier washed and dried; it adapts itself better to sore feet; and a hole or two is of no consequence.

Thus ended the ceremony of the *spoglio*, which, as I saw it, is utterly unworthy of any country calling itself civilized. I have such admiration for the liberal minded Count Woronzow, that

without personal experience I should hardly have credited the existence in his government of so revolting a practice. In our case forbearance was shewn; but occasionally, I have heard, every feeling of decency is outraged. Impartiality is certainly displayed in the application of it to everybody. A short time before our arrival, the French ambassador to Saint Petersburgh, M. de Barante, with his lady and daughter, had to submit to it. Ladies are inspected by their own sex; that is sufficiently disagreeable, for the women employed imagine they are doing their duty by being very particular. At times even that attention to decorum is wanting. A few months before my visit to Odessa, two English ladies (one of whom was the wife of a clergyman) had to expose themselves to the director and surgeon. They remonstrated, as a matter of course; but their remonstrances were unheeded: the individuals in question insisted upon exercising their authority. I hope, for the credit of Russia, that this tale may be untrue. I heard it though from a source which I have every reason to credit, and the story was current in Odessa. The *spoglio* is useless, because a person would be unable to walk about, if plague were so far advanced in him as to exhibit visible signs. High fever precedes the appearance of spots

or buboes: these are the results of the disorder, the efforts of nature to free herself; they are not the germs of disease.*

A good apartment was then assigned to us, consisting of two rooms and an ante-room, for which we paid so much a day—I forget how much; but the charge was high in comparison with that at other lazzarettos. We put ourselves in communication with the *spenditore* for the supply of our table, obtained some books, cards, and a couple of musical boxes from the city, and endeavoured to arm ourselves with patience. Nevertheless I never passed a much more unhappy fortnight. The reason was, our room was a prison, and no comfort can palliate that. We were literally in one. We were not suffered to stir out: either way stood a sentry ready to shoot us, and to make us more guarded, we were told that a man had been recently shot *sans ceremonie* for having gone outside the limits. We had no wish to infringe rules, but we certainly wanted a little air and exercise. The windows

* The Russians excuse themselves for being the only people who make the *spoglio* a preparatory step to quarantine, because Odessa is so near Turkey. Austria is much nearer, being only separated by the Danube or the Save; yet in her lazzarettos of Semlin and Orsova, there is not only no *spoglio*, but the quarantine is four days less than at Odessa.

being densely frosted, we had difficulty in keeping even one pane transparent, and through that our only view was on a stormy sea. Every obstacle was also systematically thrown in the way of persons in the city desirous of visiting the *detenus:* a pass was required in the first place, and then the visiter had to remain standing in the road exposed to the weather, which was very inclement. He could not approach us nearer than fifteen feet: on either side were iron gratings, through which we looked and shouted at each other. A visit to the lazzaretto was so inconvenient, that we could not but feel exceedingly beholden to any friends who came to see us, feeling it incumbent on us at the same time to beg they would not repeat the risk of catching a bad cold by exposing themselves in the wind and snow on our account. My companion was to the full as discontented as myself, but in his quality of medical chief of the quarantine establishment at Kerché, I thought he was only enduring a little poetical justice.

Our little society was a babel in miniature: the doctor and I communicated in Italian; the Jew talked to us in Turkish; the artisan and the Russian each kept to his own tongue. We obtained some curious information from our guardian about the habits and feelings of the

Russian soldiery, though I did not require any additional light to see that a Russian private is the most wretched creature upon earth. His term of service is twenty years; his rations consist of black bread and a little oatmeal; his pay is eleven roubles (ten shillings) a year. His life is one of incessant privation without one enjoyment. Yet he is good as a soldier; bears his load without repining, like the camel, and dies without a murmur in a ditch, doubly fortunate if he fall in the excitement of battle. The army is the weak point of the Russian government, as well as its strong one. It is as great an object of dread to its master as to its enemies. Ignorance and the secret military police suppress any combined expression of discontent; the gauntlet and a campaign in the Caucasus restrain partial disorders; but what a mine of danger exists in the agglomeration of so vast a body under the influence of privation and oppression! One spark may suffice to fire the whole: a simple demand, if successful, for an increase of pay to twenty shillings a year, and three ounces of meat a day, would almost effect a revolution in Russia; either the army would have to be reduced one half, or taxation be increased by one fourth. No emperor of Russia can ever give himself credit for humanity, or be properly considered other than as

a despot, while he keeps a million of *his own subjects* in the condition of Russian soldiers. No sophistry can palliate this state of things: no arguments are availing to make such an exercise of power fall short of tyranny. People commonly exclaim against the unwarrantable conquests of Russia, her insatiable ambition over neighbouring states, but they overlook the condition of Russians as soldiers. The former may be excused: this is unanswerable. England has conquered far and wide, but her soldiers have ever been volunteers and well paid: the Sultans poured their wild hordes on the fields of Hungary from Africa and Asia, but they appealed to their fanaticism, and led them on by the hope of plunder and paradise: Russia appeals to no passion, flatters no hope, and does not even render her soldiers' existence tolerable.

Our temporary captivity in a Russian lazzaretto, though a thousand times better than a residence in a Russian barrack, gave me an insight into the nature of confinement. I am sure that I shall never again talk lightly of imprisonment; and it would be well if certain statesmen could have a taste of confinement themselves. They would then see the cruelty of sentencing men to years of imprisonment, the horror of which is aggravated in proportion as the intellect is

elevated by education. It is a strange feature in modern civilization that the merciless punishment of long imprisonment should be so heedlessly administered, and as if the privation of friends and freedom were not a sufficient evil, invention is racked to render the interior of prisons uncomfortable. The idea of solitary confinement, debarring a man from the exercise of the faculty which chiefly distinguishes him from the brute creation, is, in my opinion, the most atrocious one that ever crossed the mind of man. I thought of Silvio Pellico one day: I remembered that passage of his *Prigioni* where he says, (trying to school himself into philosophy), "*Governiamo l'imaginativa e quasi dappertutto saremo bene. Un giorno é tosto passato, e quando la sera uno si mette a letto senza fame e senza dolori acuti, che importa se questo letto sia fra mura che si chiamino prigione, o fra mura che si chiamino palazzo. Ma come fare per governare l'imaginativa? Io mi vi provava, e talvolta mi sembrava che riusciva a meraviglia, ma altre volte la tiranna trionfava ed allora io m'indispettai della mia debolezza.*" * Silvio's argument was founded

* Let us govern our imagination, and we shall be well nearly everywhere. A day is soon over, and when at night one goes to bed without hunger and without acute pains, what does it signify if this bed is under a roof which is

on error, and therefore fell to the ground, as his last sentence shews. It presumed bodily comfort, which is out of the question under confinement. One has neither appetite nor any desire to sleep. "*Un giorno é tosto passato,*" (a day is soon over), is also wrong: each day, on the contrary, appears an age. Condemnation to hard labour on the roads is more merciful than being doomed to inactivity in a prison. Labour deadens thought; it is occupation for which the soul always yearns; it gives a zest to coarse food, and produces oblivion of woe in a few hours' sound sleep. The gentleman immured for a political offence undergoes a heavier punishment than the murderer chained to labour as a convict: leaving on one side reminiscences and the effects of imagination—the dire contrast between society, health, and activity, which he enjoyed, and solitude, pallour, and listlessness to which he is doomed,—his punishment is literally heavier.

There is nothing like a contrast for lessening an evil. It had blown hard all night, and on

called a prison, or under a roof which is called a palace? But how are we to govern the imagination? I endeavoured to do so, and occasionally I fancied that I succeeded wonderfully; but at other times the tyrant triumphed, and then I was vexed at my weakness.

looking out at the exposed offing in the morning we perceived two merchantmen at anchor in the seaway, pitching bows under, and rolling gunwales to: 'twas enough to make one sick to see them. Ah! we observed, with a look of satisfaction, the poor devils in those vessels are worse off than we are, and are equally confined: at all events, our prison does not pitch and roll about. *Pour nous encourager*,—we were informed that if any of the passengers who came by the same conveyance with ourselves should chance to die, no matter of what (apoplexy, or any other disorder), ten or fifteen days would be added to our quarantine. This intelligence made us take a great interest in our fellow captives: every day we sent to inquire after their health, and as our motive could not have been divined, they probably had an exalted opinion of our good breeding. One day, the *spenditore* alarmed us, after having complimented us on the liberal orders which we favoured him with, by lamenting that the Hellenic family which had come in the same steamer took nothing from him but olives and bread. "Heavens!" we exclaimed, the prominent idea uppermost, "they are not ill?" "No," he replied, "they are well; they are only economical." "You mistake," we observed, quite delighted, "they are good Christians; it is

fast time with the Greeks:" whereas, had the crude diet disordered their stomachs, we should certainly have agreed with the *spenditore's* thoughts, and have pronounced them avaricious Hebrews.

The commissary of the lazzaretto, a person with the rank of major, and a salary of about 60*l.* a-year, visited us several times during our fortnight's penance, to question us and take notes. One day he took an inventory of all our things, especially of our books. Our Jew was particularly closely examined, because there is a law in Russia, since 1833, which prohibits Jews from remaining longer than one year in the country. Their permit may be renewed, but is only good for that period. This law does not apply to Jews previously established in the country. The writing, occasioned by unassuming innocent individuals as we were, explained the accumulation of papers in every Russian office, and the necessity for such numbers of clerks. I saw a letter afterwards from the governor's office at Odessa, dated December 30th, 1838, marked about 18,600; and by waiting till next day, I might have found the number for the series increased by fifty more. This mass of documents was from one office in one city. Write to a public office in Russia, and you may be certain

that before your affair is ended, the file of letters will be two feet high. Letter begets letter; explanations suggest further queries; proof excites suspicion. A bribe, however, will often stay proceedings in their outset.

At length, December 8th, the day of enlargement arrived. We ordered droskies and prepared to leave our prison; but had first to undergo a verbal and personal examination from the commissary and the surgeon. The final medical inspection was decent, consisting simply in the application of some smart taps under the arms, to ascertain if any tenderness existed. The Jew was in alarm, and alarmed us excessively, on account of a boil, which if touched, he averred, would infallibly make him shrink, if not cry out. We exhorted him to exhibit a Roman-like fortitude. Fortunately he was not put to the test; the doctor's fingers avoided the susceptible part. Had they touched it, I have no hesitation in saying, that we should have been shut up for a week or ten days longer, that the nature of the tumour might be ascertained. As a last precaution, we were required to take an oath, with all the forms of religion, regarding our health, and non-communication with other parties. We were asked what priest we preferred. For my part, considering an oath equally binding before whomsoever

it may be taken, I said that a Russian priest would do for me. My companions followed my example, though all of them were of different creeds. Accordingly, three bearded priests soon made their appearance, and proceeded to work with due solemnity. A box, with a glass lid, containing saints' images and relics, was placed before us on a table. The chief priest then robed himself, and recited a long string of sentences, utterly unintelligible to those to whom they were addressed; while each of us held up our forefinger (by order), and nodded occasionally, as if in assent. The ceremony terminated by our kissing the glass cover; and we were then declared to be purified in mind and body. The doors were immediately afterwards thrown open, and we ran out in the snow as joyful as schoolboys at play-time. Having amused the sentry, muffled up in a sheep-skin cloak, with our antics for some minutes, we mounted our droskies and galloped to the health-office; over which a Prince Gagarin presided. His highness arranged about our passports with great politeness; and had the further kindness to send one of his clerks with us to facilitate the transit of our baggage through the custom-house. No scrutiny was exercised there, excepting in regard to our books, which were taken from us, even to a pocket dictionary,

and sent to the censor's office. They were all returned after some time, excepting a French translation of "Turkey, Greece, and Malta." The same work was for sale at Odessa at that very time; shewing that the censorial inquisition can be evaded.

I took up my quarters at the Hotel de Paris.

CHAPTER XIV.

ODESSA—GOVERNORS—SOCIETY—CLIMATE—CONSUMPTION—RUSSIANS AND GREEKS—SPECULATIONS—BRANDY MONOPOLY—GREEK MERCHANTS—MERINO SHEEP.

HAVING gained the entrance of Odessa through the purgatory of quarantine, I may be supposed to have found it a paradise. I remained long enough in it, however, to correct first impressions, and must say that too much cannot be said in favour of the capital of southern Russia, which is, at the same time, the third city of the empire in point of wealth and consideration. When the territory between the rivers Büg and Dnieper was ceded to Russia by the peace of Yassy in 1792, the site of Odessa was occupied by a Tartar village called Hodjabey. The Russians soon perceived the importance of the situation in a commercial view. Admiral de Ribas drew attention to it: he invited colonists from Russia, Greece, and Albania; and the government seconded him by making it a sanctuary for evaded serfs, and a free port. From this simi-

larity between the peopling of their city and that of Rome, the Odessans compare it with the eternal city, and date their almanacs from the foundation of Odessa. The Duke de Richelieu gave the chief impetus to the new city by a wise and liberal government, and by a personal demeanour and integrity which it would have been difficult to find in a Russian. As the favourite of the Emperor Alexander, his word was law; his recommendations were always attended to, and no man could have better merited the trust reposed in him, or the respect which the inhabitants preserve for his memory. A fine bronze statue of the Duke facing the sea, ornaments the promenade on the cliff. He built a handsome theatre when the city was scarcely begun, wisely judging that some attraction ought to be offered to individuals to come and settle on the wild steppe. An Italian company performs at Odessa nine months of the year, and as they are well supported, the entertainment is remarkably good, equal to the performances at second-rate cities in Italy. Count Woronzow has trod in the Duke de Richelieu's steps, and has done, as an Englishman (by education) for Odessa, what the other, as a French noble, could hardly have thought of: he has raised the merchants in their own estimation, deprecated the military overbearing

so common in Russia, and established a club in the English fashion. At this club there is no exclusiveness; all may belong to it, and I have seen the governor and shopkeepers sit down at the same table. By this concurrence of fortunate circumstances, aided by its necessarily becoming the *débouché* for the produce of Podolia and Bessarabia, Odessa is become a singularly flourishing place, and justly ranks as one of the most marvellous creations of the nineteenth century.

It contains, without counting the extensive suburbs of Moldovanka and Peresippe, forty-seven streets, six squares, ten churches, a theatre, a rope-walk, barracks, a hospital, a prison, a Lyceum, an imperial institution for young ladies, an exchange, a library,* a museum and other public edifices; besides near forty country-houses with gardens, in the vicinity. It has 60,000 inhabitants, including those in the suburbs, of whom more than one

* The library of Odessa, founded in 1829, contains 20,000 volumes, including a rich collection of Oriental manuscripts. The museum of Odessa, which is under the same roof as the library, contains a valuable collection of Greek and Roman medals and vases found in the Crimea. Both these establishments are open from nine till two every day, except on fête days. Signor Spada is the worthy librarian, and custos of the Museum.

half are Russians; the remainder are chiefly Greeks, Germans, and Jews, with a few French, Italians, and English. The wants of the population have called all trades into requisition: there are thirty brokers, thirty-five doctors, nine pharmacles, two dentists, six midwives, six bakers, ten shoemakers, thirteen tailors, five coachmakers, three hairdressers, five whitesmiths, five watchmakers, six milliners, six upholsterers, ten watchmakers and jewellers, one optician, two goldsmiths, three pianofortemakers, three bookbinders, four turners, four dyers, five confectioners, three libraries, nine wine stores, two French and two English magazines, besides many other concerns of inferior note. The city is well and regularly built; the streets are straight and wide, the houses are spacious, and the architecture elegant, in the Italian style. The only defect is that the streets are too wide, too wide because unpaved, excepting Richelieu-street: and being exposed to the most sudden changes of temperature and to violent gusts of wind, the dust is intolerable at times, and at other times the mud runs in rivers, or lies like stagnant lakes. A wit sketched a coat of arms for Odessa, and wrote for the motto, *qui trotte se crotte.* The mud is indescribable. It is not uncommon to see a carriage stuck fast in the middle of a street; and

not many years ago individuals were drowned in the mud of the Greek bazaar in winter. I often drove through it with the wheels of my drosky immersed to the axles. This evil appears surprising when we consider that the revenue of the city is above 60,000*l.* a-year; but official corruption, or rather necessity, explains it. The town supports the hospital and prison, and gives 7000 roubles a year to the Lyceum Richelieu,* (for which also every *tchetwert* of wheat exported is taxed ten kopecks, (1½*d.*); the rest is *appropriated* to make up for inadequate salaries. The employés cannot live on their pay. A man with the rank of excellency has a place with 100*l.* a year salary: he is expected to keep a good house, and must drive four horses because he is noble. The chief of the customs used to have the most lucrative opportunities at Odessa; but abuse is very much checked in that department. The master of the police has the best thing now:† the salary is

* Most of the sciences are taught at the Lyceum. It was founded by the Abbé Nicole, who introduced the system of private education into Petersburgh. The young ladies' institution at Odessa gives an ornamental education: they come out good linguists, tolerable musicians, and pretty dancers, with a smattering of botany, and some ideas of design.

† Police emoluments in Russia are derived from various sources. The brandy monopolists pay so much a month, in

150*l.* a year, but the place is worth 3000*l.* a year. There is not even the trace of a road near Odessa, and the inhabitants send three miles off for their water. Such things as roads and water-pipes never seem to enter into the system of any but English colonists: they may be thought of at last, while with us the first consideration is bestowed on them. Nevertheless, I repeat, Odessa is a remarkable city, and were it blessed with a finer climate, would be a desirable residence for anybody; it certainly is so for Russians. On account of the freedom of expression allowed in it, and the absence of great military establishments, many noble families of Petersburgh, the Narishkins to wit, have houses there as well as in the Crimea; they think nothing of journeying 1800 miles to enjoy the southern sun. They have that hot enough, but in other respects the climate is detestable. In the first place you live in a whirlwind; every wind of the steppe and of the sea centres in Odessa. Then, the thermometer varies 14° of Reaumur in twenty-four hours, as I witnessed on two occasions, from 2° of heat to 12° of cold. The winter of 1838-9 was mild: the mercury never descended lower

order that the cabarets may remain open on Sundays and fête days. Stolen property when recovered is rarely restored to the owner, etc.

than 12½° (Reaumur) of cold, and the port was not frozen for above three weeks. The sea was only once frozen out of sight, and the congelation was effected in twelve hours. On this occasion we had the pleasure of sledging in the streets, which then presented a very animated appearance. In consequence of these sudden changes from heat to cold, and *vice versa*, pulmonary complaints may be supposed to be common. Such, however, is not the case, owing to the uniform temperature which is kept up by means of stoves, throughout halls, staircases, saloons, and bedrooms. The comfort of this is not to be told: a house is enjoyed in its whole extent equally in winter and summer: doors are left open, and flowers bloom on the staircases. Stove heat by itself is rather disagreeable at first, though not unwholesome; but when combined with English fires, the perfection of agreeable warmth is attained, the circulation of air being then free. I saw this union in the houses of the English at Odessa, and have heard that the Russians are beginning to imitate it at St. Petersburgh. Were the practice happily introduced into England, of maintaining all the interior of a house at the same temperature, I am convinced that consumption would, in many cases, be *prevented*. As soon as ever

one's lungs *are affected*, in England, the physician orders the patient to keep his or her sitting and bedroom at the same temperature: had that rule been earlier followed, the tendency to disease would have been materially checked if not removed. No chance is given to weak lungs in England: we systematically expose them to sudden and great changes of heat and cold. See a delicate girl, for example, in winter, whose pale face, bright eyes, and sensitive frame indicate a predisposition to disease;—she sits all day in a drawing-room at a temperature of 65° or 70° Fahrenheit, and passes the night in a room 15° or 20° cooler. Should there be a fire in her bedroom when she retires to rest, the transition is yet greater towards morning, by the current of air drawn down the chimney by the expiring embers and the heated grate.* If the weather is unusually severe, the water on the washhand-stand may be frozen in the morning. Having thus breathed cold air for seven or eight hours,

* At an English country-house where the author was staying during part of the severe winter of 1837-8, which was signalized by Mr. Murphy's happy guess of the coldest day, (Feb. 8), the water in every bedroom with a fire was frozen in the morning. In one room where the fireplace was shut up by a board, the water was not frozen. The reason was evident: that room was free from the cold air descending the chimney.

she descends to inhale anew a heated atmosphere. This action and re-action on the poor lungs go on till the melancholy farce of applying the stethescope and tapping at the chest and back for indicative sounds is performed, and the doctor oracularly announces the fatal apprehension: then the necessity of breathing an equal temperature day and night is enforced, and a system prescribed, which, useless as a remedy, would have been successful as a preventive. If my reader has ever had his or her heart lacerated by witnessing a case of consumption, the force of the above remarks will be acknowledged. Affection in such cases unavailingly refers back to some presumed accidental want of precaution as the cause, while it was only the drop which made the cup flow over: it overlooks the evil practice, and habitual imprudence of allowing weak lungs to inhale a cold air all night, many degrees colder than that breathed throughout the day.

Every doctor, in sending a consumptive person to winter in a southern climate, admits that had that precaution been adopted before the disease developed itself, there might have been hope; as it is, he generally acknowledges there is none —"it is too late." He exiles his patient to spare the affected lungs the transition from an

English summer to winter: does he not know that that transition is seen and felt every twenty-four hours (in winter) in nearly every house in England, in the change from a sitting-room to a bedroom. We develope the disease by our habits, and then blame the climate. We might as well remove an orange tree from the conservatory to the hall after sunset, as let a person, predisposed to consumption, sit in a heated drawing-room by day, and breath cold air all night. It is virtually, as if he were transported by an Aladdin's ring from Valette to London every evening; and brought back again in the forenoon.

In cases where the remedial art is powerless, common sense and experience are worth all the faculty together; and both teach us, that any part of the human frame which is disposed to inflammation ought to be secluded as much as possible from atmospherical changes, and by attention to that, the weak organ, or part, may attain a natural degree of strength; or, at all events, the impending danger be averted for an indefinite period. The orientals (I speak of the inhabitants of Turkey), who are unable from ignorance to treat various disorders which are curable in western Europe, study the art of prevention: aware of their inability to grapple with

gout, rheumatism, gravel, liver complaint, etc. they take care to draw the humours to the surface, in order to evaporate through the pores, by the constant use of vapour baths: aware of their liability to deadly bowel complaints, owing to the transitions of their climate, they effectually guard against them by wearing very warm sashes: aware of the distressing effects of checked perspirations in the head, and of *coups de soleil*, they secure themselves from one and the other by shaving and daily washing the scalp, and by wearing wadded caps, or turbans; so that no change of temperature can be felt. An individual, in western Europe, may brave gout, liver complaint, rheumatism, or anything else, because there are doctors to relieve him: he may prefer the chance of getting ill, with the probable certainty of a cure, to the trouble of prevention: he may go out under a hot sun, with a straw hat and thin jacket on, with the comfortable assurance, that if he should get a brain fever, or an inflammation of the bowels, the doctor will get him through it, with the aid of blisters, bleeding, and calomel: but the oriental feels, that under such visitations he should die, and therefore he adopts the precautions suggested by experience and reason. And although we may not agree entirely with

the practice of medicated Europe (which, however, we have followed very often) of braving nature, and trusting to luck or the doctor, still, as most disorders can be cured there, there is some reason for not fearing them, and there is no great harm in getting ill occasionally in order to encourage the medical art: but when we come to a disease—consumption, which is *incurable*, it behoves those concerned to follow the example of orientals, and by precautions, keep out the enemy, who is not to be dislodged afterwards. This is only to be attained by persons, in whom a disposition to pulmonary complaint may be supposed to exist, from hereditary or other causes, keeping their sitting and sleeping apartments at about an equal temperature. It is a grand error to suppose that, by living in a warm house we are made chilly out of doors: the caloric imbibed requires time to evaporate; and we may remain exposed to cold for any time without danger, provided we have a perfectly warm room to sleep in. In European Turkey and Russia the first question the traveller asks in winter, on arriving at his night's station, is "Have you a warm room?" If that is answered affirmatively, he is satisfied. I can speak practically of the beneficial effects of sitting and sleeping in rooms of uniform temperature: till I arrived at Odessa,

I never passed a winter without having a severe cough; I had not the slightest one there, although the changes from heat to cold, and *vice versa*, were more sudden than had usually been remembered by the inhabitants. There is considerable comfort, too, in sleeping under one light coverlet instead of a load of blankets as in England; one inducement also to lie in bed of a morning is withdrawn by not having to get up in a cold room. Russian stoves (one of them warms two rooms) are of the height of the apartment, and are about two and a half or three feet square. The smoke evolves through brick tubes artistically constructed in spirals or otherwise. When the wood is thoroughly charred, the valve is closed and the heat retained. The mode is economical. When the glass does not descend much under the freezing point, lighting once in the morning suffices for the twenty-four hours. The possibility of asphixia is thereby avoided, though from constant practice that never occurs, even at St. Petersburgh, where the stoves are replenished in the evening. The small quantity of fuel consumed is surprising, considering the complete result. Firewood is dear at Odessa, being brought from the Crimea, and the Don, and sometimes from more distant places, yet there the expense of heating a house as large as

Gore-House, Kensington, *in every part*, is about 100*l.* a year.

Owing to their inclement climate, the inhabitants of southern Russia have few out-door amusements or pursuits: at least I remarked none at Odessa. Society, therefore, being necessary, is formed on a mutual system: one house or another is 'open' every night for cards, music, dancing, and tea, with supper occasionally. An introduction is equivalent to an invitation for the season. Some houses have their dinner days; once a guest, a plate is always laid for you. In addition, there are public balls at the Casino and the Exchange, both of which are well adapted for the lively and crowded Mazurka, and the opera is open three times a week. We had, therefore, no reason to complain of dulness. I would not describe the Russians as social, but they certainly are gregarious: they are not happy out of a crowd. They are drawing-room people; but are insipid as companions on account of the restraint which is imposed on the expression of thought, and of the absence of subjects of discussion, whether on politics or literature. Cards are the chief resort of the men, and the women indulge in scandal, for which it must be said Russian life affords fruitful topics. Books are rarely seen in a Russian house. In the circu-

lating libraries at Odessa, there were few books besides French novels and memoirs, generally of the worst description, with a few Russian authors.* The society at Odessa is divided into two sets, the Russian and the Italo-Greek. The former is the best, being less imbued with the mercantile spirit. I perceived a decided schism between the Russians and the Greeks established in Russia; each appeared to hate the other. The sectarian, calculating character of the Greeks is totally at variance with the careless spendthrift habits of the Russians. Both love money, and obtain it by any means; but the one loves it for itself, the other for the enjoyments which it procures: the one may be liberal through calculation, the other is so by impulse: both affect display in entertainments and equipages, but the Greek is actuated by the vanity of shewing his wealth, the Russian by the desire of amusing himself. The itch which Russians have for pedlaring and barter is a singular feature in their character, and forms a strange contrast with their extravagant habits: they take pleasure in *turning a penny*, which, it may be observed, is peculiarly an Asiatic and Judaic propensity. The Narishkin family is one of noblest in Russia (being related to the

* *Vide* Appendix, for a notice on Russian authors and literature.

Romanofs), and very wealthy: General Leon Narishkin, one of the members of it, possesses a splendid house at Odessa, where he has occasionally resided in good style. Among other luxuries, he has a fine stud of horses. These horses were to be hired, by the hour or the day, by anybody. I would not have credited this had I not hired a horse myself from his stables. I was informed that some of the clerks in the public offices were in the habit of letting their private droskies ply for hire during office hours, then return for their masters in the evening.

Several of the Greek houses at Odessa received; but we found the most polished and agreeable reunions at the Countess Zachazevska's and at Mr. Islaineff's (Russians). Madame Zachazevska was of the noble family of Zomoiloff: she lived in a state of conjugal separation, according to the usual noble Russian custom, and her brother, Count Zomoiloff, then at Odessa, kept her in countenance by a similar proceeding: his lady led a life of fashionable notoriety at Milan. The *élite* of Odessa met at Madame Zachazevska's house once a week, and were certain of passing a very agreeable evening, enlivened by the talents and *savoir vivre* of the fair hostess, who, although of a certain age, retained all the facility and liveliness of youth. I have remarked that the

Russians rarely get old in manner and thought, thanks to the *paternal* solicitude of their government to prevent them from thinking for themselves: those who think much, generally quit public life and live on their estates. Mr. Islaineff's house was of a different description, being regulated in a more quiet and domestic tone, well calculated to give a stranger an advantageous idea of Russian family life. His lady and three daughters were good specimens of the Russian fair sex; amiable, agreeable, and highly accomplished. Several of the ladies at Odessa spoke good English, owing the accomplishment to a St. Petersburgh education, of which it forms an essential part. Miss L——, the daughter of a government *employé*, accented our language so purely as to make me doubt her nationality at first. Her father had been a wealthy man, but had recently embarrassed himself, like many other Russians, by a beet-root sugar speculation.* Mr. Islaineff was also a great speculator,

* Count Bobrinsky (a natural son, it is said, of Catherine II.) is the only proprietor likely to gain by the beet-root speculation: he has a great advantage in having 12,000 peasants together, and his estate (near Toola) is on a river. The government has warned speculators in beet-root not to expect protection by restrictive duties, or exemption from internal duty. The Russian government derives a good revenue from the importation of raw sugar.

and was at that time brandy farmer for Odessa and the adjoining district, a circuit of 80 versts. He paid 900,000 roubles (about 41,000*l.* a year to government for the monopoly, and was said to clear from 150,000 to 200,000 roubles a year by the bargain. Large fortunes have been made in Russia by the brandy contracts, but others again have been lost. A failure in the corn harvest necessarily runs brandy up, while the contractor is bound to sell at a certain price. But Mr. Islaineff was lucky the year I was at Odessa: he purchased brandy at Kief (which is exempted from the influence of the monopoly) for two roubles (1*s.* 10*d.*) per *vedro* (3½ gallons), while his legal charge at Odessa was sixteen roubles (14*s.* 8*d.*) the *vedro*. Brandy is a monopoly all over Russia excepting in a few localities. The farmers pay to government 160,000,000 roubles (7,000,000*l.*) a year.* The duty on brandy is so profitable that government has thought of taking the excise into its own hands, but the corruption of Russian employés makes it hazardous to try the experiment.

* The contract for St. Petersburgh which expired in 1838 cost 12,000,000 roubles a year: on being put up to auction again, an advance of 6,000,000 roubles a year was offered, with the understanding, however, that a slight increase should be made to the retail price.

Speculation is carried on in every thing in southern Russia, which has long been considered an *el dorado*, and certainly has been so for many. But the Russians have had little share in the profits. The monopoly of money-making has been chiefly in the hands of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Many large fortunes have been realized by Greek houses at Odessa in the last twenty-five years, and nearly the whole foreign trade is in their hands: the two English houses do very little business in comparison. Mr. Marazly, a Greek of Philippopolis, is a remarkable instance of success: he began business, at Odessa, as a retail vender of olives, caviar, etc. and in 1838, was reckoned one of the richest men in the place. Mr. Ralli is another example: he is a Greek of Scio, and one of five brothers who carry on an extensive trade in concert; their operations embracing England, France, Turkey, Persia, and Russia. One brother is settled in London, another in Manchester, another at Constantinople. We find wealthy Greeks in every country excepting Greece; and here lies the principal reason of its non-progress: Greece is no country for the modern Greeks; their talents and riches are employed elsewhere. Greece is only a recollection, not a tangible existence. It is to them as Jerusalem is to

the Jews. And they are become like the Jews—found in every country, with their own language and customs—forming a part of every community, but amalgamating with none—and pursuing commerce happily under any sort of government.

One of the most successful, as well as interesting speculations in southern Russia, has been in merinos; and the commencement was attended with such difficulty and chance, as to make it rather romantic. Mr. Rouvier, a French merchant, at Malaga, on becoming bankrupt in 1802, resolved to try fortune anew in Russia. He embarked in a vessel bound to the Euxine, and landed at Sevastopol. Thence, traversing the country to Nicolaef, he was struck with the extent and fertility of the steppe; and reverting to the grazing lands in Spain, thought that merinos would thrive on it. His fortune then consisted, it might be said, in a piece of paper and a pencil. He drew out a memoir, in which he described the condition and expense of merinos in Spain, and pointed out the advantage of introducing the breed into a country where pasturage was unlimited and unowned. This was sent to the Minister of the Interior. The author demanded a grant of 10,000 *diseatines* of land, and a loan of 100,000 roubles without interest: he offered to return to Spain to purchase rams;

and proposed that a government agent should accompany him if deemed requisite. He engaged to have 10,000 merinos on his land at the end of twelve years; and to have repaid half of the loan. The government agreed to these terms. A vessel was freighted for Mr. Rouvier, who sailed for Spain, provided with letters for the Russian embassy at Madrid. On arriving at Malaga the hitherto successful adventurer caught the yellow fever, and there lost three months between sickness and quarantine. This delay nearly caused the complete failure of the enterprise; for when he at length reached Madrid, the Russian ambassador had just quarreled with Godoy, and therefore no assistance was forthcoming in that quarter. In those days the exportation of merinos was prohibited, and only granted occasionally as a special favour. After dancing attendance for two months, and exhausting all the ante-chamber modes of obtaining his suit indirectly, Rouvier solicited an audience of the Prince of Peace, with the determination to throw himself at his feet if necessary, in order to gain leave to export a few rams. Godoy said to him, "If you had addressed yourself to me in the first place, I would have granted your request; but as you chose to make the Russian ambassador your mediator, you may

return: you shall not have one sheep."—Rouvier accordingly left Madrid, and returned to Malaga in despair; for the issue of the negotiation was to make his fortune, or leave him a beggar. He was about to re-embark for Russia, when an hidalgo came to him mysteriously, and said, "I know your object: I will dispose of one hundred rams to you; name the breed you prefer, and you shall have them."

Rouvier of course accepted the unexpected offer, and willingly agreed to the enormous price demanded. It was settled between them that he should ship a slight cargo for the Crimea, to avert suspicion; then sail, and after dark alter his course for a certain cove to the westward of Malaga. If his signal-light should be answered, he was to send his boat on shore for the sheep, with the money. All turned out as desired; and—Jason-like—he sailed away triumphantly with the golden fleece. At the Dardanelles he was detained two months by a foul wind. He arrived at Sevastopol at length with eighty sheep remaining out of the hundred, and there experienced another delay by quarantine. That being terminated, the ship was weighing anchor to move into the harbour, half a mile distant, when Rouvier, struck by a presentiment of danger, entreated the captain to land him and his flock at the

lazzaretto. The captain ridiculed his fears, and naturally objected to lose time in order to gratify a whim. Nevertheless he yielded to the nearly frantic solicitations of his passenger, and set him on shore with his sheep. Scarcely was he landed, and the vessel under sail, when a squall took her between the reefs, which form the entrance of Sevastopol harbour, and threw her on the rocks, where she bilged and went to pieces. Mr. Rouvier led his charge to Theodosia. He gave twenty rams to the minister of the interior, twenty to the president of the council, and with forty commenced operations on his own account. He crossed with sheep of the country, and four years afterwards obtained an important addition to his stock from Saxony. He fully realized his promises. He left a large fortune amongst his three daughters, one of whom had married his partner, Mr. Wassal.

Mr. Wassal (whose property is near Perecop) is said to derive (1839) near 180,000 roubles a year from merino sheep. The example has been extensively followed in Russia.* Many of

* In 1824 there were no merinos in Livonia and Esthonia; in 1838 there were 140,000 head.

M. Reveillad (a Frenchman); M. Pictet (a Genevese); M. Pan (a Dutchman); and M. Fitsch (a Wirtemburgher), have greatly improved the breed of merinos in southern Russia.

the German and other colonists on the steppe, and in Bessarabia, have flocks of 20,000 sheep. The long and inclement winter in southern Russia renders great care necessary; but the grazing and the air in summer are peculiarly adapted to the breed. I imagine, as I observed in a preceding chapter, that merinos might be introduced successfully into those parts of Asia Minor which adjoin the Euxine, the Propontis, and the Archipelago; the climate is like that of Spain, and the animals might remain out nearly all the year.

CHAPTER XV.

CORN—CORN-LAWS—FAMINE—PROPRIETORS—SERFS—MERCHANTS—ARTIFICIAL NOBILITY—MILITARY RANK—DEGRADATION—EXILES—CORRUPTION—SECRET POLICE—POLES—THE CIRCASSIANS.

I found the community of Odessa in a state of exultation and excitement caused by the scarcity of corn in England. The subject interested everybody. Everybody dealt in corn: nothing else was spoken of. Poland, Circassia, Persia, Turkey, and even the Emperor, were unthought of beside the all-absorbing topic. Every post from the West increased the feeling, because every post brought a higher quotation from Mark-lane. Fortunes were making, and larger ones were anticipated. The price on 'Change was already doubled. Corn, which had been purchased at Odessa for twelve or thirteen roubles the tchetwert three months before, was selling at twenty-four roubles the tchetwert. One house had made

12,000*l.* by merely buying and selling on the spot. Freights were also doubled; and as the sea remained open all the winter, with the exception of three weeks, 400 carts were in constant requisition for transporting corn from the magazines to the port. Odessa had not known such a prosperous year since 1817-18, the year of the previous scarcity in England;* and Taganrok, Berdiansk, etc. shared in the good fortune. The exports of Odessa, in 1838, exceeded 38,000,000 of roubles in value. Thus, *nolens volens*, we strangers were drawn into the question, and listened to discussions, and talked about corn, if not as learnedly, as earnestly as our neighbours, though I confess that it was melancholy for an Englishman to witness the joy occasioned by the distresses of his countrymen.

The English corn laws necessarily came in for a share of remark, and that of a caustic nature: they were universally condemned by the merchants because interfering with their trade as they supposed; and the landowners of England were voted cruel and grasping in creating an artificial price of bread. Knowing that few people care less in general than merchants and

* In that year, 1818, the immense demand from western Europe raised the price of wheat at Odessa to 50 roubles the *tchetwert:* 100 tchetwerts make 74 English quarters.

manufacturers about the distresses of the lower classes in any country—their own fortunes being based on competition for bare subsistence in the labour market—I took the sweeping denunciation at its fair value, and gave the speakers no particular credit for professing humanity: but one day, at a dinner, one of the gentlemen present spoke so feelingly about the cruelty of the English gentry in keeping up the corn laws, that I fairly attributed a nobler motive to him than the love of gain, and readily concurred in wishing that the free importation of corn into England could be permitted, as a measure not unlikely to benefit the poor. Next morning, after the arrival of the post, I met him on the *Boulevard*: "Good news," he exclaimed, "from England!" As the word "news" in that day at Odessa related solely to corn, I naturally said, "the price of corn is lower then?" "O! no," he said, "just the reverse, the price is raised;" then, suddenly recollecting our conversation of the preceding evening, he reddened. "You see," I rather maliciously observed, "the English landowners are not the only people who like to raise the price of corn, or who appear to be unmindful of the poor when their own interests are at stake."

The Odessa merchants, however, notwith-

standing their outcry against the English corn laws, would certainly lose by their abolition. Their great gains are derived from the uncertainty of the trade, which gives them a monopoly of it, by enabling them to buy corn cheap from the Polish and other proprietors, who have not the means of speculating, or are ignorant of the state of the markets. The immense profit of this trade may be deduced from the circumstance, that corn which fetched in London from 50 to 60 roubles the *tchetwert* in the beginning of 1839, when the duty was nominal, had been sold a few months earlier in Poland at seven or eight roubles the *tchetwert*. The parties most interested—the producers and the consumers—gained no advantage from this state of things. High prices in London did not enrich the Poles: low prices in Poland failed to benefit the English. The Polish proprietor knew nothing of the demand in England, or, if he did, was unable to profit by it: *vice versa* for the Londoner. The profits of the transaction went amongst jobbers, merchants, shipowners, and brokers. But if the trade in corn were rendered constant and regular, the producer and consumer would soon come to an understanding of their respective interests, and corn be probably delivered in London from the Euxine ports at about one-third, or two-

fifths, of the price which is now obtained on a sudden demand. Many direct causes would operate to make Russian corn cheaper in England. In the first place, the portions of bad (often impassable) road which obstruct the communications between the corn districts and the outports would then be kept in order, whereby the cost of land carriage would be diminished: in the second place, the jobbing on 'Change at the ports —the holding for a rise in the western market— would of necessity cease: and, in the third place, the increased facility of navigating the Euxine, owing to a regular trade, which would allow of the favourable season being chosen, and the periodical arrival of vessels in sufficient number, would lessen the cost of freight and insurance. The same arguments apply stronger to Moldavia and Wallachia, because there the land carriage from the interior to the outports is trifling, and the latter are nearer to the Bosphorus. Russia would on the abolition of the English corn laws, consequently, become, in all probability, our chief market, unless Hungary should develope her cereal resources. It is not likely that Germany would be able to compete with Russia and the Danubian principalities in producing cheap corn, because there is neither the same extent of soil in proportion to population, nor serf labour.

Would Russia, we may ask, reciprocate, and take in exchange English manufactures? We may safely predict that she would not do so; because *necessity* would oblige us to have recourse to her. Whether our cottons were taken or not, we must have bread, and, in the event of our not producing corn for ourselves, should go to the country where it might be had cheapest. We now take nearly all Russia's hemp and tallow, and, for a like reason, our want of another market, she laughs at reciprocity. She takes no more from us than she can avoid doing: she restricts the importation of English manufactures by extravagant duties.

Another consideration, and a grave one too, is, admitting that we should become dependent on Russia for bread, might no occurrence take place to deprive us of our accustomed supply? That is not unlikely. I do not allude to the chance of a war, or to a caprice of imperial power, but to physical agency. Southern Russia is liable to famines from various causes. In 1823, locusts destroyed the crops in Bessarabia and in parts of the Crimea. The government was obliged to succour the inhabitants. In 1833-4, drought* caused a complete failure of every kind of vegetation in New Russia, a territory surpassing

* Four days of sudden heat (the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th of

in extent that of Great Britain. No subsistence remained for man or beast. The government distributed succour to the amount of 6,000,000 roubles: Odessa and other cities supported thousands of their respective poor during nine months: nevertheless, the distress was terrible and wide-spread. The price of wheat at Odessa rose to 80 roubles the tchetwert. In the Crimea, one fifth of the Tartar population, and nearly all the cattle, perished of hunger. The order of trade was reversed: in 1834 a cargo of bonded wheat was sent back from England to Odessa. 1833 and 1834 were years of plenty in England and in the west of Europe, and therefore the scarcity was unfelt out of Russia. But if by the abolition of her corn laws England were always dependent on others for half the amount of the corn necessary for her consumption, a similar

May) succeeding a period of drought was the cause of this terrible failure. Those four days of ardent sun utterly destroyed every particle of vegetation throughout the extent of Southern Russia. The peasants unthatched their roofs to feed their cattle, but were soon glad to take the wretched food for themselves. Two villages near Kerchè contained, to the author's knowledge, before the famine, 240 families and 9000 head of cattle: at the end of two years, 110 families remained and two cows. No part of Southern Russia had entirely recovered in 1839 from the effects of this visitation: the cattle were still suffering from disease in consequence.

disaster in Russia would re-act on her. The crops in the Polish provinces, which in ordinary years go to the outports, would then be consumed by Russians: we know that no despotic sovereign dares allow corn to be exported for the benefit of trade while his own people are in want.

It should be borne in mind that one certain resource which England now has, on a failure of crops, would no longer exist, viz. *the bonded wheat*, since merchants only bond wheat as a speculation for a simultaneous rise in price and decline in duty, which would cease were the trade open. As things are, a scarcity in the east and one in the west are never cotemporaneous; but if the scarcity in England were to be rendered everlasting by the non-protection of native agriculture, the two must occur together. The result might be very distressing, for if superior cheapness of production gave Russia the monopoly of supplying England, it is not probable that either Germany or America would be prepared to supply a great deficiency. Every year renders the above considerations of more importance on account of the increasing population of New Russia. There are also other parts of Russia which occasion an unusual drain at times on the corn districts. The province of Moscow produces on the average under 3,000,000

tchetwerts of wheat, while its consumption exceeds 4,000,000 tchetwerts. In 1828, the harvest in that province nearly failed. As I have before observed, the coincidence of a scanty harvest in England with a failure of crops in an extensive district of Russia has not yet occurred, and therefore the influence which such might have on us has been unnoticed. Some persons may think lightly of this, and say that all the world will be our granary. They should consider that, if one country were enabled to furnish cheaper corn on the average than others, that country would necessarily have the monopoly, and no other would be prepared to supply a deficiency which might occur there. At present, all the world *is our granary*, for the simple reason that when an extraordinary demand arises in England (about once in twenty years) all the corn-exporting countries stand pretty much on an equality: the higher prices in contiguous parts being compensated by the freight from distant ports, which is always doubled and sometimes trebled on such occasions, owing partly to the relative want of shipping, and partly to the necessity of carrying on the trade in winter, which would not be the case were the merchants enabled to calculate on a regular demand year after year.

The prosperity of Odessa in the spring of 1839 compensated, in some measure, by the gaiety it occasioned, for the absence of Count Woronzow, the governor-general of New Russia, as well as its distinguished ornament and patron. I heard much of his Excellency, but always in his favour. All opinions concurred in setting him down as a *gentleman*, which is more significant in Russia perhaps than elsewhere. Liberal in his ways, he expended his large fortune in supporting the dignity of his station, and in improving the country entrusted to his care. He gave his salary to the clerks in his office. Liberal in his sentiments, he raised the mercantile body in his government in self-estimation, and lessened the sense of their inferiority of caste under a military system. The example and rule of two such men as the Duc de Richelieu and Count Woronzow, have induced a feeling in New Russia rather at variance with orthodox opinions. On this account it is said that the Emperor, when he visited Odessa in 1837, took care to let the inhabitants notice that the Count had a master. The Count received his Sovereign on that occasion in a princely manner, and his hospitality to the Court at his house in the Crimea, cost him 20,000*l*. Count Woronzow's house at Odessa indicates the man: it is perhaps

one of the greatest curiosities in Russia, considering where it is, by the margin of the bleak Euxine, on a steppe which forty years ago was inhabited by nomade Tartars, whose ideas of comfort went scarcely beyond a tent. It is a perfect English country house, in the first style of elegance and arrangement, with greenhouse and conservatory. It stands on the brow of a cliff overlooking the bay, on the site of an old Turkish battery, the guns of which remained there till 1812. There are several fine pictures in the apartments, particularly one of the Emperor Alexander by Lawrence. The furniture is remarkable: the doors of one of the rooms came from St. Michael's palace, where the Emperor Paul was killed, and there are several rare articles purchased at the Duke of York's sale. There is an extensive library of modern works, principally French and English. I remarked also a splendid urn of Crimean marble, and the vase given to the Count by the Russian army of occupation in France.

When the army quitted France, the officers were indebted to the amount of 40,000*l.*, and unable to pay. The commander-in-chief, Count Woronzow, ordered the sum to be paid from the military chest. The Emperor Alexander did not like this item in the account, and expressed his

displeasure at it. But the Count observed that it was better for the government to pay 40,000*l.* than that the credit of the Russian name should suffer; at the same time offering to reimburse the sum if the Emperor was not satisfied. Count Woronzow was able to do this, being one of the large proprietors of Russia. Including his wife's property he has about 70,000 serfs, and each serf is worth on the average from eight to ten roubles a year. He expected a large addition to his fortune from his mother-in-law, the Countess Brainitska, who died lately, in 1839, leaving 105,000 serfs, and nearly 60,000,000 roubles in money, the fruits of a long life of economy. Her son, Count Brainitsky, has inherited this large property. Speaking of serfs, the word "souls" is used, which includes males alone. By the Russian law women have no souls, being another indication of the Asiatic sentiments of the Russians. Count Scheremeteff is, I believe, the greatest proprietor after the Emperor; he possesses 140,000 serfs, among whom he reckons several opulent merchants at St. Petersburgh and elsewhere. Some of them have offered him large sums for their freedom, but he prefers the honour of calling them his serfs. The Count's marriage, if what I have heard is true, offers a curious trait of Russian manners. The Empress

expressed her desire that he would marry one of her maids of honour. The Count did not like to offend Her Majesty, but at the same time did not fancy his destined bride: he endeavoured to get out of the dilemma by making an offer of a princely settlement on her if she would refuse him. The lady, however, preferred being Countess Scheremeteff, mistress of the finest fortune in the empire.

There are about 20,000,000 serfs in Russia: half of them belong to the crown, and are incontestably the best off. The Polish serfs are considered the worst off in the empire. By a late ukase the crown peasants are allowed to occupy their lands as tenants, with permission to acquire property, and bequeath it. The Emperor Nicholas has also conferred a benefit on the country, by depriving the Latchti of their rights of nobility. The Latchti of Poland (as in Hungary) were peasant nobility, in other words, beggared gentry, with the privileges of caste, and were an evil to the country by their union of pride and poverty. They are now subject to all the liabilities of the peasant except that of being sold with the land.

An amelioration is taking place in the condition of the lower classes of Russia: the power of selling serfs *without* the land is now decried,

though instances still occur of its being done, and sometimes under very shameful circumstances. Not long ago a friend of mine, a consul at Odessa, had, in his capacity of administrator of a deceased countryman's effects, the unpleasant duty of selling an entire family, separately, to the highest bidders. The possession of serfs is very onerous to the small proprietors, as they must feed and clothe them happen what may, and the aged and the helpless are at their charge: they cannot free them, because their property consists in serfs, and in a thinly peopled country they might find it impossible to hire labourers to till their lands. A gradual emancipation is, however, going on: serfage is rare in the colonies on the southern and eastern frontiers, and runaway serfs arriving in them from other parts are rarely asked any questions, and may remain quietly as settlers if their conduct is proper.* This is owing to the anxiety of the government to amalgamate Russians with the wild tribes on the frontiers. The example of the German and Bulgarian settlers

* By an ukase issued in 1838, the government is going to colonize 3000 families in the Kabardahs, and along the left bank of the Kuban, with the hope of civilizing the natives by the contact. The colonists are to consist chiefly of soldiers, whose term of service is expired, and who are married. The Great Kabardah is the hilly district lying

in New Russia is very advantageous to the Russian peasants, and will, I imagine, tend to introduce a sense of the rights of man among the latter.

A corresponding amelioration is taking place in the trading class. By the ukase of 1836, a merchant who has been ten years in the first guild, or twenty years in the second guild, may, on payment of a given sum once for all, obtain the rights of citizenship for himself and children. He does not acquire all the privileges of nobility, such as the right of possessing serfs, but he is freed from the liabilities of the peasant, and may ride in a carriage and four with long traces. Before that year, the merchant in Russia was a citizen only while he paid an annual capitation tax: failing to do that, he became reduced to the condition of a peasant, liable, himself and sons, to the knout and to the conscription. The commencement of a middle class in Russia is here visible. There was previously no medium between the nobles and the peasants—between

between Mount Elbourouz and the north course of the river Terek. Thence the Little Kabardah extends parallel with the eastern course of the Terek to the northern extremity of Eastern Caucasus. The Kabardahians declared themselves vassals of Russia in 1750; but only very lately has Russia begun to exercise a real influence with them.

les battans and *les battus.* This new class will tend to relieve the government from the embarrassment, felt more every year, caused by the difficulty of providing for the sons of the artificial nobility, since they may now enter trade without derogation and loss of rights. Hitherto public employ has been their only resource; and hence the incredible number of employés, and their beggarly condition. The artificial nobility was invented by Peter the Great, deriving immediately from the crown, in order to lower the importance of the landed nobles or boyars. Having effected the object for which it was designed, it is become in its turn a hindrance to the government; and is one of the greatest checks which exists in Russia to improvement. Excepting in name, it has no nobility, having neither property nor fixed rights. It is divided into 14 classes; of which, however, the 11th, 12th, and 13th classes are wanting. A foreigner asked a Russian why there were so many classes— "Why?" he replied, "Spain has four classes of nobles; and as Russia is three or four times as large, she has occasion for 14 classes." This jocular explanation is as good as any other. It is an official nobility: clerks, officers, diplomatists, ministers, all belong to it; and the rank of each, whatever be his calling, is designated by

a military title. Everybody, with any pretensions to move in society, belongs to it; and is aggregated to the body under some military rank. Hence the vast number of colonels and generals in Russia, without any relation to the army. At Odessa, when I was there, two physicians and one apothecary had the rank of general; the master of the ceremonies (a *maitre de ballet*) was a major. Military rank is given indiscriminately in Russia: when the Emperor visited Sevastopol, in 1837, he was much pleased with Mr. Upton, an English engineer, employed on the dry docks,* and made him a full colonel. He was led to bestow this mark of his satisfaction on Mr. Upton, in consequence of finding out the animus of the hostility against him of some Russian employés at Sevastopol, and which had nearly caused his removal. The latter disliked Mr. Upton, because he refused to make the regular perquisites of office. Such an example was dangerous. The works at Sevastopol, performed by Mr. Upton, have cost the government one-half less than similar works carried on at

* Five dry docks are constructing at Sevastopol: one for first rates, two for second rates, and two for frigates. They will be completed in 1842. Great activity is also displayed on the fortifications by sea and by land, on a great scale. It is estimated that they will be finished in 1845.

the same time by Russian engineers. Rank can be taken away as summarily as it is bestowed: a general's epaulettes are torn off his shoulders, and he is reduced at once to the condition of a peasant or a private soldier; and this liability of the *noble*, to be deprived of even the commonest attributes of freedom, or of citizenship, justifies me in saying, that Russian *nobility* is an illusion: it has no *status*, it has no unalienable rights, which are absolutely indispensable to nobility. Were not this transition of yearly occurrence, one would scarcely credit it. A few years ago, General Tulchmineff, the military governor of Sevastopol, was broke, and sentenced to serve as a common soldier, because he had neglected to inform the government of the existence of discontent in the garrison: he was sixty years old, and died shortly afterwards. When the Emperor visited Tiflis, in 1837, he broke Prince Dadianoff (the chief of the staff of the army of Giorgia, and son-in-law of General Rosen, the governor of Giorgia), and sent him away to a fortress as a labourer.* General

* Baron Rosen received the Emperor on full parade with his staff, and the garrison under arms. The Emperor, who had been furnished with the necessary evidence, made a speech, in which he animadverted on the existing corruption, and singled out Prince Dadianoff as its principal

Rosen was removed from his command shortly afterwards. In 1836 I believe, M. Ishmielneff, an imperial privy councillor, was found guilty of fraudulent practices in connexion with his office. He was arraigned at the public tribunal: and there, in open court, his stars and ribbons were stripped off; his hair was cut close, and the dress of a private soldier put on him. He was then led out of court as a prisoner, and sent to a regiment, where, however, the rigour of his sentence was mitigated through his brother, who held a high office, making interest with the officers in his behalf. An acquaintance of the author witnessed the ceremonial of degrading M. Ishmielneff from the condition of privy councillor to that of a private soldier.

The case of M. Speransky is a still more remarkable example of the vicissitude of fortune to which men of rank in Russia are exposed. This gentleman early distinguished himself in the legislative and finance departments. In 1810 he became a privy councillor, and acted as the Emperor Alexander's private secretary. One

author. He apostrophised him bitterly, and ordered the epaulettes to be torn off his shoulders. This was literally done before the whole garrison. The half of the Prince's head was then shaved: he was put into a cart, and sent to the fortress of Bubrosk, in Lithuania.

day, in the year 1812, he had worked with his master as usual, and his master as usual had smiled on him. On returning home from the palace, suspecting nothing, he was arrested by the police, and without any explanation hurried off to a guard-house. A friend, who saw the transaction, ran to his house with the news, and thus gave his servants time to supply him with a fur pelisse and some linen for his journey to Siberia. The cause of his disgrace remains a mystery to this day. He worked as a peasant for several years. He was then made governor of the district, and rose in 1819 to be governor-general of all Siberia. It is to be remarked that the governments in Siberia are punishments in a lesser or a greater degree: no honours or salary can compensate for a night of several months' duration. His experience of Siberia, in a humble capacity, enabled M. Speransky to make great improvements, and in two years he organized the system of government which is still in force. The Emperor Alexander recalled him to St. Petersburgh in 1821, and placed him again in the privy council; but he was not employed as he deserved till the accession of Nicholas, who, knowing his merit, reinstated him in the high offices which he had held before his exile. His latter years were devoted to the improvement of

the clergy;* he provided a fund for the establishment of the orphans of clergymen, by giving the church for that purpose the monopoly of selling the consecrated tapers, used in large quantities by the Russian peasants on fête days. M. Speransky was created a Count in 1838, and died in February 1839, at the age of seventy. Civil titles are not coveted in Russia, because they have no value beside military rank: the Narishkins, for example, one of the noblest families in the empire, have no other than military titles.

An exile in Siberia is dead in law, and has no control over his property, which goes to his heir, unless ordered to be kept in trust. His wife may join him if she pleases, but must share her husband's existence, put on the peasant's garb, make their bread, and wash their linen. I believe that the hardships of the life in Siberia are often modified, either by direct orders from St. Petersburgh, or by a discretionary power vested in the Governor. Ladies, I have heard, rarely shew this devotion: some brilliant examples, however, may be cited. The Princess Troubetskoi, and, I believe, a Countess Wolskonska, followed their husbands to Siberia after

* M. Speransky was the son of a Russian clergyman. He married an English lady, who died a year afterwards, leaving a daughter.

the last Polish war. Children born of exiles are interdicted from leaving Siberia: if allowed to depart, they have no claim to the rights of noblesse, but are regarded as peasants.

An inhabitant of western Europe, therefore, when moving in Russian society, cannot help regarding with pity the men before him, though exulting in the title of Excellency and covered with stars and crosses; yet if he expresses com miseration at the metamorphosis to which they are exposed, he is told that all is as it ought to be. I do not mean to say that in their hearts they kiss the hand which abases them: I believe that a deep feeling of discontent is rankling in the bosoms of the official Russian nobility, notwithstanding the demoralization which has been effected by a system of largess and terror acting and re-acting on their minds; but—and this is a remarkable fact—the Russians themselves tell you that this (in our estimation brutal) exercise of power is necessary to the welfare of the state as at present constituted; that corruption is so widely spread and deep rooted, and practised so shamelessly, that nothing but the most striking severity keeps it under. And it is admitted that in nine cases out of ten the general or colonel thus degraded and treated like a felon deserves his fate. Corruption has a terrible swing

in Russia, and there is no telling the length it would go under a weak or an indolent Emperor, especially in the distant provinces, where the governors are kings. The personal activity of the Emperor Nicholas, which makes him, as it were, ubiquitous in his vast empire, and the moral courage which enables him to level the highest offenders, are the safeguard of Russia, at present; and the absolute necessity for such shews us on what weak foundations the autocratic power rests—on one man's talents and energy. At first we are surprised at the correctness of the information which the Emperor receives, and the exactitude with which he goes to the source of an evil; we hardly imagine how he arrives at the truth of acts of tyranny and corruption in provinces two or three thousand miles away from the seat of government, and is enabled unerringly to punish the transgressors. The "secret police" explains the enigma. It is a substitute for the press, and though like the press it occasionally injures the innocent, its avowed avocation is to denounce injustice and expose venality. The individuals composing it are known, and are received everywhere. They are especially dreaded by governors. Their power of denunciation is unlimited; at the same time, as they may de-

nounce each other, they are careful not to make false accusations. The office of their chief (Count Benkendorff) at St. Petersburgh is like the "lion's mouth." I entered Russia with a saintly horror of the secret police, believing it to be an instrument in the hand of power to oppress the weak, but a few disclosures changed my opinion, and that of many others with whom I conversed. The venality of the *employés* is evident to everybody: the distance of the frontier provinces is calculated to give impunity to arbitrary governors; nevertheless, in spite of the cohesive principle of roguery, and of distance, official corruption and acts of injustice become known by means of the "secret police." Without it there would be no sort of check. Proprietors are bound to take care of their serfs; if there is a scarcity of corn in the land, the serfs' wants must be provided for before any can be sold: any infraction of this rule would call down on the remiss proprietor the indignation of the Emperor, and he is made acquainted with it through the "secret police." The following case, which occurred at Odessa a few years ago, is illustrative of the position and power of the secret police. The governor, M. Lofschine, directed an unjust demand to be made on M. Baguer, a Spanish merchant, on account of

some mercantile transaction, and gave orders to intimidate him by threats of arrest if he declined payment. The city police accordingly commenced proceedings in an irritating manner, and watched M. Baguer's house, as if he were a criminal. Not knowing the governor's share in the transaction, Baguer went to him and complained of the unwarrantable conduct of the police. M. Lofschine's language shewed him his enemy. He then sought advice of some friends. "Resist the oppression" was the word in the mouth of everybody; but how to resist was the difficulty. In a state of suspense, M. Baguer returned towards his home, and on the way met Colonel Locatelli, the chief of the "secret police." As a *pis aller*, he resolved to tell him the whole story, under the idea that he could not put himself in a worse position. The colonel listened patiently, said nothing, and left Baguer in doubt whether he had done a wise or a foolish thing. Proceedings on the part of the police were stayed; and in a few weeks the governor received a despatch from St. Petersburgh, in which the affair was commented on as most unjustifiable, and he was directed to give full satisfaction to M. Baguer. Baguer declared that nothing short of an apology from M. Lofschine would satisfy him. This, however,

could not be granted: he was given to understand that he could not lower the governor, but he might select anybody else. He then demanded that the police-officers employed by the governor should be instructed to wait on him and make an apology in the presence of his friends, in order that the reparation might be as public as the insult. This being agreed to, and M. Baguer having invited all his friends, including the consuls, a numerous body assembled at his house on a given day, waiting the arrival of the officers. These gentlemen by no means liking the exposure, had called early in the morning, in the hope of making the *amende* in private, but orders had been issued not to admit them till the appointed hour. At one o'clock accordingly they came again. There were three of them dressed in full uniform. They advanced into the middle of the room. One of them acted as spokesman for the party; but instead of apologizing, he began to expostulate and explain. One of the consuls interrupted him by saying that the company present were met to hear an apology and not to discuss the question. The Russian still hesitated, on which one of his companions stepped forward, and having declared his regret, and asked if M. Baguer was satisfied, darted out of the room. The third

man followed his example and left the original speaker alone. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "I will tell you all," and went on to say that the whole affair was highly improper, but that he was only the instrument of M. Lofschine, and he appealed to their sense of justice if it were not a shame to make him suffer for the governor's * fault. This explanation was received with applause, and he was invited to join the breakfast prepared for the occasion.

No one, on reflection, can be surprised at such being the practice of the secret police in Russia, for it is evidently the interest of a despotic government to check the abuses of its *employés*, and to teach the people to look to the crown for protection; but as the body is a mere instrument in the hands of power, and works efficaciously, whatever be the direction given to it, its influence is fearfully exercised in cases of undefined offences termed political, and then is invested by the imagination with all that is loathsome.

* M. Lofschine who was reported to have profited largely by his government of Odessa, was afterwards nominated to a government in Siberia, in other words, honourably banished. He contrived to fall from his carriage on the way to his new post. The injury which he received gained him a respite, and through the interest of Count Woronzow he afterwards obtained leave to travel in Italy for his health.

Its movements then are conducted with mysterious secrecy—subornation and espionage encompass the suspected,—and its acts are terrific and prompt. The victim rarely sees the hand which strikes him till the blow is struck. Just before my arrival at Odessa, a highly respected Polish merchant, M. Malordetzky, was suddenly torn from his family and business, and sent to the prisons of Kief, which were full of suspected Poles awaiting the decision of a military commission sitting in that city.* In the course of the year 1838 above one hundred Polish families were dragged from their homes, on suspicion, and sent to reside in distant towns under *surveillance*. This severity was occasioned by the visit to Poland of the notorious Konarsky, the agent of the propagandists at Paris; every individual he spoke to, or even looked at, might be said to have been compromised more or less. Konarsky was taken up in December 1838, and hanged.

The continued journeys of the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas materially contributed to maintain the efficiency of the "secret police,"

* Four gentlemen were condemned to die, and in March 1839, were led to the scaffold at Kief, with ropes round their necks. Their lives were spared, and they were sent to Siberia instead. *Faites moi grace de votre grace,* I would have said in their place, observed a Polish lady of my acquaintance.

and prevented, by the probability of their appearance in any quarter, collusion between its chiefs and the distant governors. Too much praise cannot be given to these monarchs for their unwearied endeavours to make themselves personally acquainted with the state of things in all parts of their vast empire. Humanity has benefited thereby in various instances; in proof of which I may mention the two following cases relating to opposite parts of Russia. Convicts used to be branded on the forehead, and have their nostrils slit. Alexander, in his Siberian tour, was shocked at the appearance of these unfortunate people, and commanded that the practice of branding and mutilation should cease. When the Emperor Nicholas visited New Russia in 1837, he prolonged his journey to Ghelindjik on the coast of Abasia, where General Williaminoff's army was encamped, and there seeing with his own eyes the cruel consequences, in the sufferings of his soldiers, and the impolicy of the war of extermination which had been projected against the Abasians, to which his attention had also been drawn by an able memoir of M. Scassi *

* M. Scassi (a Genoese) began to trade with the Circassians in 1813, under the auspices of the Duc de Richelieu. He opened establishments at Ghelindjik, Pockad and Soukoom Kaleh, and secured the friendship of the native chiefs.

to Count Nesselrode, he ordered a discontinuance of it, and a recurrence to milder measures. Measures thenceforward against the Circassians were, I have understood, to be confined principally to a strict blockade, to corruption, and to endeavours to introduce commerce among them from the various military posts, according to the conciliatory system, which was beginning to be successful when the war party in the cabinet of St. Petersburgh overruled it, as being unworthy of the majesty of Russia. That party, at the head of which was Prince Menzikof, elated by the peace of Adrianople, boasted that they would, in six months, carry fire and sword into every fastness of Circassia. But several years of failure and heavy loss have undeceived them; while the enormities of some of the Russian officers, particularly of a General Zass, who commanded a moveable corps on the Kuban, have united the Circassians firmly together. General Zass's excesses have done great injury to the Russian cause.

From 1820 to 1829 the trade flourished, and the natives were becoming well-disposed towards the Russians. About 800,000 lbs. of salt had been imported into Circassia from Russia, and moroccos and cottons were beginning to be introduced, when the impolitic measure of subduing the Circassians by force was adopted, after the peace of Adrianople. Commercial intercourse then ceased.

The following trait related of him is novel. He caused a Circassian chief who had fallen into his hands, to be bound to a tree under which a mine of powder was laid. The prisoner's followers, seeing no Russians on the spot, came in the night to release him, when the train was fired, and all—prisoner, friends and tree—were blown up. I regret to say, that I heard some Russians at Odessa term this a clever feat, instead of stigmatizing it as a barbarous act; becoming a red Indian perhaps, but rather unworthy of a Russian officer. The blockade of Abasia is twofold: by a line of forts extending along the course of the Kuban from the high road between Mosdok and Tiflis to the sea; and by another line along the coast commanding all the accessible points. There is, besides, an army ready to take advantage of circumstances, commanded, since the death of General Williaminoff in 1838, by General Rievsky, who got out of disgrace in 1837 by a memoir on the mode of reducing the Abasians.

The Russian Czars have always claimed sovereignty over the Circassians, but from what motive it is difficult to say, seeing that the history of the latter has been one either of independence or of nominal vassalage to Persia or Turkey. In the account of the embassy of Leon Sapieha, chancellor of Lithuania, in 1600,

from Sigismond, king of Poland, to the Czar Boris Fœdorovitch, the Czar's titles are thus enumerated: Boris Fœdorovitch, by the grace of God, Lord and Autocrat of all the Russias, of Vlodomir, of Moscow, of Novogorod, of Pskof; Grand Duke of Smolensk, of Regan, of Volotky, of Rjef, of Beloi, of Rostof, of Yaroslaf, of Beloozero, of Polotsk, of Oudor, of Obdor, of Sever; hereditary Ruler of Livonia; Czar of Kasan, of Siberia, and of Astrakhan; Lord and Dominator of the Czars of Georgia, of the Kabardaks, *and of Circassia.*

Under the name of Circassians (Tcherkesses), the inhabitants of all the Caucasian districts between the Euxine and the Caspian are generally comprised; but they are divided into various peoples of different denominations; as Tchouvasses, Duschians, Lahzians, Abasians, etc. The eastern Caucasus, after the fall of the Caliphate to which it had been tributary, long formed the natural barrier between the Persian and Muscovite empires; and although nominally subject to Persia, and in part to Turkey, its inhabitants maintained their independence pretty well, owing to the unrivalled strength of their position, which had been equally appreciated by the Romans, the Persians, and the Colchians, and which diverted the torrent of Scythian inva-

sion (issuing from the steppes between the Don and China) from Asia to Europe. The pass of Dariel (in the middle of the Russian military road from Mosdok to Tiflis), a tremendous defile, was and is the key of the eastern Caucasus—the gate from Russia to Persia. The modern Persian kings neglected to secure it. The pass is a complete Thermopylæ, and may, I have heard, be defended by 300 men against any force. The Persian monarchs frequently attacked the eastern Caucasians, without being able to subdue them; till at length it became a proverb in Persia, "When a king is too happy, let him attack Caucasus." In allusion to their defeats in that quarter, the Persians used to call the eastern Caucasus *Iran Kharab*, Persia's evil. The celebrated Nadir Schah tried his fortune there also: in 1741, he marched with 40,000 men into Schirvan, thence directed his steps against the Lesghians, by whom the "conqueror of India" was defeated. Alarmed, however, at the power of Persia under Nadir Schah, the Lesghians and other tribes of the eastern Caucasus implored the supremacy of Russia, which was readily granted; and from that time began the war, carried on openly or covertly ever since, between the Russians and the Circassians. The latter soon perceived the fault they had committed:

military roads, chains of fortified posts, and Russian colonies in the plains, gradually circumscribed their territory—compelling the submission of the weak, and hemming in the strong in their mountains. The Lesghians* are the most prominent among the latter, and indeed form the only tribe in eastern Caucasus which gives Russia any uneasiness. After nearly a century of guerilla warfare, they are still sufficiently powerful to oblige Russia to maintain an army in Georgia for the protection of the inhabitants; and in the autumn of 1838, a body, 12,000 strong, ravaged the country nearly to the gates of Tiflis.

The Abasians are the foes of Russia in western Caucasus, and are the people in whom so lively an interest has been taken the last few years, through the enterprising endeavours in their behalf of Mr. Urquhart and others, but which interest, I may observe, not having extended

* The Lesghian country is comprised between the Terek, the Kour, and the Caspian: it is separated from Kaketia (one of the three provinces of Giorgia) by the Alazan, a small river which runs into the Kour. The Lesghians lead a life of military indolence: their lands are tilled by the Ingalos, who are to their masters what the helots were to the Spartans. The Ingalos are a tribe of Giorgians who would not abandon their country to avoid the Lesghians.

farther than words, has caused Russia to redouble her efforts to reduce them. Russia has some right to coerce the Lesghians if she can, for they solicited her supremacy in their hour of need, but she has no excuse for attempting to deprive the Abasians of their liberty, beyond what state policy may furnish; and state policy in this case naturally objects to leave a nucleus of independence in the Caucasus. Excepting under this point of view, the Abasians are not situated so as to cause Russia much uneasiness: they are not, like the Lesghians, in the great track of communication between Europe and Asia. They inhabit the mountainous district between the Kouban* on the north-east, the Euxine on the west, and Mingrelia and Immeritia on the south, having been settled there from all antiquity. When subject to the princes of Georgia they embraced Christianity, which has since disappeared under the efforts of the Porte in favour of Islamism. The Turks effected partial conquests on the sea-coast; but the natives rose in 1771, and recovered their freedom in a battle at Soudjouk Kaleh, which place,

* The Kouban is the Hypanis of Herodotus and of Strabo, and the Vardannes of Ptolomy. It receives thirteen tributary rivulets in its course (200 miles). Its source is at the north foot of Mount Elbourouz.

however, remained in the hands of the Porte, and was ceded to Russia, together with Anapa, at the peace of Adrianople. More is known of the Abasians of the present day than of the rest of the Circassians on account of the traffic carried on with them from 1810 to 1829, and of the residence lately amongst them of Messrs. Bell and Longworth. I believe that the chief obstacle to effecting the permanent independence of the Abasians lies in their want of any stronger feeling of nationality and union than that which is prompted by the presence of danger. Mr. Urquhart endeavoured to arouse a nobler sentiment by imagining a national flag for them, with stars and arrows for emblems; but the chief to whom he entrusted the banner, converted it, after a while, into *shalwar* (trousers) for his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

GOVERNOR — ROBBERY — POLICE — DEMORALIZATION — BRIGANDAGE—CONSULS—RUSSIAN ARMY—RUSSIAN GENERALS —KHIVA—BOKHARA—COMMERCE WITH CENTRAL ASIA.

I found General Fœderof acting as governor-general of southern Russia, in the absence of Count Woronzow in England. He had held, a few years earlier, no higher rank than that of police-master at Nicolaef. Count Tolstoy, the governor of Odessa, was therefore much annoyed at having him placed over his head, and made no secret of the mortification which his pride had received. Many amusing scenes occurred in consequence. I need not relate them, it being hardly worth while to add examples to the many which we have, in order to shew how the base infirmities of our nature are often brought into relief by high situations in public life. But as the Count, though a gentlemanly man and of a noble family, was solely devoted to field-sports, he was less fit to govern New Russia

than General Fœderof, who had distinguished himself by thief-taking in the towns, and by brigand-hunting in the country. He had entirely cleared Bessarabia of banditti which had long infested it, and thereby brought himself into notice and gained the patronage of Count Woronzow. Such qualifications may not appear to my English reader exactly of a nature to qualify a man for the post of governor-general, but, nevertheless, are not to be despised in a country where the eighth commandment appears to be deprived of the negative particle. This is an assertion of so grave a nature, that I would not have ventured to make it had I not had abundant ocular proof of its correctness, amply confirmed, moreover, by the testimony of everybody, rich and poor, natives and foreigners, at Odessa. The propensity amounts to a national disease. It is easily explained. The (artificial) nobility of the country are poor and extravagant; they must make by their situations, or, in plain English, rob the public. Long habit has made their minds easy on the subject, and their inferiors have naturally taken the tone from their masters. The robbery at Odessa, while I was there, was not only very remarkable, but highly ludicrous, from the absolute want of respect for any

persons or things. As is always the case, where a whole community is exposed to the same evil, the theft of the night was the joke of the next morning. Nothing was safe. Sacks of wheat were carried away from the magazines in carts; rouleaus of notes were stolen from counting-houses; baskets of linen were abstracted from bed-rooms; garden palings were pulled down for firewood; larders were emptied of their contents; thermometers were removed from windows; and even children were stolen. If you dined in a strange house, you were not surprised to find your cloak missing from the hall. These were not isolated cases: they were of daily and nightly occurrence. The servants made no scruple of robbing their masters, and were not discharged, simply because, in all probability, others of the same description would have replaced them. In one of the wealthiest establishments at Odessa, where I dined once or twice, the lady of the house, when the company went to the dining-room, used to lock the saloon, in order that nothing might be purloined while they were at dinner. What appears extraordinary is, that no sense of shame is excited, even in respectable persons, by a suspicion of doing that which in another country could not enter the imagination. Madame ——, at Odessa,

one day received a morning visit from Prince ——. After his highness had taken leave, she missed a jewelled watch from the table. She suspected her visiter of having taken it away; and on his coming again, in a day or two, taxed him with the (in our estimation) felony. The Prince was surprised at the charge, but in no way scandalized.. He protested his innocence. The intercourse continued as before, although the lady continued of her first opinion till the watch was found three months afterwards on a labourer, who confessed having stolen it. Two things strike an Englishman as remarkable in this transaction: first, that a lady could suspect a gentleman of stealing, and tell him so; secondly, that a gentleman could have such a suspicion entertained of him and feel comfortable. It is a proof, among many others, of the depth of demoralization in some portions of Russia. The police either cannot or will not check the universal practice of making little or no distinction between *meum* and *tuum*; or, I should say rather, the inhabitants are averse from having much to do with the police. Sensible, quiet people in Russia appear to shun proceedings with the police as much as law is avoided by some individuals in England. They say that they only give themselves a deal of vexation,—are taken from their

business, and tormented with queries and suspicions, and in the end gain nothing; for when stolen property is recovered, it is rarely, if ever, restored to the owner. That is a police perquisite. Thieving has thus a fair field and no disfavour in New Russia. "The first loss is the least" seemed to be the axiom at Odessa: your cloak or watch is stolen; why add to the loss the trouble of a prosecution, and the chicanery of the police. An opportunity may thus be taken to annoy you. The fear of having any suspicion entertained of them by the authorities, makes men in Russia fearful of doing even a good action, which might give the police the right to put awkward queries to them. Monsieur ——, a foreign physician established at Odessa, speaking of this feeling before a large party, exemplified it by relating to us his horror one day, on going into his stable, to find his servant suspended by the neck to a beam. The man, who had hanged himself, was, by the doctor's account, still struggling, and would have revived had he been then cut down; but his master, instead of doing so, sent information of what had occurred to the police office, in order that every thing might be *en regle*. When the police officers arrived the unfortunate man was dead; but his master had done his duty like a good denizen of the Russian empire. I

was less surprised at this tale, degrading as it was, than at the doctor's *bonhomie* in relating it—his utter insensibility to the reproach of his conduct, the more extraordinary in one of his profession. At the same time it created no surprise among the generality of his auditors, but was received as a thing in course. Men's minds, I thought, must be sadly cowed, to allow an idea of unpleasant consequences to interfere with the natural impulse at such a moment when a fellow creature was in the agonies of death, and about to appear in the presence of his Maker with the crime of self-destruction on him. Byron's lines came to my recollection, in which the assassination of the commandant at Padua, is described:

"I heard a shot—'twas eight o'clock scarce past,
And running out as fast I was able,
I found the military commandant
Stretched in the street, and able scarce to pant."

"Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs, and left him there
To perish on the pavement: so I had
Him borne into the house, and up the stair,
And stripped and looked to."

The Russian Samaritan would have let the commandant lie till the police came—and bleed to death in the interval.

My own servant (a Greek of Odessa), a most accomplished rascal, named Timoleon, shared in the general disposition "to do with others' property as you would with your own." He robbed me in a very orthodox, business-like manner, taking notes, plate, clothes, and other trifles, without being particular. I bore all for a while with great philosophy. I did not complain to the police, because I was told that I should only increase my loss by a deal of trouble: I did not discharge the rogue, because I apprehended that a similar genius would replace him, when I should have the same scene to re-commence. My Christian resolution to bear patiently was at length, however, disturbed. One day, having broken my watch-glass, I sent the watch by Timoleon to have a new one fitted; I was in a hurry for it; but after a delay of above a week, for which I could not account, and repeated inquiries, I ascertained that instead of taking my watch to a maker he had sold it to a Jew for his own use and profit. The duplicity of this transaction upset my equanimity, and I determined, at all risk of personal inconvenience, to have recourse to the police; and I was further induced to take this step in the hope of recovering a ring which I set a great value on, and which he had also taken a fancy to. My friends

fully agreed with me in the propriety of punishing the rascal, but laughed at my simplicity in expecting that anything would be restored to me. I had an idea, however, that the police might be inclined to shew me some favour as a stranger; and my anticipation proved correct. I waited on Colonel Shostak, the police master; and having laid my case before him, which he listened to with great politeness, had the satisfaction of hearing that Timoleon had shewn more than usual roguery, and that my forbearance in not breaking his head was marvellous. The next question was how to get hold of the fellow. "He is a Greek," observed the colonel, "and if he has any suspicion of your proceedings, he will elude search, and be off to some village in the steppe where we shall never find him." I said that I did not imagine that he thought I was come to the end of my tether of forbearance, and that he would be in my rooms at three o'clock, when I should go home to dress for dinner. "That will do," observed the colonel, "we will catch him." He called one of his men, directed him to put on a peasant's garb, in order to avoid observation while going to the hotel, and station himself conveniently near my rooms, and when Timoleon made his appearance to arrest him. Whether, however, it be that man

knows a policeman by instinct or not, the agent of Colonel Shostak was discovered under his disguise by the people of the hotel; but, as they universally disliked Timoleon on account of the airs of importance which he assumed, the secret was kept, and a gradual mustering of the servants took place towards the part of the hotel where I resided, to see the fun. At three o'clock, as I had anticipated, Timoleon, not having the slightest suspicion of any mishap, entered my room with a bow, entertaining, I make no doubt, a sovereign contempt for my weakness respecting his deeds. He demurely asked my orders; whereupon, putting on a look of becoming solemnity, I informed him that he was no longer my servant, and referred him to the apparent peasant, who had followed him in unnoticed, and who, laying his hand on his shoulder, explained to the astonished Greek the altered position in which he stood. At that moment a twinge of compunction affected me. I had never caused the arrest of an individual in my life: I felt sorry for what I had done, and had the fellow, even at the last hour, expressed any contrition, I would have let him off. But his conduct soon stifled the rising feeling in his behalf: he put a bold face on the matter, swore by all the saints in his calendar that he had never taken the value of a kopeck

from me, and declared that I was a maligner. A chorus of indignation from the domestics of the hotel broke out at this impudent assertion. He then changed his tactics, and doggedly demanded of the policeman his authority for arresting him, adding that he was a Greek and would not be treated like a serf, and threatening us all with the wrath of the Hellenic government. The astonished air of the policeman (we must bear in mind where the scene lay) at being asked for his authority may be conceived: he looked as if he thought the Greek mad. The allusion to the protection of the Greek government amused me by bringing to my mind the title given to Otho by the English sailors in the Levant, who were wont to call him the King of the *Klephtes*. Finally, Timoleon yielded to his destiny: he cursed his folly at having fallen into the trap, and marched off to the police office. There his tone was speedily altered. The commandant preluded a summary interrogatory by giving him a couple of boxes on the ear, in order to shew him that he had no longer to deal with an easy-going Briton, and then by some wholesome threats extracted the whole truth. Timoleon confessed his guilt. Within three hours all the articles were recovered, excepting the money; and, to the astonishment of my friends, restored to me

next day, with a polite note from Colonel Shostak, expressive of his satisfaction in having been able to serve me so effectually. I therefore have no reason to complain of the police in Russia: though it is fair to add that everybody at Odessa said that my case was an exception to the rule. Timoleon was sent to prison to repent for three months. He was the best specimen of a rogue I ever saw: good-looking, well-mannered, and crafty, with a tolerable education. He would have made his fortune as a speculator in a great capital, where vice may go unmasked and be unheeded, provided a few conventional rules are observed.

Brigandage, in the provinces of Russia, is also a more important and profession-like affair than is usually supposed. Numerous bands keep together for years without being dispersed. Their motto being "*guerre aux riches, paix aux pauvres,*" the peasants harbour them as friends, and often give them timely notice of police movements. A formidable banditti, three or four hundred strong, was perambulating the governments of Smolensk and Oral while I was at Odessa, headed by one Trishcof, a man of fun and capacity, as would appear by the following trait, which reached us by private letters. Such things, it may be observed, never find their way

into the public journals, if such a one as I saw at Odessa deserved the name, and which was only remarkable for sedulously extracting from the French papers any remarks which there might be in them against England. Trishcof was a Captain Rock in his tactics: his plan was to send to a wealthy individual and desire him to have a sum of money ready at a given hour, *or* ——. His requests had been complied with in several instances; but a certain proprietor whom he thus distinguished in January 1839, by a hint to have 20,000 roubles ready on the following evening, when Trishcof would send for them, determined to refuse compliance. After a few hours of anxious deliberation, he came to the resolution of sending to the nearest military station for assistance. The next morning he was delighted at seeing a detachment of infantry approaching his house. He received them with open arms, and treated the party most hospitably, expressing his sense of the promptitude with which the general commandant had complied with his request. Such a paternal government! After a good breakfast, the officer of the party requested the proprietor to inform him of his case, and to point out in what way he could best serve him, as his orders were to abide by his directions. The proprietor replied, that as

he had informed the general, Trishcof was coming that evening for 20,000 roubles, and he wished the officer to dispose his men, so that the brigand might be surprised. The officer asked if the money was ready. "Yes," was the answer. "In that case you have no occasion to wait till evening," continued the officer, smiling and throwing open his coat: "I am Trishcof, and will take the money now." This trait of the brigand's address created much amusement at Moscow, at the expense of the "country gentleman."

Notorious brigands, when captured, are severely knouted, and, if they survive, sent to the mines in Siberia.

Besides Generals Fœderof and Tolstoy, two other general officers had their head-quarters at Odessa; Lieutenant-general Leckner, the inspector-general of the fortresses on the Danube, and General Count de Witte, the commander in chief of the colonized cavalry. General Leckner was one of the most liberal and right-minded Russians I conversed with, which perhaps he owed in part to his wife, an elegant, sensible Swiss lady. His first wife, who was remarkable for her beauty, became afterwards Baroness Brunow. I met them occasionally at the house of the English consul, Mr. Yeames, which was,

I may observe, the focus for the intellect and merit of Odessa. Every man with a claim to talent was to be met with in that house. Ideas might be refreshed there, and new ones picked up. An Englishman could not but feel proud at having his country represented in southern Russia by such a man as Mr. Yeames: I for one shall not readily forget the agreeable and instructive hours which I passed in his and his amiable family's society, and their friendly hospitality. Several other members of the consular body were also superior men: M. Challaye (the French consul), the Chevalier de Thom (the Austrian consul), and M. Baguer (the Spanish consul), did honour to their respective nations, and were universally esteemed.

Count de Witte is well known in Europe. I rarely met with a more polished gentlemanly man, though he is said to have the Asiatic faculty, which, however, is more or less common to all Russians, of ceasing to remember old friends should fortune frown upon them. He had distinguished himself in 1837 at the grand cavalry review of Wosnesensk, which he commanded. Fifty thousand cavalry were on the ground, besides 120 pieces of horse artillery, and two battalions of infantry. This imposing display *à la Timour* on the shores of the Euxine,

was for the purpose of impressing Turkey and Persia with an idea of Russia's power—cavalry having more effect in those quarters than infantry. Timely showers laid the dust, and consequently the review was brilliant. A town was improvised for the occasion with a theatre and a spacious ball-room. The Emperor and Empress were agreeably surprised, on entering the palace erected for them, to find their apartments furnished exactly like their apartments at St. Petersburgh. The expenses of the entertainments to the Court at Wosnesensk were defrayed by a subscription among the officers of the colonized cavalry in Count de Witte's name. The Emperor gave the Count 300,000 roubles (13,000*l.*) by way of reimbursement. The Emperor Nicholas is said to be very generous to the superior officers of the army and navy, never hesitating to give them gratifications when expensive habits bring them into difficulties. The condition of the officers in general has been materially improved in the present reign. *

* In addition to their pay, officers receive table money in the following proportions:—

A lieut.-general receives	6000	roubles a-year.
A major-general	4000	„
A colonel . . .	3000	„

Their pay was augmented in 1834, and again in January 1839. The two augmentations have nearly doubled the pay, and the Emperor holds out hopes of a farther increase. This will re-act on the condition of the privates, by better enabling the colonels to resist the temptation of making money by their men. This scandalous practice has been checked by the Emperor making severe examples of the offenders—sending some to Siberia; but it exists on a large scale; and as restriction of corruption in Russia depends on the energy and personal interference of the Emperor, we may fear that colonels will continue to profit by their opportunities. The Emperor does what he can, under existing circumstances, to ameliorate the condition of the soldier; but as he can only afford to pay him eleven roubles a year, and feed him on black bread and oatmeal, much cannot be effected, or

A lieut.-colonel receives 2000 roubles a year.
A major . . . . 2000 „

Naval officers receive table money in the same proportion.

After thirty-five years' service, an officer is entitled to half his pay as a pension.

The rank of staff-officer gives the right of nobility to the possessor and his children. Inferior rank ennobles the possessor only. Children of staff-officers are admissible as cadets and pensionnaires into the "imperial institutions" for either sex, where, if necessary, they are educated gratis.

his existence be otherwise than miserable.* He has, however, reduced the length of service. It was for twenty-five years. Now twenty years is the term, and leave of absence is granted with greater facility. At the end of twenty years the soldier is absolutely free: if he returns to his native village, he is allowed to retain his arms and uniform in order to excite military ardour in the villagers.

In a regiment,† each company of 110 men is

* Private's pay . .	11 roubles	a-year.
Corporal's . .	15	„
Serjeant's . .	60	„

Each man is allowed 3 lbs. (42 English ounces) of bread a day; and 7 lbs. of meal a month, to make porridge. The sailors, when at sea, have, in addition to the above rations, 6 ozs. of salt meat, and 2 drams of spirits, a day. A sailor has 12 roubles a-year pay.

When the Emperor passes a corps in review, the men receive that day 6 ozs. of meat and a dram of spirits each.

The cost of a Russian soldier, in the empire, is about 2½*d.* a day.

On foreign service, the pay of the army and navy is quadrupled. The army of the Caucasus receives double pay.

† A regiment consists of three battalions of 1000 men each. Two regiments make a brigade; two brigades form a division; four divisions constitute a corps d'armée.

The Russian military force is divided into four armies, called the first army, the second army, the army of Siberia, and the army of the south.

divided into four *artels* (messes). The men are allowed to work by *artels* on private account. The money thus earned is put into a common fund. Part of this goes to a mess; and each soldier is entitled to receive a certain sum when discharged. The wealth of the fund (independent of considerations about the honesty of the colonel) depends on the time the regiment has existed, and on the quarters it has occupied—whether there has been a demand for labour or not. The share of men who die in service belongs to the fund. When a non-commissioned officer receives his final discharge, the civil rank of officer is offered to him, which places him in the fourteenth class of nobility. Very few accept of it; the position is generally declined as being incompatible with previous habits and pursuits.

From conversations which I had with Russian officers, I perceived that they have a poor opinion of French troops compared with their own. "Things are quite changed," they observed, "there is no longer the great captain and the grand army: one will not rise again, and the other has to be created." In a similar tone General de —— spoke to the Chevalier de —— about the English navy. "It was only a shadow of its former self," he said, "we might any day land 30,000 grenadiers in England;

what could the English do? we should destroy their arsenals, perhaps burn London, and then England would be thrown back for a century." They observed that French troops of the present day are not inured to fatigue by long marches, nor accustomed to the simulacre of war by great reviews; their generals have no opportunities of handling large bodies of men. Russian troops, on the contrary, have every year marches of many hundreds of miles to perform, over a country without roads; they live encamped for months; they suffer all kinds of privations? they assemble every year or two, 100,000 at a time. If they take the field, shot—the least evil of war—is the only variety they have to encounter.

The principal coiffeur at Odessa had served in a regiment of the line, in Spain, against the English, and had fought at Waterloo in the Imperial Guard. He f—— Russia, and blessed his stars that he was a Frenchman, declaring that France and England were the only countries for a man to belong to. I presumed that he included the latter country in his eulogium out of compliment to the individual under his scissars. I asked him his opinion of Russian soldiers. "They are excellent soldiers," he replied, but they have no chiefs." I have heard this opinion

from many others besides the *vieille moustache*, and it is worth considering whether it be well founded or not. Great generals, like great poets or painters, are rare. Such men as Suwarroff, Napoleon, and Wellington, seldom appear on the stage. They know their art by intuition. The excellence of the common run of generals must depend on practice; and none in the present day have more practice than the Russian generals. In the last twelve years they have had three wars; the Persian war, the Turkish war, and the Polish war; and their terrible loss in these campaigns (especially against the Turks in in 1828-9) was less owing to a want of generalship, than to the absence of a commissariat and a competent medical staff. "Dans cette maudite guerre de la Turquie," said Count Langeron, "nous avons perdu 180,000 hommes dont 140,000 sont morts de faim." They have had a constant and harassing warfare with the Circassians; and they see reviews of 100,000 men in one part or other of the empire. They have an advantage over their rivals, in comparative youth; generals under 40 years of age are commonly seen in Russia. The blind obedience also of Russian soldiers, and the absence of discussion about their officers, are favourable to mediocrity. French soldiers know at once if

their leader is wanting in talent, which is sufficient to embarrass an ordinary man, and affect his decisions: but mediocrity in Russia has the full benefit of being implicitly relied on. I am not by any means capable of giving an opinion of the merits of Russian generals, but they have certainly far more practice in the art of war than their brother officers of other countries.

Several of the Russian officers at Odessa expressed a poor opinion of the military talents of Marshal Paskewitch, Prince of Warsaw, saying that he owed all his successes to good fortune: apropos to which, a gentleman said to me one day, "the Marshal has incontestably been successful in Persia, in Turkey, and in Poland: now I would not say that this proves him to possess talent, but it certainly is no proof of the contrary." Everybody, however, admitted that Marshal Paskewitch was a good administrator, which was much wanted in the Russian army, and he had gained great credit in consequence with the Emperor. I heard General Yermoloff spoken of as a prime favourite, he being considered at once a good politician and an able general, with the art, which Suwarroff eminently possessed, of leading the Russian soldiery by their prejudices and superstition. He principally distinguished himself by the pacification of Giorgia.

His connexion with the old Moscow nobility—the representatives of the bulky, bearded boyars—gave umbrage to the Emperor, it is said, and threw him out of employ. General Muravief, who has also been in the shade since 1837, was likewise highly thought of, and considered certain of having an important command in the event of a war. I am not exactly aware of the reason why the Emperor ordered him to retire to his estate: some remissness of discipline in the troops under his command was the alleged motive, but I believe that a political suspicion attached to him. His disgrace was one of the many unexpected ones which signalized the Emperor's visit to Southern or New Russia, in 1837.

Every thing relative to the Russian army is of the highest importance, whether morally or physically considered, because *the army is Russia.* The government is military: the rank and precedence of the empire is military: every claim to consideration must have a military title; and the Emperor possesses his mighty power—a power never before held by one man—only in virtue of his being at the head of the army. And by the army that power will be shaken to its centre some day, when an Emperor shall be on the throne without the energy to gallop off 2000

miles to look into an abuse, and the moral courage to punish its author, though of the highest rank. By means of the army, the gigantic scheme of Russian policy is being worked out, the policy which Peter I. conceived and Catherine II. fostered. It does more than conquer: it prepares the way for commerce. Rich cities have grown up in the room of Tartar villages under its auspices, and commerce is silently but surely extending its influence on the shores of the Caspian under its protection. England's commerce has led to conquest; Russian trade has followed her arms. And now the grand conception of Peter the Great,* of leading back commerce to the track which it followed in the Middle Ages, by the Indus, the Oxus, the Caspian, the Wolga, the Don, and the Euxine, and thus uniting central Asia with Russia and Germany, is apparently on the point of receiv-

* Peter the Great, full of the great project of influencing the commerce of central Asia, sent an expedition of 4000 men, under Prince Bekovitch, against Khiva, which he rightly considered as the key of Bokhara. The Prince perished with nearly all his men in the deserts. Peter saw only the result; he overlooked the obstacles, insurmountable in his day. During the 120 years which have elapsed since, Russia has extended her frontier to the confines of Kharasm, and has a base of operations within a short distance of Khiva.

ing the initiation of accomplishment. Having penetrated Persia, and made the Caspian a *mare clausum*—having done the same with the Black Sea—there only remains for her to effect the subjection or gain the co-operation of Khiva, in order to secure the trade of Bokhara, Tamarcand, etc., which will tend to restore those countries to their flourishing condition under the dynasty of the Timourides. If this should be the fruit of the present or of a future Russian expedition to Khiva, a greater result will not often have flowed from arms. Whoever is master of Khiva is necessarily the arbiter of the commerce of Bokhara.

Bokhara* will prove a rich acquisition to commerce. It has 2,500,000 inhabitants given to trade, and in direct communication with Persia, Affghanistan, Thibet, and India. Affghans and Hindoos form part of the population of the capital, which amounts to 70,000.

* The city of Bokhara is 234 miles from Khiva, and 340 miles from Herat. The climate is fine and salubrious. Meyendorff found melons in December, growing in the open air. Bokhara was very flourishing from 890 to 998: in the latter year it was pillaged and burnt by Genghis Khan, who, however, rebuilt it towards the end of his life. The city again attained prosperity 200 years later, under Timour; although he perferred Samarcand for his residence, in which city his tomb still exists.

The means have long been preparing for the end. Since the fortress of Orenburgh was built in 1742, a succession of envoys and presents has passed between Bokhara and Russia. Catherine II. sent 40,000 roubles to rebuild a famous *medresseh* (college) at Bokhara, which had been destroyed. From 1775 to 1820, twelve Bokharan envoys came to Russia, each of whom remained a year or longer. Envoys from Khiva have also visited Russia at different periods; and Khivan and Bokharan merchants have long carried on an irregular trade with Orenburgh, through the country of the Kirghises, and with Astrakhan, by the Caspian, which they reach at Balkan bay. Russia in her turn has sent embassies to Bokhara and Khiva; notably (in 1819-20), that of Baron G. Meyendorff to the former city, and of Mr. N. Mouravief to the latter; accounts of which have been published. Mr. Blankennegel also gave to the world an account of his mission to Khiva in 1794, including some interesting notices of the Khanat. Mr. Mouravief earnestly recommended the Russian government to take possession of the Khanat of Khiva, as a sure means of securing the commerce of Bokhara. The Bokharans now import into Russia about 6,000,000 worth of roubles a-year; and the trade would rapidly increase, it is said, but for the

dangers of the road between Bokhara and the Russian frontier. This road would be quite safe were Khiva subject to Russia. The caravans from Bokhara follow nearly the same route to Astrakhan which their predecessors took in the Middle Ages; and it may be observed that the ancient line of trade between India and Transoxiana was the same as that which exists in the present day: Attock, Peshawaur, and Cabool, were the principal stages.

In anticipation of establishing a mighty dominion on the monopoly of commerce between Europe and Asia, Russia has secured, or is securing, all the routes leading to Asia, east of Caucasus. She is already mistress of the water-line: the mouths of the Danube, the Euxine, the Don, the Wolga, and the Caspian, are hers; and she has only to take up the splendid design of Selim II. (of Turkey), of cutting a navigable canal* from the Don to the Wolga, a distance of

* Selim II. conceived the idea of joining the Bosphorus with the Caspian, in order to attack the Persians with greater ease. For this purpose, in 1568, he sent a flotilla up the Don, with several thousand labourers, to cut a canal to the Wolga; and an army of Janissaries to protect them from the Tartars. The Janissaries occupied Astrakhan, and thus came into collision with the Russians for the first time. The canal was traced out; but repeated attacks of Russians and Tartars compelled the abandonment of this great work at the end of two years.

about 30 miles, in order that merchandise may be carried by water from beyond Vienna to the heart of Persia, and the confines of Khiva. I will not speculate on the chance of uniting (or reuniting?) the Oxus with the Caspian, by which Affghanistan would be nearly approached by water, since that may not be practicable. From the Euxine, three routes conduct eastward into Asia: first, by the Don and the Wolga to Astrakhan on the Caspian; this was a favourite route of the Venetians. Secondly, by Redout-Kaleh, on the coast of Abasia, through Immeretia to Tiflis; whence the distance is short to Bakou on the Caspian 24 hours sail from the rich silk province of Ghylan in Persia. There is a road fit for carts between Redout-Kaleh and Bakou. This route was followed by the Genoese. Thirdly, by Trebizonde and Erzeroom into Persia. This route has been followed of late years, in consequence of the Russian government having closed the port of Redout-Kaleh, with the view of blockading the Abasians more closely; and is chiefly used by English and other merchants trading with Persia. It is in the Turkish territory: but Russia, in order to command it, is building a first-rate fortress at Goomri, about nine miles from the road, and 40 miles from the Turkish city of Kars. Goomri will also be a

point d'appui in any future operations against Asia Minor. In a similar spirit of prevision, Russia has, I hear, built a fortress at the extremity of the gulf Tiouk Kharassou (on the Caspian), about fourteen days' march from Khiva.

Russia has nearly levelled the natural obstacles to the revival of the ancient transit between the East and the West, and has opened land and water communication for merchants; she is preparing to offer her subjects and the Germans an opening for a vast commerce with central Asia, and even with China,* without the necessity of traversing the ocean; and the agency of steam will give facilities for extending their operations to a degree uncontemplated in other days. It appears a dream to think that we may in a few years be able to steam through the heart of Europe, from Ratisbonne to the farther shores of the Caspian, without setting foot on shore; thence in a few days reach the Oxus; navigate that river to Kondouz, which is at no great distance from Cabool; and re-embarking on the Cabool river, continue on by water to

* Prussian cloths are now carried from Silesia to Kiahtka, on the frontiers of China: they pay a transit duty of 8 per cent. The expense of carriage for merchandise is trifling in Russia and Asia, because the cattle find pasturage everywhere for nothing.

the Indus, where a thousand miles of navigation present themselves. From the neighbourhood of the Rhine to Lahore without seeing the ocean, or using land conveyance for above twenty days!

Will commerce follow this new track, in compliance with the axiom, "the port makes the trade?" Will the central Asiatics avail themselves of the communications opened for them with Europe? Will they accept through the agency of Russia the products of civilization which we have neglected to convey to them by the Indus and their own streams? I think we may answer in the affirmative, and prepare ourselves to witness before many years the commencement of a third commercial revolution since the Christian era. Russia, I fear, will profit by our indifference to the importance of civilizing central Asia by commerce,—by our neglect of the facilities which have so obviously presented themselves to our notice. Above one hundred years Russia has been fighting her way eastwards, occasionally checked but never repulsed; step by step she has overcome the obstacles which impeded the flow of commerce from the West into central Asia. What have we been about during that time? What have we done for the prosperity of the countries lying between the Indus and the Caspian?

CHAPTER XVII.

INDIVIDUALS — JOURNALS — GERMAN VILLAGES — COLONIZATION AND EMIGRATION — BALL — LADIES — DECORATIONS — NEW YEAR — REMARKABLE OPERATION — LENT.

Owing to its southern locality and its comparative freedom, Odessa is a favourite resort of the Russians, even from a long distance. The gentry of Podolia and Wolhynia used to frequent it as a watering-place, taking the opportunity at the same time to sell their corn, and then, during the season, the city was a scene of unusual gaiety and expenditure. But since the last Polish war this influx has ceased: a Pole is rarely now seen at Odessa. The convenience of Odessa as a residence, the facilities for educating children, and the advantages derivable from its free-port, cause many Russian *employés* to retire to it on quitting public life, while the demand for talent necessarily existing in the capital of a thriving colony, as New Russia must be considered, has gathered to the spot various enter-

prising individuals. M. Golofschine, who went ambassador to China, resided there in 1839, and was remarkable for the activity of mind and body which he still displayed at the advanced age of 84, daily taking exercise in the cold winds, even when the thermometer of Reaumur was several degrees below zero.* There was M. Negri, one of the gentlemen who composed M. Meyendorff's mission to Bokhara. There was M. Dugouroff, who had long filled the post of magnetiser to the Narishkin family, and by whom he was pensioned on becoming blind. By birth he was French: his patronymic was *Dugour*, but on account of the feeling manifested against his nation in 1812, he petitioned the Emperor to be allowed to add *off* to his name. There was another gentlemanly French *émigré*, at Odessa, who had also taken refuge in Russia from the revolutionary storm, and had passed his life, teaching Latin and French at Karkoff, in which university he became a pro-

* The coldest days I remarked at Odessa in 1839 were the 19th, 20th, and 21st of March, during an equinoctial gale from the north-east, which caused many wrecks on the Euxine. Reaumur's thermometer stood at 12° below zero, and the sea was frozen out of sight. A gale from the south-east, on April 3, brought a very heavy fall of snow. The latitude of Odessa is 46° 25′.

fessor. After thirty years' services he received a decoration and a pension. It is very stupid of me to forget his name, for I often listened with interest to his enthusiastic recollections of his *belle France* and his *cher Paris*. He longed to see them once more, but could not afford to sacrifice his pension as he would do by leaving Russia. I thought that with his polished courtier-like manners of the old school, which thirty years residence in Russia had not worn off, he would have found himself a perfect stranger in his dear France. He related to me an anecdote illustrative of the perfect isolation of Russian provincial towns about every thing relating to foreign countries. During the campaign of 1812, some French officers, taken prisoners, were sent to Karkoff, where of course they became intimate with their countryman, the professor. From that hour they heard not one word of Napoleon until the news of his abdication at Fontainbleau was published. They refused to credit it, and did not entirely believe it till the order for their liberation arrived. We remarked at Odessa, on the contrary, that we were kept in ignorance of what was passing *in* Russia. We knew by every post what was doing in France, England, and Germany, because certain papers were allowed admission, but

the Russian journals spoke of little else than the imperial court in one measured tone of praise. A traveller therefore ceases after a while to be surprised at the inability of the inhabitants in general of a Russian town to answer his queries: he may soon know as much as them. One must have a direct interest in ascertaining the state of things in Russia, or have a tolerable share of inquisitiveness, in order to gain information. Even then it is necessary to avoid the appearance of seeking it. *Les extrêmes se touchent.* The Yankee mystifies the unwary traveller for fun: the Russian will endeavour to mystify him, not to compromise himself.

Frenchmen are less readily received in Russia than formerly, and those domiciled in the country are discouraged from paying a visit to France. Mr. R—— being in Switzerland in 1838 wished to go to Paris for a short time on business. He applied to the Russian minister for a passport (being a naturalized Russian). You can have one, was the reply, but recollect if you visit Paris you cannot return to Russia. I may remark, as a reason for this particular restriction, that Mr. R—— was master of a school in Russia.

Among the foreigners in Russian pay at Odessa, Mr. Sontag was the most remarkable, both on

account of his merit and of the varied and interesting life he had led. An American by birth, and I suppose a German by descent, though he knew of no relationship with the celebrated vocalist (now Countess Rossi), Mr. Sontag, after having served at sea, left his own country, and entered the Russian navy in the Turkish war of 1811. He was at the siege of Varna in that year. The following year, Admiral Tchitchagoff, the commander-in-chief in the Euxine, was ordered to reinforce the army of the Danube with his "crews,"* and, taking the command, march to co-operate with the other armies against Napoleon. Sontag accompanied the Admiral.

* The seamen of the Russian navy are divided into forty-three battalions, called crews, officered and modelled like infantry regiments. The "crews" from No. 1 to No. 27 belong to the Baltic fleet: those from No. 28 to No. 43 belong to the Euxine fleet. A crew, when complete, contains 1032 men. There are, in addition, brigades of marine artillery. Each crew is officered by one captain (colonel), one second captain (lieut-colonel), two captain-lieutenants (majors), eight first and second lieutenants (captains and lieutenants) and a proportion of midshipmen. Each "crew" mans one first-rate, or a second-rate and a frigate, or two large frigates. Smaller vessels, as corvettes, brigs, transports, etc., are manned by detachments from the "crews." As the "crews" are regularly trained to infantry service, they can take their place in the line where disembarked without confusion. Russian sailors are in fact marines (Anglice) who go aloft.

Getting tired of the infantry after a while, he exchanged into a regiment of cavalry; he was taken prisoner by the French, and retaken afterwards in Germany. Admiral Tchitchagoff's mistake, which enabled the remnant of the French army to cross the Beresina, is well known: he imagined that the bridge which Napoleon was throwing across the river was a feint, and that the passage would be effected some miles lower down: he accordingly marched with his army to that point, and thus gave the Emperor time to escape out of Russia. But for this error, every Frenchman must have laid down his arms. The Russians have made a joke of it, and say, in allusion to his profession, that the Admiral would have approached the bridge, but the wind was not fair. At the general peace, Mr. Sontag went to try his fortune in Buenos Ayres. He remained there a year; then returned to Russia, and re-entered the naval service in the Euxine. He rose rapidly, and served for many years as Admiral Greig's flag-captain. He afterwards filled the situation of inspector of quarantine at Odessa, and of captain of the port, and expected to have the post, about to be created, of inspector of steam navigation in the Euxine,* for which he

* Russian steam navigation is extensive in the Euxine. There is one line between Odessa and Constantinople;

was well fitted. He was exactly the man with energy and resources for a rising colony: he had just built a steamer on the beach, when I knew him: every thing belonging to her, her engines and boilers, etc., were made at Odessa. In this undertaking he was assisted by a clever English engineer named Parry. Mr. Sontag, though an Englishman in language and thought, had quite identified himself with Russia, having obtained the civil rank of general and *conseiller actuel*, and married a Russian lady. Madame Sontag enjoys a literary reputation: in addition to some original compositions, she has translated "Old Mortality" into Russian. It was rather a curious coincidence that Mr. Sontag's brother should be settled at Cincinnati, which is as remarkable a creation in the New, as Odessa is in the Old World—each of only a few years' date, and each wealthy and populous beyond all expectation. His niece wrote a letter in French to her cousin at Odessa, about the time I speak of, in which

another line from Odessa to the principal places in the Crimea, and to Berdiansk and Tagarok in the sea of Azof. Iron steamers are projected for the rivers.

There are also men-of-war steamers. In 1839, there were five at Sevastopol of from 80 to 120 horse power, and four tug steamers of from 40 to 80 horse power. Two large steamers were expected from England.

she described the wonders of Cincinnati, and expressed herself as if the good folks on the Mississippi supposed Southern Russia to be inhabited by little better than bears and wild Tartars. It rather surprises us to find an American of ability settled in the Russian service. There are so many ways in America of pushing one's fortune, that no apparent reason can be assigned for the expatriation—for leaving a country of unexampled enterprise and freedom, where every kind of talent finds occupation and reward, and every sort of temper may administer unto itself, to live in an empire where books are feared, and brigands only travel without passports. An Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German has an excuse: want drives him from his own country, where it cannot be appeased, and then the market of the world is fairly open to him; but an American has every resource in his own land for occupying an active mind, or for relieving his condition: if pressed in the eastern states, he can go westwards; if he loves to domineer, he may live among slaves in the south; if wild democracy has charms for him, he may fully gratify himself in the north-western states.

I would not have my reader infer from the above, that colonists are not well received in Russia. Every part of New Russia gives evi-

dence of the solicitude of the government about the comfort and prosperity of the colonies of all nations and persuasions which stud its surface. Armenians, Greeks, and Germans, by tens of thousands, driven out of Persia and Turkey by misrule, and out of Germany by want, have made New Russia their home, and enjoy privileges above native-born settlers. I visited some of the German villages in the steppe, and found in them great comfort, denoting a state of progressive prosperity. The Germans are very valuable settlers, on account of their steady habits and agricultural skill. I was both surprised and pleased with their intelligence and well-directed industry. The Protestant German villages in the steppe are far superior to any of the others, which I would not say were it not an universally admitted fact. Why, or wherefore they are so, I will not pretend to decide. Perhaps the absence of fêtes and fast-days gives the Protestants in Russia an advantage in business and agriculture over their Catholic and Greek brethren. Time is most valuable in a new country. The immigration into Russia may be cited as one of the most favourable points of view in which the government can be regarded; because it may be considered as arising from the opposite causes which produce *emigration*. A French

writer has said, "*les émigrations sont les preuves les plus fortes de la misère et de la mauvaise administration d'un état. C'est presque toujours l'âme dechirée par la tristesse que le paysan le plus malheureux quitte le sol où il a reçu le jour. L'émigration est la marque la plus sûre et la plus incontestable d'un mauvais gouvernement.*" If emigration is a sign of bad government, and Persia and Turkey have offered the picture of cause and effect, it it fair to receive, though of course with considerable caution, immigration as an index of the contrary. I presume that the author whom I have quoted, drew a distinction in his own mind between emigration and colonization: the two are not to be confounded. A government is only to blame when its subjects leave their home in numbers to gain subsistence in a foreign land; but in enabling them to settle in countries dependent on the metropolis, and under native laws, its conduct is wise and paternal: it provides the remedy for a state of things to which all great countries are exposed. The words "emigration" and "colonization" are too lightly confounded in England, and unpleasant feelings are thereby raised, which would otherwise be avoided. "Emigration" is scarcely applicable to English colonization. An individual about to leave England for New South

Wales or Canada, should think that he is merely changing his place of abode from one part of the British empire to another; not that he is abandoning his country. It cannot be called expatriation, to go to a place, however far removed from the mother country, where our own laws, institutions, religion, manners, and language prevail. Exile depends less on distance than on association: the English settled in France or Italy, hearing a strange tongue, and subject to foreign laws, may be said to be expatriated rather than their fellow countrymen residing in New South Wales.

* * * *

A grand ball on New Year's-eve, o.s., which corresponded with our January 12th, gave us an opportunity of seeing all the society of Odessa together. The handsome saloon at the Exchange sparkled with lights, fine dresses, and beauty. I have rarely seen so many attractive women together, owing, perhaps, to the intermixture of Greeks, Italians, Germans, and Russians, during thirty or forty years. Russian women are not in general handsome; nevertheless, the palm of beauty at Odessa, when I was there, was borne away by two Russian ladies, Madame S——, and Mademoiselle I——: but they were exceptions. There were also several good-looking

young Greeks, particularly Mademoiselle M—, who was blessed with a Madonna's countenance. My Odessa reader will not know, though he may guess, who is meant from the initial, for there were six fair Greeks whose names began with M, all pretty, and each, excepting one, thinking herself the prettiest girl in the city. There was also an elegant young Athenian lady married in Odessa, and a charming Greca-Egyptian, Arabian in form and Attic in countenance, whose ticket in the matrimonial lottery had made her exchange sun and sand for snow and steppe. Among the men in the ball there were two Russian merchants who still retained the old national costume, with long beards and dark robes; and the effect was rendered more striking, by the contrast of their appearance with that of their wives and daughters attired in the latest Paris fashion. The ladies were exceedingly well dressed, and the gentlemen's uniforms glittered with stars and crosses. Some individuals wore so many decorations, that others with only three or four appeared shabby. One has frequently occasion on the continent to acknowledge the force of Talleyrand's remark to a fellow diplomatist who doubted Lord Castlereagh's identity at a party, because his lordship was not *decoré*. "*Ma foi!*"

said the Prince, "*il est bien distingué.*" This is particularly remarked at the diplomatic dinners given in minor German capitals; as a rule, the only person without a decoration is the English minister, who, as the representative of England and as a gentleman, probably ranks first in the room; and one cannot help thinking with Talleyrand, as the eye glances round the table from broad ribbon to broad ribbon, green, blue, and red, from star to cross, and from cross to medal, to his plain, unadorned coat,—"*ma foi! il est bien distingué.*" Every thing, however, is comparative: we think the Germans lavish of their orders: the Germans ridicule Russian profusion. The old Emperor Francis, of Austria, whenever a Russian general was to be presented, used to desire that the *firmament* might come in, in allusion to the number of his stars.

But to return to our ball. A few minutes before midnight the band, changing tune, began to play the national anthem. We all stood still. As the clock struck, twelve servants came in with champagne. All the company took a glass, and toasted the new year in chorus. We then severally wished each other a happy new year, and friends exchanged the kiss of peace. The scene was truly characteristic; a merry hour was passed in thus doing honour to the birth of

1839. The lively Mazurka then struck up, and dancing was continued with spirit till morning. The Russians are very fond of outward signs of good will, and far be it from me to say that they are not sincere. In their domestic circles it is the custom after dinner for all the party, having first crossed themselves, to wish each other joy, and embrace. The presence of a few strangers does not prevent this fraternal exhibition, nor are they left out in the peace offering. This custom of kissing after dinner, and of dram-drinking before, is I believe, peculiar to Russia. The former is by no means disagreeable at times; the taste for the latter must depend upon habit, influenced perhaps by climate. If we may judge by the remarkable gastric powers of the Russians, the practice of prefacing a meal by a glass of raw spirits is anti-dyspeptic.

The spring of 1839, at Odessa, was distinguished by a remarkable surgical operation, which deserves a more technical description than I am capable of giving, performed by an illiterate Bulgarian. Mr. Bertini, notary, a man highly esteemed and in good circumstances, had for many years been afflicted with a wen in his neck. It increased to the size of his head, and almost rendered life insupportable to him. He at length resolved to have it cut out, and, as

the Odessa faculty, fearful of the consequences of hemorrhage, would not undertake the operation, he prepared to go to Paris, in order to put himself in the hands of some eminent French surgeon. In his state of suffering, however, the idea of so long a journey discouraged him: he delayed his departure from month to month, and finally availed himself of an excuse for giving it up altogether. He accidentally heard of a Bulgarian peasant in the vicinity of Kichenef, 110 miles off, celebrated for his skill in removing wens from cattle, and who was reported to have also tried his hand successfully on peasants' bodies. Mr. Bertini sent for him. On seeing the wen, the Bulgarian treated it lightly: he promised a speedy cure, without pain or loss of blood, provided the patient would consent to trust entirely to him. Mr. Bertini agreed. This caused an immense sensation among the faculty: they seemed to have no objection to Mr. Bertini dying under the hands of a regular surgeon, but were scandalized at the idea of his being put to death by a Bulgarian cattle-doctor. Some of them endeavoured to dissuade the latter from operating on the wen; they threatened him with the law as a quack, and told him that he would be assuredly sent to Siberia if Mr. Bertini died under his treat-

ment. The Bulgarian laughed at their remonstrances, and his confidence gave Mr. Bertini the courage which the medical clamour was well calculated to destroy. He commenced by rubbing a red powder on the wen, the effect of which was to corrode the outer skin; he then introduced simple pluggets of paper into the substance, and insinuated them farther in every day. A discharge ensued, without causing pain or producing any constitutional effect on the patient. At the end of three weeks, one half of the wen had come away, leaving the remaining half in a state of putridity, which rendered its complete removal an easy task. The Bulgarian now prepared to use steel, in order to effect the separation at the proper moment, because the process of rotting the excrescence could not be continued beyond a certain point, lest the neck itself should suffer. Here, however, was the presumed dangerous point; hemorrhage was apprehended, and the doctors renewed their protestations against the operation. Finding that they could not frighten the Bulgarian, or induce his patient to abandon the cure so happily begun, though they shook his nerves by their narrow-minded apprehensions, they endeavoured to work on the fears of Madame Bertini, by telling her that her husband would certainly be sacrificed. But as

the Bulgarian had already performed a miracle, in her opinion, by removing half the wen, the lady, instead of yielding, encouraged her husband to resign himself entirely to him for the *coup de maitre;* and it is fair to say, that when the thing was decided on, one regular doctor cooperated with the Bulgarian, and lent him his instruments. Accordingly, placing his patient in a chair, he took hold of a surgical knife provided for him, but unused to so fine an edge, he exchanged it for his own clasp knife, which had relieved many a poor cow from a similar annoyance: with this rude instrument, and his hands, he completely removed the remainder of the wen, in one piece (weighing eight pounds), without causing any pain, or shedding scarcely any blood. The loose skin, in which the excrescence had been inclosed, alone remained, like a bag, and that detached itself in a few days. I saw Mr. Bertini the day after the operation: he was looking well, and was of course quite happy. In three days he was dressed as usual. The Bulgarian who had performed this wonderful operation, seemed to think that he had done nothing extraordinary. I do not know what recompense he received. Some one said at the time, that Mr. Bertini, being a rich man, ought to reckon the expense of

a journey to Paris; add to that his funeral charges, or the expense of his journey back to Odessa, if he escaped alive; and give the sum total to the man who had delivered him from the curse of his life, without putting him to any inconvenience.

This was the happiest carnival Mr. Bertini ever passed.

I also passed a pleasant carnival. I had intended quitting Odessa at the expiration of it, but bad weather detained me through a great part of Lent, the same cause also acting on, and giving me the agreeable company of Sir Edward Baynes, the English consul at St. Petersburgh, who was proceeding to Malta *via* Odessa and Constantinople. A Russian Lent, by its rigour and penance, strikingly contrasts with the gaiety and feasting which precedes and succeeds it. The churches are filled from morning till night. Religiously disposed people feel bound to attend church seven hours a day, standing nearly all the time: their diet is composed of bread and vegetables. The two combined have a visible effect on many, particularly on ladies, since they are more scrupulously observant of religious forms than men are. The vocal music in Russian churches is singularly beautiful.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PASSPORTS — VOITURIN — JEWS — SOLDIERS — TULTSCHIN — BRITCHKA — NIGHT TRAVELLING — POSTMASTER — RUSSIAN AND POLISH TOWNS — PEASANTS — SKILFUL DRIVING — RADZIVILOF.

QUITTING a Russian town for foreign parts, after a residence of some months, involves no small portion of inconvenience. In the first place, the traveller, whether a native or a foreigner, must have his intention of departure, and the place by which he purposes to leave the empire, announced three times in the Gazette. Where the Gazette is weekly, as at Odessa, this causes a delay of a fortnight. This regulation is ostensibly to prevent a person going away in debt; but as no kind of guarantee is accepted, there must be other motives for inflicting the annoyance. When the publication, which costs about four roubles, is over, the traveller sends a "supplication" to the police, drawn up by a notary, that a proper report may be made to

the governor's office, to authorize the delivery of his passport. He is generally exposed to some farther bother with the clerks; and finally obtains his passport at an expense of about fifteen roubles in all. I mention this, because the Russians assert that no charge is made for a passport in their country. Two Russian acquaintances of mine, on ten francs being demanded for the signature of their passport at Paris, considered the charge an extortion, and referred it to their ambassador. Count Pahlen said that no foreigner in Russia paid for a passport; therefore no Russian in France should pay for his: he desired them to leave Paris without the *visa*, and if they were stopped anywhere, to send him word. His Excellency was decidedly in error. There may be no charge for a passport in Russia, *quasi* passport, but the traveller is subjected to a process which extracts several roubles from him, in addition to ten days delay; not to mention trifling *douceurs* which he may think it advisable to give to the under-officials, in order to expedite his affair. An Englishman will not obtain a passport in Russia under fifteen or twenty roubles. If he travels post, the traveller has then to make a "request" for a *podoroshnaia* (an order for post-horses), for which there is a fixed price, and which is only granted

on further payment, beforehand, of one-fourth of the expense of the horses for his intended journey, or two kopecks per horse per werst.

I had some extra embarrassment in taking out my passport to leave Russia, on account of the master of my hotel having neglected to see my name duly inscribed in the police registry. For this he was fined 120 roubles. This circumstance gave me another view of public morality in Russia. My landlord, not at all relishing the fine, which he fully deserved, came to me and said that if I would give him a certificate of my passport having been in the consul's office since my arrival at Odessa, he should be able to build thereon a defence which would reduce the fine, if not remove it entirely. I replied that that was out of the question; with every wish to oblige him, I could not set my name to an untruth. The man was astonished at my simplicity. "True, however," he added, after a pause, "*you* are new in the country; but I dare say your consul will not object to give me the certificate; he has been many years in Russia, and probably will not mind telling a lie." This made me wish that the fine had been double in amount.

The beginning of April I finally left Odessa for Germany. Two routes lead from Odessa to

the Austrian frontier; one by Novoselitz, the other by Radzivilof. The distance from Odessa to Novoselitz is 435 wersts (290 miles); from Odessa to Radzivilof, 702 wersts (468 miles). Tchernovitch is the nearest Austrian town to Novoselitz: Brody corresponds to Radzivilof. The former route is usually preferred, because the traveller is sooner out of the Russian territory, where, owing to the want of roads and inns, he is exposed to great discomfort. I chose the latter route, because, as I was doomed to make a Russian journey, I thought it right to see as much of the country as conveniently lay in my way, and also on account of Mr. Werner, a well-known *voiturin*, owner of a comfortable vehicle and four good horses, who was going to Brody. As I was unused to Russian travelling, my friends advised me to put myself under his guidance in preference to posting alone. They did not know, nor did I, the horrors of the creeping pace of a *voiturin*. I arranged with Mr. Werner to be carried to Brody for a certain sum; and two other individuals did the same. We provided ourselves with tea and sugar, some bottles of wine, and white bread, for we were like mariners about to cross the ocean; and after some detention at the barrier, three miles from the city, to have our

baggage examined, we launched into the steppe at noon. The weather was still bitterly cold, and snow covered the ground. We were exactly in the wrong season for travelling, — between winter and spring; the snow was not sufficiently hard for sledging, and had not given way enough to allow wheels to run freely. I soon therefore perceived the mistake I had made in my choice of a conveyance, it being evident that nothing short of a light carriage and an unlimited command of horses could enable one to make good progress. However, there was no help for it at the moment; my companion said, *nous sommes dans la galere, et il faut voguer.* We determined though to change our mode of locomotion at the first convenient place, and make the *voiturin* a present of our fare. The first day we travelled forty wersts, and stopped for the night at Severinovka. We put up at the posthouse kept by Jews. Without being fastidious, we might have found fault with the unclean state and impure air of the dwelling; but our chief want, warmth, was satisfied, and we cared little about the rest. The *samovar* (urn) is always ready in Russia, and it is the traveller's fault if he is not provided with good tea and bread. He will generally find milk and eggs. He has therefore no occasion to consider

himself very miserable. I do not think that the loud complaints about the horrors of Russian travelling, of which I heard much at Odessa, are justified. So much suffering is caused by the inclemency of the weather, that a warm room and a cup of hot tea make the traveller happy for the time; and he is generally so tired by the jolting and the accidents on the miscalled roads, that sleep does not require to be wooed with many appliances. At Severinovka began our acquaintance with that singular race—the Jews, who have fastened on Poland and southern Russia like leeches. The posting and the consequent monopoly of administering to travellers' wants, is entirely in their hands, and they are in general the retail venders of the beloved *vodtka* (corn-brandy), by which they bind the peasantry to them, body and soul. They are very repulsive. Their furniture seems a stranger to fresh air, and their dark clothing appears put on once and for ever. They are handsome rather than otherwise, but have a sallow and unwholesome look. They are avaricious and overreaching. The expression of their countenances would indicate usury to very inexperienced physiognomists. They always appear to be calculating. The counterfeit tales which they invent, and their enormous lying, in order

to gain a few kopecks, are perfectly astounding to a western European, who is made melancholy by seeing human nature so degenerate. At the same time, having given the dark side of the picture, it is fair to say that travellers and others in Russia are greatly indebted to the Jews. I do not know what they would do without them, or who would supply their places. It requires the incentive of *their* love of petty gain to be ready in every village and hamlet to supply the wants of the passer-by. They also keep up the communications of the country, out of the line of the high roads; Jews' carts, drawn by good horses, are met everywhere, and may be hired to go in any direction. A person wishing to travel across the country where there are no posthouses, has only occasion to put himself into the hands of the Jews, and he will be conveyed with speed and safety. When thus trusted, they are reckoned honest. They pass their charge from station to station, like a bale of goods, asking no questions till their contract is fulfilled. They are likewise very serviceable to troops on the march, by procuring them the means of transport. Thus they are necessary both to the public and the government, and though disliked and reviled, and living apart from the rest of the community, cannot be dis-

pensed with. They are the freest and most independent of the subjects of Russia,—having no lands nor serfs, and carrying on a traffic which is not subject to much control,—having no honours to lose nor aspiring after any, and yielding no other than a temporal obedience to the Czar,—having no political ambition, and therefore exciting no suspicion, — never intermarrying with other sects, and therefore perfectly undisturbed in their domestic life. They are despised by the bigotted Russo-Greeks, but return the compliment by despising them in a tenfold degree; they are bullied occasionally, but repay themselves by overreaching the country gentlemen in a hundred ways. The Russian Jewesses are not good-looking: they have sallow faces and are too fat. The custom of shaving off their hair when married is very ugly, and the substitute, a velvet Elizabethan-fashioned cap, thickly studded with mother-o'-pearl, is not becoming. The Mosaic law being unfavourable to decency, the traveller is not surprised at seeing very little distinction between the sexes in their relations to each other, more particularly as that law is studied by girls as well as by boys.

The second day, we travel seventy-eight wersts, and sleep at Yavorovo. The third day, at five in the afternoon, we reach Balta. Mr. Steiner,

my *compagnon de voyage*, and myself, in the hope of obtaining a *podoroshnaia* (an order for post-horses), here left the voiturin, who continued his road. We made a great mistake: it was a fête day, and nobody could be induced to care about us. Apprehending some difficulty in a strange town, which might have led to our detention till inquiries should be made about us of the authorities at Odessa, we hired a Jew's cart, and followed Mr. Werner. We overtook him at Pereima, a small village already occupied by a regiment of infantry on their march to Odessa. We therefore had particularly bad quarters. But we were repaid in the morning by the pretty sight of the various detachments issuing from the cottages to sound of music, and forming in line. They marched off in good order, with their baggage-wagons, etc. The men appeared strong and healthy; there were only two sick among them. The country was covered with snow, and it must have been sharp work for them. We continued to meet bodies of infantry on the road. They were part of a division of 12,000 men which goes to Sevastopol every spring, and remains there till the winter, being employed in the interval on the fortifications. Twenty-five thousand men form the garrison of the Crimea, but owing to a want of barracks and the expense

of fuel, one half is marched to winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Toultchine, in Podolia. Transporting this division from Odessa to Sevastopol, and back again, gives occupation to a division of the fleet in spring and autumn.

The next evening we reach Yabrochritska, and the following day at noon arrive at Toultchine, 280 wersts (187 miles) from Odessa. Considering that we had had the same horses, and that the roads were unusually execrable, we had not done amiss; but as there were still 422 wersts to perform, and as the road was likely to be worse every stage, in addition to the certainty that the horses could not improve, we adhered to our resolution of changing our conveyance. Toultchine being a place of some trade, we had a chance of succeeding. We announced to the Jews of the place our wish to purchase a britchka, and while they were settling among themselves who should have the honour of taking us in, we partook of a tolerable repast at a little Polish inn, which we found to be in every respect superior to the Jews' houses. Of late years, in the towns, Poles have entered into competition with the Jews as innkeepers; and the traveller would do well, on the chance of there being one, to order his postillions to drive him to the Polish inn. He will be sure to find there cleaner fare,

more civility, and less extortion. After dinner we sallied out into the market-place to ascertain the result of our inquiries. Several vehicles were brought out for our inspection. It required no small degree of patience and some address in dealing with their owners. Moses was in his glory, and exerted himself most skilfully to make us choose the worst, declaring it to be the best, which he said would be apparent to us at once, were we not strangers. I believe we should have taken one which would soon have broken down; but Mr. Werner, being more used to Jews' assertions, saved us from committing so irreparable a mistake. We were not even then much farther advanced, for the members of the tribe were evidently in league to force a bad article on us at a high price. However, on perceiving at last that we were determined to continue our journey with the *voiturin* rather than submit to gross imposition, they brought out a strong, compact little *britchka*. It was just the thing; and after some further palaver, we agreed about the price. In our position we could not expect to combine goodness and cheapness; we had secured the former, and that was the principal object. The next thing requisite was a *podoroshnaia* (order for post-horses); but for that purpose it was necessary to proceed to

Bratslaf, a police station seventeen wersts farther on, as nobody at Toultchine had the authority to supply us. We accordingly hired Jews' horses, and, leaving Toultchine at six P. M., reached Bratslaf at about eight. We alighted at a comfortable house belonging to a Jew, and through him put ourselves in communication with the master of the police. These two worthies perfectly understood one another. They managed, by various excuses, to detain us till the next afternoon, and we only got out of their fangs by paying handsomely for what we required. We had been made aware in the evening of their intention to impose on us; that is, certain proceedings made us infer it; and moved by unaccountable stupidity we resolved to resist. We ought to have known that they would eventually obtain their end, with the addition of delay and worry to us. I seriously recommend travellers in Russia to *fee;* in most cases it is the easiest and cheapest way. In matters too more serious than road obstacles, a timely fee may save one a vast deal of chicanery. Although the practice of accepting fees is morally wrong, it is nevertheless advantageous in a country where despotism and suspicion create many difficulties into which the unwary may fall. It is said that justice cannot be obtained in Russia *without a*

bribe: it is some consolation to know that it may be obtained *by means of one.* If we may believe half of what is related, no official rank in Russia is above the influence of the "metallic communication." It is said that when the Emperor Nicholas was at Berlin, in 1838, the minister for foreign affairs complained to him, that the ministers at St. Petersburgh would not come to a settlement about the rent of a hotel which had been taken for the Russian embassy: "*Leur avez-vous graissé les pattes?*" quietly asked the Emperor; "*moi-même, je suis forcé de passer par là.*"

Mr. Steiner, who left the *voiturin* to accompany me, was a German; and was travelling to Vienna in order to be present at his sister's marriage. Having calculated on reaching Brody with Mr. Werner, we were not provided with a necessary appendage, namely, a servant acquainted with Russian: our knowledge of the language sufficed for communicating briefly with the postillions, who, however, only required *vodtka* (brandy) to be whispered in their ears, to understand all our wishes; but was insufficient to discuss a point with any one who might find it convenient to misapprehend us. But as we had several other languages at command, we did not fear any great inconvenience on that account. The Jews,

in general, in southern Russia, speak German; and the few who are ignorant of that language, understand Turkish more or less. At the same time, all the lingual powers of Cardinal Mezzofanti * would not have saved us from being handsomely imposed on at Bratslaf: we might have had more talk for our money, but must have paid as much.

We left Bratslaf at half-past two in the afternoon, and reached Voronitza, 38 wersts off, at half-past six. Our first essay of accelerated travelling was by no means pleasant; we deemed it utterly impossible for any carriage to hold out long, exposed to such varieties of pressure, friction, and jolting: at times, all the strength of four horses was required to drag our light vehicle through a deep adhesive mixture of snow and mud; at other times, a piece of open ground gave the postillion an opportunity of galloping *ventre à terre* for a mile or two; the carriage bounding over inequalities and ditches like a ball of India-rubber: occasionally we came to a causeway, which, having been cut up by *traineaux*,

* Cardinal Mezzofanti speaks twenty-two languages, although he has never quitted the Roman states. A Hungarian, and an Ottoman, assured me, that he conversed with them in Hungarian and Turkish, with correctness and fluency.

resembled a strip of frozen ploughed land, and then every step seemed to threaten demolition to the *britchka*, and dislocation to our bones. Such being the state of things, and night coming on, we ought to have stopped at Voronitza; but not liking to make so short a day, and Vinnitza being only twenty-two wersts off, we ordered fresh horses and drove on. We soon repented. The road was a causeway, or strip of ploughed land, as above described, just the width of a carriage. On either side was a deep bed of snow. While daylight lasted, we contrived to keep on the track, at a foot pace; but in the first hour of darkness, we were upset twice in the snow, rolling nearly over. The fatigue of righting the carriage was immense; the perspiration ran off our brows, although a bleak *metel* (a north-east snow squall) was blinding us. We lost three hours by these accidents. The efforts too of the horses to drag their burden on the road again, nearly exhausted their strength. We clearly perceived that a third flounder in the snow would knock them up entirely, and compel us to pass the night out, for which we were ill prepared. It was evident that our driver, the night being pitch dark, could not manage to keep the leaders straight, and look to his wheels at the same time; default of which

we kept slipping off the road. We therefore mounted him on the leaders; I took the reins of the wheelers; and Steiner kept his eyes fixed on the track, in order to warn us when we were too much on the right or the left. We crept along in this way for several wersts; and were congratulating ourselves on the result of our skill, when, unseen by us till the leaders nearly knocked their heads against ours, a carriage and six approached us from the opposite direction. Here was a pretty dilemma. One party or the other would have to give way, and whichever got off the road was certain to remain embedded in the snow till morning, when extra horses might be procured. Our enemy called out in an authoritative voice, that he was a colonel, and bid our postillion make way forthwith: in reply, we shouted the name of General L——, an Odessa friend, well known in military circles. We waited in anxious suspense the result of our pardonable *ruse*, and in a few minutes, to our inexpressible joy, saw the colonel's leaders turning off. It was a pretty sight to see the horses pawing the snow, which emitted phosphoric sparks, as if fearful of advancing: a touch on their flanks decided them; they plunged in up to their bellies, dragging the wheelers after them, and the carriage sank in

above the axletrees. What an escape for us! We heard the shouting of the colonel's people, and the cracking of their whips, in the probable vain attempt to extricate his carriage, till we were out of hearing. At half-past two in the morning, we reached Vinnitza, in an unenviable state; we had been eight hours, in a night of unusual severity, performing twenty-two wersts (fifteen miles). There was a smart goodnatured Polish lad at the posthouse. He immediately made us some tea, which commenced our revival. We then sat down on the floor, and fell asleep with our backs resting against the stove. This thawed our limbs, and brought us into a condition to continue our journey at six o'clock; with the resolution to abstain from night-travelling in future, and to have six horses.

At the next stage, Litini, twenty-nine wersts on, we had a characteristic adventure with the postmaster. He was the most Shylock-looking Jew imaginable. He ascertained at once that we were greenhorns; and in his own mind appropriated our nice *britchka* for his own use. Having examined our *podoroshnaia* (post-horse order), he observed that no mention of a *britchka* was made in it, and consequently he was not authorized to put horses to it; he would have the kindness to sell us his *britchka*, which should

be inserted in our *podoroshnaia*, or we might take a *periclodnoi* (post-cart). We were so unprepared for this special effrontery, that we hardly knew whether to laugh or be angry: we thought the fellow was joking. He soon, however, convinced us that he was in nefarious earnest. We had expected imposition in many ways, but the idea of such a demand had never crossed our minds. We felt quite dismayed. We tried to reason with him, and offered to pay for extra horses gratis. No arguments moved him. He wanted our *britchka*, which we could not part with: the *britchka* offered in exchange would soon probably have broken down, and travelling in a *periclodnoi* was out of the question. And *our britchka!* we asked. "I will give you something for it," replied the Jew. O villain! we exclaimed. It would have given us both the greatest pleasure to have beaten him to a jelly. We then inquired for the police-master as our only resource. "You may go to him," said the Hebrew, "but he will not understand you; he speaks no language but Russian." We went to his house. We found him transacting business with two clerks. He was civil, but as the Jew had truly said, was only master of his own language, and Steiner's Russian proved quite inadequate for our purpose. The Jew had calculated on this. In despair, I

looked out of window: an officer was passing at the moment in a *pavosk*, with the air of a man acquainted with some civilized tongue. I ran to the door and stopped him. I addressed him in French: to my joy he replied in the same language; and having heard our story in a few words, politely consented to act as our interpreter. The police-master, on being made acquainted with the case, admitted that we were wronged; he directed a soldier to accompany us to the posthouse, with an order to supply us with horses. The Jew flatly refused obedience, and went in his turn to the police office to *explain the law*, as he said. He succeeded in his object, and returned triumphant in a quarter of an hour with a counter order. We could not believe our ears. I became so angry, that I had no way of relieving myself but by kicking the Jew about the yard for five minutes, to the great delight of the postillions, who were on our side in virtue of the *vodtka* we had given them. We then repaired to the police office again. The officer who had interpreted for us was fortunately still there. We remonstrated with the police-master for having deceived us, and expressed our surprise that his order in our favour should have been disregarded. He excused himself by saying that he had not known the law, which the Jew had since explained

to him. "We do not know," we continued, "what the law is in Russia, nor do we believe that there is a law so absurd as to empower a postmaster to deprive a traveller of his carriage, because he chooses to take a fancy to it; but, whether there is such a regulation or not, we know that were we in your place, and any rascally Jew dared to disobey our order, right or wrong, we would inflict on him the severest punishment in our power." This allusion to the disregard of his authority put up the functionary's back, and being followed by an intimation that we might feel called upon to make a representation of our treatment to St. Petersburgh, brought him to reason. He summoned a sergeant, and sent another and a more stringent order to put horses to our *britchka*. This time the Jew obeyed, though with infinite ill will. We reviled the rascal, and galloped off elated with our victory. I need scarcely observe that the description of a traveller's carriage is not required in his *podoroshnaia*, which relates simply to horses.

We arrived at Vedjiboye just after 130 houses had been burned down. Faithful to our determination to stop at night, we sleep there. We continue our journey early next morning, and by evening reach Stary Constantinoff, a place of a

superior aspect, though bad enough, to any that we had been used to. Polish and Russian country towns noways resemble similar places in western Europe. They are collections of houses placed without any regard to order, or as far as we could see, to convenience. The streets are not paved, and are at certain seasons therefore nearly impassable from mud, while, in dry weather, the dust is intolerable. Owing to the convergence of roads, the entrance to a town in wet weather is a bog, and is the place where a traveller usually sticks fast, or what is a worse disaster, finds the passage blocked up by a cart from which the oxen have been removed after vainly endeavouring to extricate it. On leaving a town, fresh horses contrive to drag their burden through; but after a long stage the traveller has a chance of finding his wheels completely arrested by the mud within a short distance of the posthouse. He is often obliged to send for extra horses, or oxen, to draw him a few hundred yards. The Russian towns are more ornamental than the Polish, on account of their churches, which are often well built and pretty. Polish country churches are singularly ugly: they consist of three wooden towers, like misshapen pepper-boxes, stuck together, with a fourth, used for a belfry, standing by itself a short way off.

We obtained comfortable quarters at Stary Constantinoff. Our host was, as usual, a Hebrew. He was a civil man; at the same time had the bump of acquisitiveness as strongly developed in him as in any of his brethren. He also cast longing eyes upon our *britchka*; indeed the Jews along our road seemed reluctant to let it quit Russia, for to the last we were importuned to sell it, at a low price *bien entendu*. He did not however, like his colleague at Litini, attempt to carry his point by audacity; but wove an artful tale about the impossibility of our proceeding with any speed except in a sledge: he averred that the ground as far as Radziviloff was hard frozen, and that a carriage would be of no use. Perceiving that we were rather slow of giving belief to his words, he went out and returned with some carriers, who swore to the same story. Having thus brought us into a disposition to regard our *britchka* with less affection, he observed that, although the thing would be of no service to him, rather than know his honourable guests suffer a great inconvenience, he would purchase it, and sell us a sledge to perform the remainder of our journey, 190 wersts. We nearly swallowed the bait. We had experienced the want of a sledge for about 30 wersts before reaching Stary Constantinoff, and were thereby

enabled to form an idea of our progress on the other side, if the road should continue in the same state. Steiner voted for closing the bargain instantly: I nearly agreed; but having taken a rooted prejudice against a Jew's word, I demanded an hour's consideration. In that important hour we drunk sundry cups of super-excellent tea, and discussed the *pros* and *cons*. The result was unfavourable to the Jew. We considered, first, that the Jew, in buying our *britchka* cheap and selling us his sledge dear, at the end of winter, would make an enviable bargain,—therefore was interested in deceiving us about the road; secondly, that if the Jew's account of the snow should prove false, after a few wersts we should find ourselves in a most awkward predicament, in possession of a useless sledge, and lamenting our folly in having parted with our carriage. We should have to abandon the sledge, and travel in a *periclodnoi* (post-cart) which would infallibly knock us up. When our host learned our determination, he politely gave us to understand that we were a couple of donkeys, and that instead of reaching Radziviloff in a day and a half, as we expected, we should have a journey of four days. He reiterated his assertions, and offered to bring all the town to swear that the road was sledgeable

the whole way. Steiner, who was in a hurry to reach Vienna, on this gave renewed symptoms of surrendering to the Jew's oratory, and nearly quarrelled with me because I would not alter my opinion. However, he thanked me next day. As a middle course, and as a relief to our conscience, in case the Jew's words should prove correct, we suffered him to fit a sledge to the *britchka*,—and thus provided against all casualties, we left Stary Constantinoff at six in the morning.

We might have progressed pretty rapidly for a short distance with a simple sledge; but the snow was not sufficiently firm to bear one laden with a vehicle, and this shewed us at once that the continuance of a sledge-track could not be reckoned on. Thus it turned out. At the end of twelve wersts our sledge apparatus broke to pieces, causing us an hour's delay on a bleak plain to mount the *britchka* again; and before making thirty wersts we came to a tolerable good road for wheels, which lasted all the way to Radziviloff, with the exception of patches of snow here and there. In one of them we met with an accident which afforded us an opportunity of seeing the justly extolled mechanical skill and handiness of the peasants. We had stuck fast. The vehicle being very light, how-

ever, with six fresh horses, the postillions endeavoured to drag through without getting assistance to clear away the snow. The horses were powerful animals: they made desperate efforts, and finished by tearing away the splinter bar. We were fortunately close to a village. Some of the inhabitants came to our assistance, each with a short hatchet in his girdle, and immediately set to work; they cut down a young pine, fashioned it into shape, fitted it on with rope, and in an hour and a half the *britchka* was as serviceable though not so elegant as before.

The Russian peasants turn their hands to anything, and have a remarkable facility at learning arts. This is particularly seen in the army. When conscripts join a regiment, the colonel says to one, "you are to be a shoemaker;" to another, "you are to be a tailor;" to another, "you are to be a bugler:" they are put under tuition, and in a year's time a good shoemaker, tailor, and bugler, are produced out of three rough peasant lads. I was also astonished at the skill of the postillions, which is displayed to a remarkable degree where five horses are put to a carriage. The driver sits on the near wheeler, and guides the three leaders, harnessed abreast, with a loose rein; he has to look to the safety of the carriage

on roads where to swerve a foot to the right or the left may overturn it, to maintain himself on his horse which is slipping about, to keep the three unblinked leaders, barely tied to one another, in their course, and—singing, halloing, and cracking his whip—gallop along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The postillion who drove us from Ostrog to Tooltcha displayed such faultless address, that had I been a believer in the metempsychosis, I should have fancied him possessed of the soul of an Olympic charioteer; though no charioteer in Greece had ever so difficult a course to drive over. Our road lay through a forest, occasionally along the edge of a deep ravine: at first, we were in great apprehension, either of rolling in the ditch, or of being shattered to pieces against a tree; but the skill of the driver soon tranquillised us, and we sat back in quiet admiration of his matchless performance, scarcely thinking of our narrow escape every five minutes of having our necks broken. At one place, at the bottom of a declivity down which we were driving at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, it was necessary to turn sharp to the right, round a projecting tree, in order to avoid a ditch which lay before us. At the critical moment the driver's horse stumbled and all but fell; instead of pitching over his head, as

we expected, he recovered his steed, and in the same breath turned his three leaders at a right angle, the wheelers and carriage following in safety. Our restrained breath found utterance in a simultaneous bravo, followed by the more grateful word *vodtka*. It was sunset when we arrived at Toultcha, or I should have been disposed to retrace my steps to Ostrog for the pleasure of seeing the same driving repeated.

Our last day's journey in Russia, from Toultcha to Radziviloff, was trying and painful. A bleak snow-storm blew in our faces, and seriously impeded our progress; we were overturned once, and wound up our disasters by breaking our pole. We were, however, only five wersts from our destination, and managed to reach it by five P. M. We alighted at a comfortable inn of small dimensions, kept by one Joachim Sax, which I recommend to all travellers. The neatness, cleanliness, and attention to our wants, reminded me of an English village inn. A fortnight before our arrival, my gallant friend Sir Henry Bethune had passed through Radziviloff on his way home through Russia from Persia. At Kief the governor had given him an aid-de-camp to accompany him to the frontier; ostensibly to do him honour, but in reality, I presume, to see him well out of Russia.

CHAPTER XIX.

SURPRISE — BRODY—CHARACTERISTICS—LEMBERG—PARADE — PODGORZ — CRACOW — POLISH WAR—JEWS—KOSCIUSKO'S TUMULUS—THE POLES.

HAVING quitted the *voiturin* at Toultchine in order to accomplish our journey in less time, and having spared neither roubles nor fatigue to get on, our surprise may be conceived, when, the morning after our arrival at Radziviloff, Mr. Werner walked into our apartment with a smile of mocking triumph on his lips. We looked at him a few minutes, rubbed our eyes, and asked some questions, before being able to satisfy ourselves that it was Werner in flesh and blood. We then cried a miracle, for it never entered our thoughts that he was come without his horses. After amusing himself at our expense for some minutes, he told us, that becoming also tired of slow travelling, he had left his carriage at Bratslaf in charge of his servant and another passenger,

and putting himself in the hands of the Jews, had followed us day and night. This accounted for his unexpected appearance, but left unexplained his unbusiness-like conduct of forsaking his carriage and horses. His spruce garb and jocund air, coupled with his general admiration of the fair sex, made us think there was something more in this proceeding than met the eye. He was dressed in a gay Hungarian costume, with military boots, and looked as martial and valiant as a field-marshal. He asked leave to accompany us to Brody, because, as he observed, he should cut a better figure with us than in a Jew's cart. We agreed with pleasure; and after breakfast drove to the frontier. We were let through the barrier between Russia and Austria, after a slight and civil inspection, and in half an hour felt on the paved streets of Brody that we were again in a civilized land. We drove rapidly through to the Hotel de Russie, at the door of which stood a fair young German, smiling as if to welcome the strangers: her brightening eyes and joyful exclamation at seeing Werner, who replied by jumping down at her feet, at once explained the mystery which had puzzled us. *Vive l'amour!* Here we had a voiturin, near sixty years old, leaving his carriage, horses, and passengers in the snow, and

travelling day and night in a Jew's cart,—and all for love. We saw no more of Mr. Werner.

Brody abounds with Jews. Our rooms were shortly filled by a tribe, inviting us to sell all that we possessed, and to buy their wares instead. We had gained sufficient experience of the race to be able to repel them; and having a letter to M. Dogranly, a Greek merchant, we had no occasion for their "disinterested" services, to change our *karbovanks* (silver roubles) into German money. I went after dinner to see M. Dogranly, and found him residing in a pleasant house on the outskirts of the town. I passed a couple of agreeable hours in his company, while his clerk was procuring me ducats, which are the most convenient coin for a traveller. He was a widower, and had a family of three sons and two daughters. I was surprised at the polished education which the young ladies had received in such a place as Brody; they spoke Greek, German, and French fluently, and were good musicians; while their dress and address did credit to their governess, a German lady. The Greeks, with all their parsimony and habits of self-denial, spare no expense on the education of their children; and this redeems a great many bad qualities. I have never seen any people set so much value on instruction, or take

more pains to ensure it for their children. It is not uncommon to see Greeks, settled in New Russia, send their sons to Paris for education. This is also a characteristic of the Polish upper classes, though, owing to their different position, education with them is less practical: the Poles are gentlemen; the Greeks are traders: the former are brought up to grace a fortune; the latter to acquire one. M. Dogranly informed me that Brody was a place of considerable trade during the early part of the century. Napoleon's Russian wars brought great wealth to it. At present, its commerce is inconsiderable: the frontier is so well guarded on both sides, that the contraband trade with Russia, which formerly flourished, has nearly disappeared.

The next day we travelled to Lemberg. The distance from Brody is 40 miles, and the road is good. We found the climate sensibly milder than on the other side of the frontier; owing, I presume, to more general cultivation, and the more enclosed state of the country. A great moral change is also perceived in entering Germany from Russia. Instead of duplicity, incivility, and spoliation, frankness, kindness, and probity are met with. A traveller in Russia is considered fair game for every one to run down: in Germany he is assisted like a fellow-creature.

There is little difference, except in form, in the treatment experienced by travellers from the Russian employés and from the Bedouins: in principle it is alike; pay or be harassed. The Bedouin extorts your money by threats; the Russian abstracts it by delay and documents: the former acts on your fears, the latter practises on your patience. A remarkable difference is also observed in the mendicity, which, as existing in Galicia, struck us painfully after the total absence of any in Russia. From Odessa to Radziviloff, a distance of near 470 miles, we were not once asked for alms, nor did we remark an individual in distress: the peasants were all substantially clad, and apparently well fed; and their habitations seemed warm and comfortable. Of course, in a great corn growing, thinly peopled country, it would be difficult to want food, save in seasons of famine; and the lower classes being serfs, their masters are bound to support them in sickness and old age: self-interest prompts this proceeding, and in the absence of that motive, the law enforces attention to the wants of the peasantry. A Russian noble possesses serfs on the tacit condition of taking care of them.

Lemberg or Leopol is a large, handsome, and improving city, worthy of having an archduke

for its governor. It has nearly 60,000 inhabitants, of whom one third are Jews, who monopolize the trade of the place, which is considerable. It is the seat of three archbishops; respectively, the Roman Catholic, United Greek, and Armenian persuasions; and there is a handsome synagogue. The Roman Catholic is the most palmy of the religions, to judge by the fine churches, in one of which, the Dominicans, is a monument, by Thorwaldsen, of a Polish lady. As our hotel was exceedingly good, we remained three days in the capital of Galicia, as much to recruit ourselves after our journey as to see the place, which was the extreme point of Ottoman conquest in Austria from the side of Poland. The evening after our arrival we went to the Italian Opera to hear *I Puritani*, and to our surprise found in "Sir Arthur" the husband of Madame Frisch, the *prima donna* at Odessa. We made his acquaintance, and engaged him to dine with us next day, in order to give him news of the success of his *cara sposa*. Besides the Opera, there are two theatres in Lemberg, one for Polish and the other for German plays. I never before heard the Polish language on the stage. About a fortnight earlier some Polish students had made a disturbance in this theatre, by distributing and singing patriotic songs; about twenty

of them were arrested, and placed in temporary confinement. Polish is much spoken in Galicia: the attempts of Russia to replace it by Russian among her Polish subjects will therefore be fruitless. A language cannot be eradicated while it continues to be spoken in adjoining provinces. The Polish language is regularly taught in the university of Lemberg, and in the public library there is a valuable collection of Polish literature. Three languages are in vogue at Lemberg: German, French, and Polish, and occasionally Latin. Some of the law proceedings are still conducted in Latin. The cabinet of Vienna does not appear to be alive to the importance of making the German language authoritative in all parts of the empire: *we* are now suffering, in Canada, the penalty of such an omission, with respect to English. Russia leaves no means untried to get her language adopted everywhere under her rule, and does not hesitate to add pressure to inducement: no other language is authoritative, and the acquisition of it forms a part of education in every school, whether the boys are of German, Polish, Greek, or any other origin. Official requisitions, announcements, regulations, etc., must be in Russian, which is very inconvenient in the southern provinces, where numbers of the inhabitants are settlers from other countries: but it will be unfelt by their sons.

A grand parade on the Emperor's birthday (April 19th) shewed us the finest-looking body of troops I ever set eyes on; tall, stout, well-dressed men. They formed a double line in the principal streets through which the Archduke John, the governor, and the authorities passed on their way to the cathedral to assist at high mass. It was a brilliant military display. I believe that the regiments stationed in Galicia are the *élite* of the Austrian army. In the evening the archduke gave a grand dinner at the palace, to the authorities, civil and military; no doubt, all "the delicacies of the season" were on the table; but we outside had much better entertainment in listening to two splendid bands, of seventy musicians each, which played alternately under the windows of the banqueting room. In all their large towns the Austrians enjoy gratis the finest music, under the best auspices; it is no wonder that the people are musical. Russian military bands have also numerous instruments; but are inferior, excepting in their horns, which, when played in the open air, on a calm autumn evening especially, produce a sublime effect.

Leaving Mr. Steiner at Lemberg, I continued my journey alone. On the second day I reached Podgorze, till lately a suburb of Cracow. By the treaty of Vienna, Podgorze was included

in the republic, but the last Polish struggle gave Austria a pretext for taking it for herself. Russia also nibbled a bit off the free territory. Prussia acted honourably, and left her frontier where it was. Having parleyed with the Austrian authorities at Podgorze, I crossed the Vistula on a wooden bridge into Cracow, at the entrance of which a police agent relieved me of my passport, and directed me to a good inn, called the "Rose," kept by a Roman. I met there at dinner General Klopicky, who was dictator at the commencement of the Polish war in 1830. The office was forced upon him; unfortunately, as it turned out, because his want of confidence in the cause weakened it. There can be no doubt, from all that I have heard, that if the Poles had been more united, success would have crowned their struggle for independence; but the lukewarmness of some, and the miserable jealousies of others about precedence, marred their best plans. General Klopicky was wounded in the first battle between the Poles and Russians, at Grokhoff: he retired to Cracow, where he has since resided on his parole. He receives a stipend from the Russian government, and has a pension for a French Order. The Cracovians witnessed the last scene of the tragedy: the remnant of the Polish army, 7000 in number,

retreated, pursued by the Russian army, through Cracow into Galicia; and there laid down its arms. Zamosk held out a short time longer; and at length capitulated, on condition that the garrison, about 3000 strong, should be allowed to return home. The Russians violated their engagement: when they had obtained possession of the fortress, they declared that such of the garrison as were natives of Volhynia and Podolia, were excluded from the benefits of the capitulation. Above 300 individuals were condemned to forced labour in Siberia: one of them, an acquaintance of mine, Colonel Raczynsky, escaped when on the way to his destination. His brother, a fellow captive, was less fortunate.

From that time Cracow became necessarily an object of suspicion to the three monarchies surrounding it; its nominal liberty was a startling exception, dangerous to be tolerated. Sympathy on the part of the inhabitants with the discomfited Poles was taken for granted; plots in their favour were assumed, conspiracies talked of; and while the senate endeavoured to maintain its rights, the high protecting powers secretly determined that it should have none. This state of suspense was put an end to in three years by the occupation of the republic by the troops of the Conference, whereupon the independence of Cracow

virtually ceased to exist. The Russian and Prussian troops left the city after a short time; leaving a battalion of Austrians as a permanent garrison. There are also a few Cracovian soldiers for police duty. It has been stated that Cracow pays and maintains the Austrian garrison: this is not correct: Austria, as she ought, bears the sole expense, amounting to 15,000 florins a month, a sum which is of service to the town in the present state of its trade.

The appearance of the city of Cracow is at once feudal and dilapidated, in strict keeping with the high and mournful associations awakened by its history. Castle, donjon, gothic church, and Italian *façade*, are intermingled without any regard to order or taste. There are about 30,000 inhabitants, of whom 9000 are Jews. Graduated poverty is the general feature of the place. I saw only two or three antiquated vehicles, and not one well dressed or good-looking woman. There is a theatre, where Polish plays are acted.

Cracow is termed the remnant of the independence of the Polish nation: it is that, but appears rather the remnant, and a ragged one, of the kingdom of the Jews. The Jews are here, as elsewhere in eastern Europe, reviled and tolerated; a necessary evil, and a doubtful benefit to the country which they have chosen

for their domicile. I should like to know the numbers of Hebrews in the world, and compare them with the state of the population of Judea in sacred days; I think we should be surprised to find that they have increased under persecutions and trials of all descriptions. We could not at present ascertain the whole number, because, according to my friend Mr. Joseph Wolffe, several of the ten tribes are missing; although where existing the learned and zealous missionary has not been able to discover in his wanderings.

Cracow has declined in all ways from its former high renown: the famous Jagellonic university has sunk into a common-place school, where natural history, chemistry, theology, and civil law, are taught by various professors. Two museums, one of minerals, the other of natural history, are in the same building. The former is well arranged. I saw in the latter a mummy in a state of high preservation; sent from Egypt in 1835, by M. Bystrzanowsky, a polish refugee in the service of Mehemet Ali, as a token of respect for the place where he had received his education.

Cracow possesses some fine churches. St. Anne's church has a monument to the memory of Copernicus, who is said to have been a Cracovian; of which, however, there is not any direct

evidence; though, as no city disputes with Cracow the honour of having given birth to the celebrated astronomer, we may as well take it for granted. The monument was erected by a Polish noble not many years ago: Urania is crowning her favourite son, and on a tablet the Copernican system is delineated.

The cathedral, which is rich in gold and silver ornaments beyond most churches in Europe, never having been plundered, possesses in the traveller's eyes, greater treasures in the tombs, richly decorated, of many Polish kings and other worthies renowned in history. In its vaults are seen the stone coffins of John Sobieski, of Thaddeus Kosciusko, and of Joseph Poniatowsky. Kosciusko has a nobler monument, one mile from the city, visible from a distance on every side, raised by the devotion of a generous people. The Emperor Alexander, in one of his liberal moods gave, in 1817, to Cracow, the bones of the Polish hero; and the senate immediately resolved that—as the most fitting memorial—a mound should be raised of earth brought from all the celebrated battle-fields of the Poles. The nobles, clergy, and people of Cracow, indiscriminately joined in the task; men, women, and children vied with each other in carrying the sacred soil to the destined spot; and in 1820,

a tumulus, 150 feet high, was completed, and inaugurated with becoming solemnity. It will keep alive the resentment and patriotism of the Poles, and serve on some future day to stimulate the ardour of another Kosciusko.

Another Kosciusko will appear; the sun of independence will again shine on Poland, if her sons will be prudent, and "bide their time;" bend like the willow to the storm which they cannot resist. They have fought and fallen, and must suffer the consequences of defeat: but let them do so without openly bewailing their fate, and trust in their good cause for redemption. Patience and prudence are their surest weapons. Inopportune resistance and discontent will rivet their bonds the firmer. Every emissary sent to Poland—every patriotic letter written by exiles to their friends at home—every public demonstration in their favour in western Europe, furnishes the Czar with a pretext for oppressing them more. Russia is now too strong: let the Poles wait till her day of weakness arrives. I do not ask them to hug their chains, but to refrain, for the present, from clanking them in the ears of their oppressors. Revenge, to be effectual, must sleep at times the deep sleep as though of death. The noble-hearted friends of Poland, who give dinners and make liberal speeches in Paris and

London, with the view of keeping alive the interest in the Poles, perhaps injure the cause instead of serving it. I speak from some personal knowledge of the subject, when I venture to say, that nearly every exhibition of sympathy and indignation on behalf of this betrayed and gallant people, is the signal for the Russian government to act with increased rigour towards them, and thereby diminishes the chance of a successful struggle being made for liberty when the favourable moment shall arrive. Such excitement is not required to sustain the energy of the Poles; if it were, their cause would be hopeless. Their wrongs are too deeply seated to be forgotten; their sense of nationality is too ardent; their hope of revenge is too carefully transmitted from father to son, and from mother to daughter, to leave any cause for apprehension that they will fail being true to themselves in due time. Their language and chivalrous feelings, preserved amidst the contact of Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, assure us that they will not readily cease to be a nation at heart; and their religion—the Catholic religion—is a guarantee for their receiving wise counsel and hopeful sympathy. Rome never forgets her children, least of all those who live under a government professing another creed: she keeps

her eyes upon them; her agents silently mingle with them to confirm them in her doctrines, and prevent them from yielding a willing obedience to any rule which is not identified with her. While ground to the earth by tyrannous laws, and apparently abandoned by justice, a subdued Catholic population still receives comfort from Rome; it turns to her for consolation, and her priests keep alive the hope that their bonds will one day or another be riven: while severed from her in a temporal sense, their obedience to her spiritual rule grows the stronger. This is Poland's chief defence against Russia: Rome is her sure ally. But the Poles must also assist themselves, by depriving their masters of specious pretexts for weakening them still farther by proscriptions and confiscations, and by separating themselves as little as possible from the land of their fathers. The emigrants and travellers who spend their time and money in Paris, Italy, and the German watering-places, ought rather to reside in the Polish provinces of Austria and Prussia: there, their language is spoken, their national drama is represented, their songs are heard, their literature is studied; every thing, in short, tends to maintain, nearly unimpaired, their sense of national feeling, which must decline in a greater or less degree in foreign lands. They

need not fear that their absence will extinguish the sympathy of civilized Europe in their behalf: that will be pronounced energetically and unanimously when they again have an opportunity to proclaim their rights; but till then, as I before observed, the expression of it is injurious to them. They ought especially to regard Cracow with affection, and reside there if practicable; render their wealth, talents and influence subservient to its prosperity; and make it again the seat of learning and of the arts. They may render Cracow, however small it may be, an important spot in the eyes of civilized and educated Europe, with claims to consideration beyond political views: that will preserve its independence, and form a nucleus for the regeneration of Poland at the fitting hour. Let the Poles shew themselves truly great in their misfortunes, by living nobly, and cultivating the arts of peace in a spot which is Polish in name and reality; let them shew the world that they are capable of governing themselves, and making a country happy and prosperous; and the opinion in their favour, then resting on a sure foundation, will acquire strength every year, and secure to Cracow the respect of her powerful neighbours. The ultimate recovery of their position as a nation may then be anticipated,

and not in vain will the tumulus of Kosciusko have been raised.

That tumulus adds another feature to the beautiful view, over the city, from the castle. The Vistula winds gracefully, and heightens, by the contrast of its gentle stream, the interest excited by the signs of decayed grandeur on its banks. In the distance another tumulus is seen, said to be of Cracus, the chief of the Lecks, who founded Cracow in the eleventh century. Over the entrance of the castle is the inscription:— *Senatus populusque Cracoviensis restituit* 1827. This applies to the gate: *destituit* 1835, might, I thought, be applicable to the assembly.

The senate of Cracow is composed of nine members and a president, elected every three years. All the citizens of the republic used to vote: at present the three protecting powers, each of whom has a representative (called a resident) in the city, manage the election. They named the actual president, M. Haller, whose views are said to coincide with those of his patrons. I came in contact with the residents owing to an alleged informality in my passport, which alarmed my landlord, as he entertained a horror of a suspected person. I had come from Russia, had traversed part of Austria, and was going to Prussia; therefore all three felt an

interest in my proceedings. The Russian seemed inclined to monopolize me; but, as he was likely to give some annoyance, I cut him, and put my case into the hands of the Prussian. He was very civil, as Prussian *employés* always are. I observed to his secretary, as an explanation for not being quite *en règle*, that we English were made careless by the absence of passports in our own country. He opened the eyes of astonishment at this strange announcement, and refused to credit the existence of any country free from passports.

CHAPTER XX.

CRACOW — BRESLAW — MANUFACTURES — PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENTS — POORHOUSES — BERLIN — CATHOLIC CLERGY — SAN SOUCI — MUSEUM — MAGDEBURGH — HANOVER.

On the third day I quitted the antique capital of Poland, with fervent aspirations that it may again equal its former renown, and give laws to a free people. Our road lay for several miles through the territory of Cracow along the left bank of the Vistula. The republic is circumscribed within narrow limits by Austria, Russia, and Prussia. The Austrian frontier, is at the distance of 145 feet, the width of the Vistula, from the city: Russia approaches it within ten miles; and the Prussian frontier is thirty-eight miles distant. The country we traversed in going towards Prussia is pretty, and apparently under tolerable cultivation. Two monasteries, boldly situated on rocky heights under which we passed, and a large chateau, belonging to a

Polish nobleman, added a legendary interest of monkish and feudal hue, to the scene; far surpassed, however, by the *tumuli* of Kosciusko and of Cracus, which we kept in sight for a long while.

We travelled all night, and reached Oppelm early next morning. We thence continued our journey on good roads over a well cultivated country, and at five in the evening arrived at Breslaw on the Oder; one of the finest, as well as the best paved cities in Europe. We alighted at the Hotel d'Allemagne. While supper was preparing, we walked to the *platz* to admire the splendid monument of art, executed by Rauch in honour of Marshal Blucher, a bronze copy of which, on a pedestal of porphyry, is, I believe, at Apsley-house. The prevailing genius of a country may be seen at once in the statues which adorn the public places: in Prussia they are of generals: in Italy they are of saints: in England they are of princes and politicians: in France they are of *toutes les gloires*; Joan d'Arc, Sully, Henri Quatre, Turenne, Duguesclin, Voltaire, Bonaparte, etc., take the air together.

There is an extensive and superior manufactory of iron at Breslaw, and several of beet-root sugar: as the Silesian coal is of a good quality, steam engines are worked with eco-

nomy. Silesia grows first-rate beet-root and good tobacco: its beet-root has eleven parts in a hundred of saccharine matter, while there are only seven parts and a half in French beet-root. Necessity is truly the parent of invention: the restriction of the importation of colonial produce into France by Napoleon, turned attention to the humble root which had been deemed only fit for salads and to feed cattle with. A caricature on the subject appeared in England at the time: John Bull was represented as throwing beet-roots on the French shore, and ironically saying, "make sugar from them." How little was it then imagined that, in thirty years, continental Europe would be enabled to supply herself with no small portion of the sugar required for her consumption.*

Breslaw is the seat of one of the six provincial parliaments of the kingdom, which are said to be preparatory schools for training the Prussians

* Experiments are being made with potatoes for the same purpose in Hungary. Count Erdödy has 10,000 acres of his large estate on the Danube planted with potatoes. The saccharine matter is expressed from them, with which a sort of treacle is made, used by the peasantry for sweet. The pulp serves for feeding cattle. I have heard that the Count has also got 500 acres planted with sunflowers, from which an oil is extracted, said to be fit for the table.

to the exercise of central representative power. King Frederick William has been blamed for having departed from his promise of giving his people a constitution: he says in reply, that he considered it necessary to educate them for their new functions, and prepare them by previous training for important duties. The provincial assemblies are so many political Lyceums. We may fairly presume that a sufficient probation has been gone through, and may therefore trust that the next king of Prussia will see the wisdom of summoning an Imperial Parliament before one is loudly demanded, as it most probably will be if the concession be long deferred after the death of the reigning sovereign. The provincial assemblies sit every three years. Each member is paid three dollars (nine shillings) a day during the session. The chambers discuss laws presented to them, with the right of rejection; but have not the power to originate any. They have already conferred great benefits on Prussia, by stimulating and directing the industry of the people, and by cordially co-operating in the wise measures of their sovereign respecting commerce and municipal regulations. Next to the "Commercial Union" and the Church reform, the local administration has occupied the attention of the government, and is now placed on

a solid foundation. Each town elects its own mayor for three years; when, if that officer be re-elected, he remains in office six years longer: if then again elected, he cannot be removed, unless for a grave offence, for nine years. If finally re-elected at the end of eighteen years, he remains in office at will; for it is presumed that an individual who has given satisfaction for so long a period will continue to do so, as much from habit as from desire; and that he will not be disposed to change his own measures, which, having had several years' trial, ought to be satisfactory.

In every town and considerable village there is a Poorhouse, where individuals presenting themselves are supported until they find employment. The management of the poor is in the hands of a local committee composed of clergymen and respectable householders, being an exception to the centralizing system of Prussia. The rule is, to endeavour by relieving the distressed in their homes to save them from the necessity of applying to the workhouse. The committee know that the poorhouse is degrading and demoralizing, and therefore do all in their power to keep the honest man out of it: they make themselves acquainted with the character of the poor in their district, and where misfortune is the cause of

distress, grant outdoor relief: they calculate that the expense of maintaining a destitute family in the workhouse for a given time, would, if judiciously employed, have prevented it from sinking to that state, preserving also its self-esteem. The maintenance of domestic ties is considered so salutary to the state, that any measure is preferred to separating parents from their children, or from each other. The poor-house in Prussia appears to be used as a refuge against absolute want, arising from desertion, impotence, alienation, or vagabondage, rather than as a test of destitution for the able-bodied and well-disposed.

The solicitude for the poor in Prussia is exemplified by the following regulations, which were issued at the time of which I write, May 1839, for the employment of children in manufactories, rendered necessary by the increase of the latter. 1. No child under nine years can be employed in any manufactory.—2. Young people employed in manufactories must, before the age of sixteen, have attended the parochial schools for three years; and be able to prove, by a certificate from the schoolmaster, that they can read their mother tongue readily, and are acquainted with the elements of writing: there can be no exception to this rule, but in the case where

manufacturers have schools attached to their establishments.—3. Young people, under sixteen years, are not be employed in any manufactory for more than ten hours a day: in cases of great urgency, the *local authorities* may grant an extension, but in no instance for more than one hour a day, nor to be continued above a month. —4. Workpeople shall have a quarter of an hour in the forenoon and the afternoon, and one hour at noon, for recreation.—5. The work is not to commence before five in the morning, and to cease at nine in the evening: work is prohibited on Sundays and other fête days.—6. The workmen who have not taken the communion, cannot be employed during the hours set apart for religious instruction. Several paragraphs follow, enumerating a series of fines, more or less heavy, for infringements of the above regulations.

The road from Breslaw to Berlin is diversified by several fair towns, among which I was particularly pleased with the appearance of Frankfort on the Oder. We stopped nowhere, but travelled without intermission to the cold, empty, stately capital of Prussia. Berlin is one of the finest cities in Europe in point of appearance, but is at the same time one of the most uninteresting, on account of the absence of associations,

and of a scanty population. It conveys no idea of the capital of a people, teeming with life and endowed with self-existence, as London, Paris and Vienna. Remove the court, the garrison, and the diplomatic body, and Berlin would remain a desert. Still, as a capital, there is much to admire in it in the way of public edifices and establishments; while the lover of order and the legislator are surprised to find how intimately the arrangements of domestic life, the pursuits of pleasure, and even the ways of vice, are connected with the plan of government. All seems to be provided for. The eyes of the police are everywhere, as those of a careful nurse; they look after the public, in the theatres, and even guard their health and purses in unnameable places. At a superficial glance, we are rather scandalized at the apparent connivance of the Prussian government at vice and immorality; but we perceive that, considering them as unavoidable attendants on all large societies, its aim is to check, by regulaton, abuses and evils which cannot be prevented. This surveillance over public and private life, is, however, exercised so unobtrusively, and the people are brought up in such habits of discipline, that the system, which would be intolerable in some countries, is rather popular than otherwise in

Prussia: the Prussian likes to have some one at his shoulder to tell him when he is going wrong, and thanks his government for fixing the price of every thing. The Roman Catholic clergy certainly form an exception to the rule, and dislike being interfered with in Prussia as much as in other countries. At the hotel where I put up, I found the Archbishop of Posen under surveillance for adhering to the determination of his brother of Cologne relative to mixed marriages. His Lordship was awaiting the decision of the government as to his future destination. Some persons are of opinion that considering the temper of his Rhenish provinces, the King of Prussia committed a fault, in opening a question with his Catholic clergy. A government should rarely take the initiative in religious matters: that ought to be left to the people. The inmates of palaces and of ministerial hotels are ill qualified to judge of the strength of religious feelings in private life; they can form no adequate idea of the devotion, fervour, and reliance on the priest's words, which may exist in the cottage, and are therefore, it may be said, liable to miscalculate the results of their edicts, which, though abstractedly just, may be considered unjust by those for whom they are designed. Above prejudices themselves, they legislate as if

there were none anywhere: free from the mental crotchets occasioned by a narrow education, or by a limited sphere of observation, they reason as if all men were equally capable of distinguishing right from wrong. The Archbishop of Cologne persisted in refusing to allow mixed marriages to be celebrated in his jurisdiction according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church: at which the king became at length incensed, and ordered the prelate to be removed from his diocese as a state prisoner. As might have been anticipated, the Catholic population sided with the latter, and thought the interference of the Protestant government unwarranted. It certainly seemed uncalled for. The question affected a mere fraction of the community, marriages between persons of different persuasions being very rare in any country: the government might have settled it by declaring the sanction of the Catholic church unnecessary in order to give legality to such marriages. It would then have been simply a question of conscience, which should always be left for people to solve as they please; a question between love or interest on one side, and a deference to religious scruples on the other. If mixed marriages became the order of the day, the people would soon invite the government to aid them against

the clergy who might prove intolerant, though the latter would probably have too much sense to array themselves against public opinion; but while they remained confined to a few individuals, any legislation on the subject could not fail to give the Roman Catholic church greater influence with its flock, and, in a moral sense, weaken the Protestant rule, which, if ever it can be acceptable to Roman Catholics, must be so in Prussia, where justice and impartiality form the rule of government, and a strict adherence to which caused the schism alluded to.

I became acquainted at Berlin with an intelligent Ottoman, Kiamil Pasha, the envoy extraordinary from the Sublime Porte, who has since been recalled to employ his talents more usefully at Constantinople. As I had been recently in that city, he was glad to see a great deal of me, and I was delighted to find that he had gained more knowledge from his residence in Christendom than Turks generally do. He lived in a noble style, and adapted himself to European usages without affectation, though from his ignorance of any language but his own he confessed himself mortally *ennuyé:* he gave a grand breakfast one day, when I was at Berlin, to the members of the British legation, at which he presided with as much ease and

grace, and used his knife and fork as skilfully, as if he had been brought up in a good Christian house. He toasted Queen Victoria at the dessert, and we in return proposed the heath of Sultan Mahmoud.

I was agreeably surprised to find a deep interest taken at Berlin in the Eastern question, and it was easy to perceive that the bias was anti-Russian. The English legation was quite oriental in its views. Lord William Russell (our minister) had devoted considerable attention to the subject; his position gave him facilities for ascertaining facts and comparing opinions, and he had ably profited by them. My testimony may not be worth much; but I cannot help saying, that I rarely met a person who, as far as I could judge, had acquired a juster appreciation of the state of Turkey and the position of Russia, or had come to clearer conclusions about the complicated Eastern question. No man in Europe anticipated more correctly the disastrous issue of Sultan Mahmoud's last attack on Syria. I may add, and am proud to acknowledge, that some remarks in the preceding pages about Constantinople, which may be considered of value, were suggested by conversations which I had with his lordship at Berlin.

The *attachés* to the mission, Mr. Henry Howard

and Lord Augustus Loftus, aided me with their cheerful society in seeing the sights of the capital and the environs. We passed a pleasant day, among others, at Potsdam, to which place we were wafted in a few minutes one cold morning on the railroad. We arrived in time to see a review of the garrison, composed of the smartest, best dressed young fellows I ever saw. Prussian troops seem just calculated for the onset, but some persons doubt if they could withstand the weariness of expectation and the prolonged difficulties of a retreat. We then, at San Souci, feasted our eyes on the memorials of the great Frederick, who, however, from the memoirs of his sister, the Margravine of Anspach, seems to have been an ungracious, capricious being, and to have paid off on others the ill-treatment which he had received from his father. We saw in a library a volume of his poetry, with corrections by Voltaire in the margins of some of the pages: we went into the study of the patriarch of Ferney, and sat down at the green table on which he wrote: we walked over the verdant graves of the king's favourite charger and dogs; and then repaired to the ugly red palace, built by Frederick in a vaunting spirit, to shew that his finances were not exhausted by war: it has an exquisite hall, like a vast marine

grotto, and is surrounded by statues more resembling drunken women of the *pavé* than classic bacchanalian females. We thought that they were only fit to be broken up for paving roads.

Berlin is not either rich in sculpture: the collection at the Museum is poor, and rendered apparently more so by the contrast with its singularly elegant receptacle. This is an unlucky circumstance. The rooms are infinitely more admired than their contents: whereas, in building a gallery for works of art, the contrary effect ought to be kept in view; they only should claim attention. That at Berlin is too beautiful for any other than the Florentine collection; this alone would be in keeping with its faultless dome and chaste walls.

After three agreeable weeks passed at Berlin, I took leave of my esteemed friends, and proceeded to Magdeburgh, the fair city where Martin Luther received part of his education. The cathedral is a beautiful pile. The traveller bound to England may here embark on the river, and steam to Hamburgh. Hanover, however, being so near, I resolved, as in duty bound after the hospitality received at their hands on a previous occasion, on revisiting my friends there before returning home. I accordingly

proceeded from Magdeburgh to Brunswick, remained in that pretty city—a capital in miniature—one night, and the next afternoon reached Hanover.

I saw Hanover this time under more favourable auspices than at my former visit, that is, as far as my amusement was concerned. The season was fine: various royal birthdays, occurring in May, occasioned great festivity among all classes, besides filling the city with provincials, desirous of offering their congratulations to the members of the royal family; and there was a gathering of the deputies of the provinces and boroughs for the opening of the Chambers; the approach of which excited considerable interest, on account of the endeavours of the liberal party to prevent a sufficient number of members from taking their seats with the view of compelling the government to recur again to a new election. I was, therefore, in good fortune, and enjoyed myself much during the fortnight I remained.

Hanover, as I said in a former chapter, is an indifferent town, in point of extent and appearance, but it has the accessories of larger capitals, such as a museum, an opera, club, promenades, military bands, etc.; and is rendered a very pleasant residence during spring and summer by the picturesque variety of the environs.

There is an extensive wood in the vicinity laid out in walks and rides, presented to the inhabitants by two maiden ladies, whose honoured names escape my recollection, making a park such as few cities in Europe can boast of. We English used to enjoy it in the fine evenings after dinner; and being nearly the only equestrians, had ample room for galloping. The Hanoverians are good riders, and understand horses; they are carefully instructed at the manège in the mysteries of the noble art; but they rarely ride for amusement or exercise as the English and the Orientals do. I saw no ladies on horseback, excepting our fair countrywomen, the amiable daughters of General Halkett, who daily set a graceful example to the Hanoverian fair sex. General Halkett, as my reader probably knows, holds a high command in the Hanoverian service: he served in the "legion" with great distinction throughout the Peninsular war, and at Waterloo.

The grounds of Herren-hausen, the king's principal country house, are also extensive, and being always thrown open, are a great resource to the public, particularly on Sundays and other fête days, when military bands are stationed in them, and perform in a manner which shews that the Hanoverians have the musical taste as

marked as any of their German brethren. The gardens are laid out in the old formal style, which reminds one of red heels and hoops, of powdered gallants and painted coquettes; they are, nevertheless, well worth seeing, and their waterworks are as fine, and throw as lofty a *jet* as the celebrated works of Versailles. There is an uncovered theatre, *à la Grecque*, in the grounds, situated amidst statues and trees, with rows of marble seats for the spectators. Plays used to to be acted there in the time of the Electoral court; but the climate has either changed since, or people have become more chilly than they were when such outdoor amusements were in fashion. The usage, however, of the court giving theatrical entertainments at Herren-hausen is preserved: the spacious orangery is occasionally fitted up as a theatre, and while I was at Hanover two operas were given in it by his Majesty in honour of the Crown Prince's birthday.

This afforded the court an opportunity, without offending noble prejudices, of shewing civility to individuals whose position did not entitle them to be asked to the royal table. The Hanoverian nobility is very sensitive on this point, particularly with respect to ladies whose names are not prefixed by *Von*. The entertainment thus provided was exceedingly agreeable;

the king's servants handed refreshments between the acts to everybody; and the royal party, seated in front, conversed familiarly with the guests within reach of them. We saw the same kind of hospitality, displayed on a larger scale, in the city, by the king engaging the Opera house twice, and sending the tickets to his friends, and to such of the public as he wished to distinguish: tea, coffee, ices, cakes and wine were carried in profusion, between the acts, by the royal servants, to the boxes, the gallery, and the pit. This was a princely way of giving concerts; indeed, the only one which could be adopted, the king's house in the city being very confined.

Herren-hausen is about equal to a second-rate country house in England; and the other royal country residences, *Mont Brillant* and *Georgengarten*, are no higher in the scale of magnificence. When George IV. visited his hereditary dominions, he lodged in the former, and pronounced it scarcely fit for a dog to live in: but this opinion must not be received as conclusive, because his Majesty had no doubt the luxuries, above comparison, of Windsor Castle fresh in his recollection. The Hanoverians were delighted to have their sovereign among them again, the first time they had been thus honoured since

George the Second's reign; but they were disappointed of seeing much of his Majesty, owing to an ill-timed fit of the gout which confined him to his apartment. The Electress Sophia was residing at Herren-hausen when the envoy arrived from England with the grateful news that the succession to the crown was settled on her and her descendants. The house has, therefore, an interest in English eyes, beyond that which is occasioned by its collection of portraits of the Guelph family. It is also memorable in Hanoverian annals as the place where the advantageous treaty was signed which gave the succession of Celle to the Elector.

A few days after my arrival at Hanover, Queen Victoria's birthday occurred. Mr. Bligh, our worthy representative, gave a state dinner on the auspicious occasion to the Hanoverian ministry and the corps diplomatique; and the English travellers in Hanover dined either with the Crown Prince or the King. They often enjoyed this honour; for his Majesty delighted to see his countrymen at his table: but this attention was peculiarly gratifying and appropriate.

I heard Queen Victoria prayed for in Hanover exactly as in England. The service of the Church of England is regularly performed in the dining-room of the palace; and there all

the English, including their Majesties, assembled every Sunday, without any regard to their station of life, whether noble or menial—master or servant. Our Liturgy was followed word for word, and it sounded rather strange in the palace of a foreign sovereign, to hear, in his presence, the clergyman pray for "our sovereign lady Queen Victoria." The only deviation was that, after the above words, the king and queen of Hanover were specified before "all the royal family." The discrepancy was merely in sound; the sense was literally applicable, for the congregation was English, and the king, in his quality of peer of the United Kingdom, ranked as a subject of the British crown. The Rev. Dr. Jelf, well known as the tutor of Prince George of Cumberland, officiated. His Royal Highness had just been confirmed by the Bishop of Rochester, who came over to Hanover for that purpose, giving also the Hanoverians the unusual sight of an English prelate—a pillar of the wealthiest church in Europe. That ceremony being over, and the Prince having attained manhood, Dr. Jelf was about to retire to his canonry at Oxford, leaving his royal pupil in the enjoyment of his own establishment either at *Fürsten haus* (Prince's house), or at *Georgengarten* (George's garden), in the vicinity.

Colonel Düring and Captain Frase were the officers composing his suite. The Prince is a tall good-looking young man, endowed with attainments and a solidity of understanding very remarkable in one of his age. I had known his Royal Highness some years earlier in England, and was glad to find, in meeting him again, that he retained his English feelings, with the same amiable disposition and gentlemanly deportment which characterized him as a boy, and made him universally liked. His manners were so natural and free from restraint, that his blindness might have passed unnoticed by the casual observer. I believe that hopes are still entertained of restoring partial sight to him; but should the operation prove unsuccessful, no person with such an infliction will have less occasion to regret it. His tact and readiness supply, in a great measure, the loss of vision. We saw this at his birthday levee, which was numerously attended: leaning on an *aid-de-camp's* arm, he walked about the saloon with confidence, and received the congratulations of the company with perfect self-possession; he never addressed anybody inopportunely, or hesitated in giving the proper reply. Education, so important to everybody, is truly invaluable in the case of a person

afflicted with loss of sight, for which sad privation it almost compensates; and instruction, it may be said, has rarely been more judiciously applied than in the present instance, or been attended with better success. The Crown Prince of Hanover is master of three languages, — French, German, and English, possessing each equally well: he is an excellent performer on the piano-forte, being at the same time thoroughly acquainted with the principles of music; several of his compositions are deservedly admired even in Germany, where most men are connoisseurs of the gentle science. More essential points of education have not been neglected; and his mind, being undisturbed by external objects, has retained in a remarkable degree all that which it has acquired. A good memory and a readiness at analysis, are necessary consequences of privation of sight. Hearing him converse on history and geography, on the manners and commerce of different countries, a stranger might think, were it not for the youth of the speaker, that he must have lived many years in the world, and have travelled much: he fain respects him for his attainments, the fruits of a careful and judicious education, independently of any considerations about his social position. His Royal Highness has been

pre-eminently fortunate in having had an able and an upright tutor; and if his acts in after-life do not correspond to the promises of his youth, his counsellors will have much to answer for. He is also, I should say, much indebted to the queen, his accomplished mother, who may be cited as an example in favour of the observation of the noble biographer of Sir William Jones, that the acquirements of an individual are remarkably influenced by the tone imparted to his mind, when young, by his mother. A superior man may have had an ordinary mother, but the son of a talented woman, if she does her duty, must be clever.

The satisfactory meeting of the Chambers under the constitution of 1819, and the voting of the budget, added greatly to the harmony of the festivities while I was at Hanover. The king's birthday concluded them. There was a parade of the garrison in the morning on the Waterloo *platz*, which is in more ways than one the show-place of Hanover: in addition to the handsome Corinthian column of victory erected in honour of the Hanoverians who fell at Waterloo, there is a neat temple inclosing the bust of Leibnitz. The name alone is inscribed on the base; in reference to which an amusing anecdote is related. Some Prussian officers observing the

bust one day, and being accustomed to see none but statues of Generals in their public places, asked who *General Leibnitz* was. In the evening the king gave a grand ball at the chateau, which, though unfinished, and therefore not inhabited, has some fine handsomely-furnished state rooms, well adapted, like those at St. James's, for court ceremonials. I need not describe the entertainment; for balls in civilised life are nearly the same everywhere: it was brilliant of course, and I may add—which perhaps makes an exception—very comfortable: the apartments were neither too crowded nor too hot. The king amused himself with a rubber, and the queen received her guests with the inimitable grace peculiarly hers: it was delightful to see her Majesty go round the circle, and, speaking three or four languages, as occasion required, say something agreeable to each of many hundreds of persons with a kindness and affability which set everybody at their ease. I was no longer surprised at her great popularity, the necessary effect of fascination of manner joined to goodness of heart.

The dancing was followed by a splendid supper, laid out in three or four rooms, in one or other of which the guests were marshaled, and placed according to their rank by the chamberlains,

who I thought displayed considerable address and skill in performing this difficult part of their duty. Precedence at Hanover being governed, as in Prussia, by military rank, the English present might have expected to sit last, which would have been an annoyance, not to their self-love, but to their curiosity, by depriving them of the *spectacle* in the principal banqueting room; but the king, knowing the position of his countrymen in that respect, that they may be very proper people, and yet not have the rank of a corporal, had directed that they should be placed as though they were major-generals. This attention brought us all to the first table, in the celebrated *ritter sal*, which is in my opinion one of the handsomest rooms in Europe; and there we supped royally and cheerfully, listening to delicious strains proceeding from invisible musicians, stationed in a gallery behind figures of animals, with open mouths, in the upper part of one side of the hall.

I took leave in a day or two, and, accompanied by Lieut. Wyke, of the seventh Fusileers, left Hanover at one in the morning. We travelled that night, and the next day at four in the afternoon reached Harburgh, on the left bank of the Elbe, opposite to Hamburgh. Islands intervene, which enabled the French, when the

occupied the country, to connect the towns by a bridge, which has since been carried away. A steamer now supplies its place. We arrived too late for the last steamer; so we hired a sailing boat, and, the wind being fair, crossed the river in half-an-hour. We amused ourselves at Hamburgh by looking about us during the evening. At midnight (June 13th) we embarked in the English steamer, and in sixty hours landed at the Custom-house, London.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTICE ON THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF RUSSIA.

The Russians divide the history of their language and literature into three periods: the first dates from the introduction of Christianity into Russia during the latter half of the tenth century, in the reign of Wladimir the Great: the second from the end of the Tartar domination, in 1446: the third commences with the reign of Elizabeth, and continues to the present day.

The Russian language bears the same relation to Sclavonic as Italian does to Latin, with this difference, that every Russian understands more or less Sclavonic, his Bible being written in that language, whereas few Italians understand Latin.

This identity of Russian with Sclavonic makes the former at once a modern and an ancient language, and for that reason strangers rarely attain a perfect knowledge of it.

The works in the Russian language may be classed in the following manner:

First Period—Treaties of Peace and Commerce between

the Imperial Greek government and the reigning Grand Dukes Oleg and Tgor in 912. These, which contain the first elements of Russian legislation, were collected and classed methodically, with notes and reflections, by the Czar Yaroslaw in 945. The latest edition of this work was published in 1792.—A Translation of the Bible from Greek into Sclavonic by a Commission composed of learned Ecclesiastics whom the Russian government of that time invited from Constantinople.—The Annals of Russia, by Nestor, a monk of the chief convent of Kief, who is the earliest Russian historian. He is also the first writer who deviated from the primitive Sclavonic: his style is intermediate between the latter language and modern Russian. In the two first chapters of his work he describes with exactitude the geography of ancient Russia, and enumerates the different tribes inhabiting it: he also recounts the exploits of the Russian hero Sviatoslaw, who made several incursions into the Greek empire. The Annals of Nestor date 1116; they were carried on by Silvester, Archbishop of Periaslaw, to 1123, and by two anonymous writers to 1203.—A priest of Novogorod also wrote Annals of Russia in 1230. Besides these writers there are several others who carry the history of Russia down to the middle of the fifteenth century.

These works shew that literature began to develop itself in Russia as early as in other countries. The reason why this tendency towards civilization was arrested, lay in the civil wars among the twelve sons of Wladimir the Great, each of whom had a portion of the empire for his inheritance; and the same cause facilitated the invasion of Russia by the Tartars.

Peter the Great first collected the ancient manuscripts preserved in various monasteries.

Second Period, or the middle age of Russian literature. —In the early part of the seventeenth century was founded the Academy of Kief; and that of Sclavonic-Greek-Latin, at Moscow, in 1677. The principal writers of this epoch are Peter Moguila, metropolitan of Kief, who laid down the principles of Russian poetry;—Maximus, a Greek, who wrote the first Sclavonic grammar;—Innocent Guisel, author of a history of the Sclavonic people and of the reigning Princes of Kief, before the reign of the Czar Fedor Alexievitch, the father of Peter the Great;—Listoff, author of a history of the Scythians;—Theophanus Prokopovitch (born in 1681—died in 1736) wrote several theological and philosophical works—he was the literary assistant of Peter the Great;—Prince Antioch Kantemir (born in 1709—died 1744), son of the celebrated Prince Demetrius Kantemir, obtained by his satires the surname of the Russian Boileau;—Trediakovsky (born in 1703—died in 1769) translated into Russian, Rollin's works and other French classics.

Third Period, or the Russian literature and language as existing in the present day.—In the reign of Elizabeth, Peter the Great's daughter, the Russian language began to shake off its harsh and ancient forms, and to purify itself. In 1755 the first periodical work was published at St. Petersburgh, under the title of "Monthly Scientific and Literary Compositions;" and it contributed much to give the Russians a taste for reading. Under the auspices of Catherine II. a commission of literati translated into Russian the Greek and Latin classics, and the principal French, German and English works. One of the members of the com-

mission was the learned Eugene of Bulgaria, who translated Virgil into Russian verse. The Imperial Academy of Sciences published about the same time its Etymological Dictionary. The scientific journeys undertaken in the reign of Catherine II. by Pallas, Gmeline, Zouef, Lepechine, and Osretskovsky, brought to light the natural riches of Russia.

The following are the principal modern writers of Russia:—Lomonossof, who died in 1765, was the creator of modern Russian poetry, and author of the first Russian grammar: he wrote also an Abridgment of the History of Russia to the reign of Jaroslaw:—Soumorokof was the first good writer of tragedy; he left behind him the tragedies of Cinaw and Trouvor, of Hamlet, of Mstislaw, of the False Demetrius, and other poetic works:—Vinejnine (who died in 1791) wrote the dramas of Dido, Roslaw, Wladislaw, Sophonisba, Wladimir and Jaropolk:—Proporsky (who died in 1760) translated Pope's Essay on Man, the Odes of Horace, and Locke on the Education of Children:—Hemnitzer (who died in 1784) was surnamed the Russian Guellert on account of his Fables:—Tatischef wrote, in four volumes, the History of Russia to the reign of the Czar Michœl Fedovoritch inclusive.—Krostrof translated Homer and Ossian; his works were published in 1802:—Fonviesen (who died in 1793) is one of the best Russian prose writers; he translated the works of the Abbé Bitaubé, and some productions of Thomas; his comedies are still acted:—Novikof published a Catalogue of Ancient Russian Authors, an Historical Dictionary of Russian Authors, a periodical journal called "the Painter;" and he established, in 1776, the first 'reading room' in Russia:—Golikof wrote the biography of Peter

the Great:—Glinka translated into verse the Iliad and Young's Night Thoughts:—Karamsine, the historiographer of Russia, made, by his prose, a revolution in Russian literature in the reign of Alexander.—Alexander Poushkine is the most celebrated of Russian poets; he was killed in a duel in 1838; his principal works are the Prisoner of Caucasus, the Fountain of Bachcheserai, and the romance in verse of Eugene Onéguine; his elegant taste and original style have made him exceedingly popular in Russia. A splendid edition of his works was published at St. Petersburgh in 1839, at the Emperor Nicolas's expense, and sold for the benefit of his widow and children.—Bestougof is the most celebrated prose writer; he was killed in 1838 in a skirmish against the Circassians; his principal works are Letters and Historical Episodes on the Wars of Napoleon, written under the name of Marlinsky, Dramatic Scenes of Fights between the Russian troops and the Circassians, and other pieces.—Krilof, surnamed the Russian Lafontaine, ranks as one of the most distinguished living authors; besides original works, he has translated the Fables of Æsop, of Phædrus, of Lafontaine, and of Florian.

Modern Russian literature has had, like the French, two sets of partizans—the Classics and the Romancists. During the last ten years of the reign of Alexander a controversy arose between these parties, which caused much ink to be shed, and filled the columns of the press with philippics. The representative of the Classics was Admiral Chichkoff; that of the Romancists was Karamsine, one of the most popular writers in Russia, well known by his "Letters" and his "Thoughts," and by his History of Russia from the time of Rurik to the reign

of John the Terrible inclusively, of which the first edition, in eleven volumes, was published at St. Petersburgh in 1816.*

The Classics wished to preserve the ancient character of the Russian language, and its affinity to Sclavonic, the construction of which is the same as that of Latin, and which, like ancient Greek and Turkish, has the property of composing new words from the roots, and thus without borrowing from other languages, expressing the new ideas which arise from the progress of civilization, and from discoveries in the arts and sciences. The partizans of Russian classicism wished to avoid imitating other nations, who, in order to express new ideas, or name new wants, have recourse to ancient Greek; they wished to create appropriate words from Sclavonic roots, and give their style a Latin construction, as some of their most celebrated authors who have written in Sclavonic have done. The Romancists, on the contrary, followed the example of Karamsine, who had adopted in all his writings the genius of French construction, and taken J. J. Rousseau for his model, and although few among them have equalled their leader, all have imitated him more or less; the journals, the magazines, the pamphlets, etc. have been written of late years in this style, which is singularly in the taste of the Russians, and is closely imitated by them in epistolary correspondence and in conversation. The Romancists, in consequence, have triumphed over the Classics; and Karamsine has been acknowledged as the creator of the language now in use.

* This work was translated into French by Jauffret, and published at Paris in 1820.

There are three critics in Rüssia who exercise a great authority: Gretz, Bulgarine, and Senkovsky. Gretz has been the editor, for more than twenty years, of two political and literary journals, one of which is well known in Western Europe under the name of the "Abeille du Nord:" he is also the author of a Grammar of Philosophy, and of an abridged Russian Grammar, which is used in all the primary schools of the empire.—Bulgarine is the author of the first original novel in the Russian language; called Ivan Viziguine. Writers had confined themselves previously to translating French, English, and German novels. Bulgarine's example has been followed by several others, the most celebrated of whom are Massalsky and Zagoskine; the former wrote the "Strelitz;" the latter, "Juri Miloslavski,"—both historical. Bulgarine followed up his Ivan Viziguine by his famous novel "The False Demetrius," which met with great success, and has been translated into French by Victor Fleury. Senkovsky is the chief of the triumvirate. He is the professor of the Arabian and Turkish languages at the university of St. Petersburgh, and is celebrated as much for his general erudition and profound criticism, as for his perfect knowledge of the languages of the East and of the West. His principal work is the "History of the Bokharans and of the Druses." He also established a celebrated periodical under the title of the "Library of Knowledge," which is in Russia what the Revue Encyclopédique is in France: it keeps the public informed of new publications in Russia and in foreign countries, with criticisms and extracts. This review has rendered considerable service to literature in Russia.

An important and useful work has recently been com-

pleted in Russia; viz. a collection of the Ukases which constitute the jurisprudence and legislation of the empire, methodically and clearly arranged, so that an individual may plead his own case without the aid of counsel. This code of laws is in 110 volumes, each of which may be purchased separately; it was arranged on the plan of the Codes of Justinian and of Napoleon, printed at the expense of the government, and published in 1833. The summaries of the Ukases on each subject are reckoned models of Russian style.

This great work was began in the reign of Peter the Great, in 1700. Every one of his successors named a commission of lawyers to continue it. Catherine II. herself wrote the instructions for the commission which she appointed for this purpose; they are much esteemed, and have been published in Russian, Latin, French and German. The last commission, appointed by the Emperor Nicholas, had the learned secretary of state Michœl Speransky for its president. The history of this code was published in Russian and in French, in one small volume, at St. Petersburgh, in 1833.

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